

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1901

upon next. It may be that that is his big loss that Senator Kearns said few days ago was going to hatch the greatest surprise egg recently seen. Whether that is so or not, Senator Kearns knows, but he will not tell it. It will be observed that he does not care in man's words that the San Pedro is going to be the Street Line's substitute at Salt Lake City, but certainly that is what the above statement means when analyzed.

Senator Kearns ought to know what he is talking about, and probably does, but the consummation of such a deal would create nothing short of a sensation here. In the meantime there is nothing to do but wait, for the Salt Lake public is not prepared at the present to believe it will take place.

TROUBLE AT THE Isthmus.

South American Broil not Yet Settled.

American Warships on the Keen Jump.

Iowa Ordered South—Fleets of Other Powers Assembling. Ranger Departs.

DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Orders were issued from the Navy Department today for the battle ship Iowa to proceed south to the Isthmus of Panama as soon as she can be made ready to San Francisco, where she arrived from the north today.

It was thought here for awhile that matters on the isthmus would settle down so no battooth would have to be sent, but it appears that State Department cablegrams today were far from reassuring, and Secretary Day gave instructions to the Secretary of the Navy to have orders for the Iowa issued without delay.

The State Department also has advised that a considerable fleet of European warships is apt to be ordered to the isthmus to look after various interests, and their presence in South American waters is apt to give rise to so much friction that it is deemed wise to have the American representation before the European can arrive.

Up to the present time no policy beyond caring for American interests and keeping the isthmus open for transportation.

There is talk, however, that presently there will be a Cabinet meeting in Washington for discussion of South American affairs in detail, when a broader policy may be decided upon.

VENEZUELA'S CONTENTION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. COLON, Aug. 17.—Nothing was heard of the rebels yesterday. A certain degree of confidence has been re-established along the railway line, owing to the presence of the troops. The French cruiser Suchet is coaling at the railroad wharf. Several of her officers went to Panama today on an excursion.

RAILROAD PROTECTED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. COLON, Aug. 17.—The government has established military posts at all the stations along the line of the Panama Railroad, as a protection against rebel attacks.

patch dated August 1 from the Consul at Maracaibo, reporting that Dr. Rangel Garibas has invaded Venezuela with 4000 men from the frontier of Cuzuta. Everything was done by the Venezuelan Government to stop the invaders. The first fight took place at Encuentro and the invaders were obliged to retreat. The invaders took refuge in the mountains and came to Maracaibo, but these boats were recaptured by the Venezuelan troops.

COLOMBIAN INVADERS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Col. F. Gonzales, Consul-General of Venezuela in this city, said last night that he had received information from his government which enabled him to make the following statement:

"Colombian officials have been busy discrediting the report that the recent invasion of Venezuelan territory was made by a Colombian army. They say to these denials the significant fact can be pointed out that Señor Harran, Colombia's charge d'affaires at Washington, has not yet submitted the report of his government's participation in the invasion, nor the presence in the Venezuelan frontier of Gen. Gonzalo Valencia, former Minister of War of Colombia."

"But there are more convincing proofs than this mere circumstantial evidence. The Caracas government has officially informed by the National Guard our army at San Cristobal, that among the troops who invaded Venezuela were the Colombian regiments known as Sure, Bombona, Giraldot, Venecoros, Tenerife, and seventeen more commanded by Colombian Generals. Among these were Gen. Gasparini, Pedro Leon, Canal and Rioscos. My advice say that the killed, wounded and captured of the other side were the uniforms of the Colombian army. Two of the prisoners wore the insignia of the Grenadiers of Cucuta."

"The Venezuelan authorities on the frontier have ordered an investigation which will seek to corroborate evidence of Colombia's complicity in the two unsuccessful raids on our frontier."

"Señor Tomas Herran, chargé d'affaires of the Colombian legation in Washington, is in this city awaiting the arrival of his family from Colombia. He said yesterday:

"There is no doubt that Venezuela has given help to the rebels in Colombia. It is now entirely up to the Colombians to decide upon the fate of the two invading forces."

CONFIDENCE RESTORED.

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FRENCE'S ATTITUDE IS FRIENDLY.

AMERICAN INTERVENTION AT THE Isthmus APPLAUSED.

French Press and Government Has No Wish to See the Monroe Doctrine Inflicted Upon in the Columbia-Venezuela Embroglio.

WITDRAWAL OF TROOPS FROM PEKING IS DANGEROUS.

CHINA

FOREIGNERS LIVES AGAIN IN PERIL.

HUMAN Charge d'Affaires & Note of Warning—Two Points Conceded to the Chinese in the Protocol-Conger on Deck.

DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The French press has begun to discuss the Colombia-Venezuelan question, and most of the newspapers are laboring under considerable confusion in regard to the facts, both geographical and historical, but it is significant that in no instance so far has there been any expression of opinion hostile to the eventual intervention of the United States, which most people have very little knowledge of.

Both the government and the people of Venezuela, probably led by ruinous and wicked passions, have resolved to assist in a revolutionary movement against Venezuela's own government.

All this has been actually proven by the official publications issued by the Cabinet in Bogota. They date from the first of April. They have not been distributed to the conservative government of Colombia, or by her Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in this capital.

The government of Venezuela, presided over by Gen. Castro, fully justified in its acts, it is probable. It is of the opinion that the Conservatives of Colombia, probably led by ruinous and wicked passions, have resolved to assist in a revolutionary movement against Venezuela's own government.

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While the government of Venezuela was responsible for the first and second invasions of her frontier by 8000 and 2000 men, respectively, the invaders were victoriously expelled by the government and the people of Venezuela.

Since then, 8000 men have massed on the frontier for the defense and integrity of Venezuela and its national honor. These are quite apart from her active service throughout the isthmus, as well as national troops scattered over the republic and the reserve militia now under arms.

Venezuela has not accepted the invasion as a national attack by the government of Colombia against the people of Venezuela, but knowing its real source, recognises in it the work of the conservative government of Colombia, against the majesty of the nation of Venezuela.

Gen. Cardenas, General Secretary.

BITUATION TRANQUIL.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. COLON (Columbia), Aug. 17.—The same Canada, from Venezuelan ports, arrived here today. Her last port call was Sabinalito, where the Rev. J. M. King, of the American Board, the Colombian Minister in Venezuela, was a passenger for Barranquilla. He left without awaiting his passage. On arrival he arrived here via Canada. He left the Columbia Gen. Pinzon (formerly the American yacht Namona) with Gen. Alfonso de Sabinalito at Sabinalito.

HURRYING SHIPS SOUTHWARD.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M.J. COLON, Aug. 17.—The ships between Emigrant Gap Trucks are to be replaced by a mile tunnel, commencing at a point near Soda Springs Station, and coming in the canon half way between Summit and Truckee.

The tunnel will shorten the road six miles, and do away with four of the worst part of the road, and the saving will be enormous.

ESPEE TO TUNNEL.

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STRIKES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

gain encouragement in the war with the United States Steel Corporation.

M. T. Tipton, president of the Amalgamated Association, was highly pleased at the outcome of the meeting, adding: "I always knew the men of Bay View to be loyal to the Amalgamated Association, and was satisfied all along that when the situation was thoroughly explained to them they would stand by the order to strike. I look upon the action of the Bay View Lodge as a great gain in the fight with the United States Steel Corporation. I leave for East Chicago on Monday morning, where I expect to address the men of the Republic Iron and Steel Company in the afternoon."

Superintendent George L. Dill, of the Bay View plant of the Illinois Steel Company, said after the meeting that he was very much disappointed at the outcome.

"I fully expected that when the question came to a vote the men would stand by their contracts with the company and refuse to strike," said Dill. "The amount of wages to be lost by the men is going to foot up \$900 per month. The Bay View plant will be closed down indefinitely."

SITUATION AT JOLIET.

LACK OF STEEL RODS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

JOLIET (Ill.), Aug. 17.—It is expected that the lack of rods at the American Steel and Wire Mills will force them to shut down as early as Tuesday, thus increasing the number of men out to 6000, nearly half of them involuntarily. The rods are furnished by the Illinois Steel Company.

There were no signs of violence today, though the streets were full of idle men. The announcement is made that it will be made to organize the skilled workers in the Joliet mills.

The strike leaders believe at present membership of close to 2000 can be secured. There is fear that the company may endeavor to operate several branches of the Illinois' plant with what are known as "skilled workmen," and handy men not identified with the union or affiliated with the Amalgamated Association.

One of the first moves to be made, it is said, is directed against the American Steel and Wire Company, a constituent of the United States Steel Corporation. Four parts of that company in Joliet have no union, and all efforts to organize them the past have been frustrated. There are 2000 men employed in these mills, and it is stated that at least 700 men are eligible to membership.

The four steel mill lodges on strike are in a secret location. The nature of the proceedings could not be ascertained. After discussion of two hours, the officials said that no business of importance was transacted.

CLOSED FOR GOOD.

WESTERN TIN-PLATE WORKS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.J.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—The great western works of the American Tin Plate Company never will be opened.

This declaration was made this afternoon by a representative of the combining located in Joliet. His statement, he said, was based on positive information, although he declined to give his authority. Following the utterance, however, came the announcement that General Manager Jones had been promoted to take charge of extensive territory. In addition to Mr. Jones' promotion, John Lafontaine, foreman for the company in the Joliet plant, was ordered to Cleveland, where he will take charge of the mills of the company.

General Manager Jones left for New York in the afternoon for a conference with the trust officials concerning the future policy in his territory. He said before going:

"I do not anticipate that the mills will start this winter. I do not care to say what will be done until I receive further information."

STRIKE SPIRIT AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

MISCHIEF BREWING IN GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

Plate Printers Give Warning That Girls Assistants Must Join the Union or Presses That Print Money Will Be Stopped.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The spirit of strike is in the air. It is hardy to be wondered that the government itself should feel its touch. A delegation of plate printers employed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing gave warning the other day that the members of their union might presently refuse to work at presses on which the girls assistants were not members of the union.

Inquiry develops the fact that all girls employed at the bureau, except one, belonged to such organization, and all except three girls employed in the office of the Treasurer of the United States in printing seals on notes turned to the air.

It is not known if the government will forcibly "unsign" its staff of girls by compelling the little handful of outsiders to join a society the differences between employers and employees.

It is reported that the considerations of the Draymen's Association with the course the fight is taking, that many of them believe the employers should show a more conciliatory spirit and that a committee of arbitration is experiencing difficulty in holding them in line. Secretary George Renner, of the Draymen's Association, denies all knowledge of the existence of such a state of affairs.

The City Front Federation and the Labor Council have joined in a circular addressed to workers in general, asking them not to come to this city to take the places of strikers and locked-out men, holding that the fight of the local men is one which affects labor in all parts of the country.

The concerted effort was made today by the coal men to unload their ships in the harbor. Considerable headway was made on the Czarina and South Portland, with non-union men. The discharge of the Tellus was finished and work will be begun on the Bristol tomorrow.

The steamer Enterprise sailed for Venezuela with a full cargo. The Peru also sailed for Valparaiso. Two non-union men were attacked on the street tonight by five strikers. In the fight pistols were drawn. Nine shots were fired, and Thomas Moran, who was running along the street, was hit and slightly injured.

RASIN TROUBLE.

WOMEN STRIKE AT FRESCO.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.J.

FRESCO, Aug. 17.—All the women and girls, about 200 in number, employed in the Phoenix packing-house of the Pacific Coast Seeded Potato Company, quit work this morning as a protest against a reduction ranging from 10 to 50 per cent in the prices paid for work in its various departments. The plant was obliged to cease operations. The women formed a union today, which will be affiliated with the Federated Trades.

SHIPPING BLOCKADE.

STRIKE TIES UP MANY SHIPS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—Twenty-nine deep-water ships, all chartered to carry grain out of this port for European markets, are tied up in the harbor, unable to take in their cargoes because of the strike. These vessels aggregate 64,765 registered tons displace-

ready to believe it will ever fall so low as to refuse a poor girl the right to earn bread and butter unless she can show a card of membership in an association for which she has no use, and from which she can get no benefit.

AID FOR STRIKERS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—Every working iron moulder in the city will contribute 50 cents a day to support the men who are still on strike. This action was taken at a mass meeting held last night.

Because the strike is independent of the executive board of the national organization, no benefits are received from the national headquarters, and any assessment which might be levied by the local men would not be binding, providing any member wished to appeal. For this reason only the men who are still at work were allowed to vote on the question, and the men unanimous in their support of the men on strike.

The assessment will, it is thought, total about \$2500 a week into the strike fund to aid those still out on strike.

MAMMOTH CONCERN.

STEEL-CASTING COMBINATION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

SHARON (Pa.), Aug. 17.—It is settled that the capitalization of this new combination will be \$15,000,000. The president will be Daniel Egger of the Culin & Gallagher Company of St. Louis; the Sargent Company of Chicago, the Franklin, Pa., Steel Casting Company, the Pittsburgh Steel Casting Company and the Ohio Steel Company of Cleveland. The constituent companies will accept stock in payment for their plants.

Company, both of Chester, Pa.; the American Steel Foundry Company and the Culin & Gallagher Company of St. Louis; the Sargent Company of Chicago, the Franklin, Pa., Steel Casting Company, the Pittsburgh Steel Casting Company and the Ohio Steel Company of Cleveland. The constituent companies will accept stock in payment for their plants.

COAL MINES FEEL EFFECT OF STRIKE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ACOMA (Wash.), Aug. 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The coal mines of the New Vancouver Coal Company.

Nanaimo, have been closed down indefinitely in consequence of the strike of the water-front workers at San Francisco. Just why the mines were shut down was not clear to the workers until yesterday, when Superintendent Robbins said in an interview with the press:

"We have to thank the San Francisco strike for precipitating a serious and unexpected trouble, the outcome of which, as affecting our business, is impossible to determine."

The order to stop work was announced to the Nanaimo Miners' Union by the secretary of the Union, Ralph Smith, in which Robbins stated that the San Francisco strike had tied up the company's shipping, and that as soon as the bunkers were full, work must cease. Two hundred men will be thrown out of work by this order. It is believed other coal mines on Vancouver Island will have to cease work for similar reasons.

WE HAVE TO THANK THE SAN FRANCISCO STRIKE FOR PRECIPITATING A SERIOUS AND UNEXPECTED TROUBLE, THE OUTCOME OF WHICH, AS AFFECTING OUR BUSINESS, IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DETERMINE."

THE STRIKE IS UNCHANGED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—The strike situation is unchanged. The strikers have given no indication of consequences this morning. Several meetings will be held tonight, and tomorrow by retailers and wholesalers not in the Merchants' Association, with a view to terminating the strike.

The water front was exceedingly quiet all day. Only one case of assault was reported. William Merrin, a non-union coal shoveler, who was on his way to work this morning, was set upon by seven men and beaten. He was taken to the Harbor Hospital and treated for a lacerated wound of the right cheek.

The sailing fleet continues idle. A score of big deep-water craft are anchored in the stream, unable to load cargo, due to the number of small vessels are tied up.

The promise made by the wholesale coal men that they would today make vigorous attempt to unload the ships here by having boats lying idle in the bay was kept as far as it was possible to secure men. A number of new hoisting engineers were found willing to go to work this morning.

The Czarina and South Portland and Czarina were moved from their anchorage in the stream, and the coal is being transferred to the bunkers. At the other docks the situation was practically unchanged.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—The arrival of the ship Santa Clara, the first of the salmon fleet, presents another phase of the local labor trouble.

There are about fifty vessels in the fleet, and there are about forty union men on board. They are all subject to the orders of the City Front Federation, and with each arrival the army of strikers will be increased.

The salmon pack which these vessels have been built is one of the largest made in years. The entire pack was kept as far as it was possible to secure men. A number of new hoisting engineers were found willing to go to work this morning.

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Men's Flannel Suits \$7.50.

All our \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00 nobby flannel suits, the finest in make, the choice in style shown by any store in the city. Your choice at \$7.50. Not many left.

We positively guarantee every item in this advertisement to be from 25 to 50 per cent, lower in price than merchandise of the same quality and style as purchased for elsewhere under any circumstances or otherwise.

LOWTANS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1901.

**SPORTING RECORD
BIG FIGHT IS ARRANGED.****Jeffries and Ruhlin Mill in November.****Siler Wanted as Referee by Ruhlin Folk.****Constitution Wins Again—Lemon's Wheeling Victory. Ice and Baseball.**

MY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—[Extra, Dispatch] Gus Ruhlin and his son, Billy Madden, met Billy Jeffries, Jeffries' representative, last night and talked over arrangements for the battle.

Articles will be signed next Tuesday, when Jeffries arrives from the mountains. The articles will probably be the same as those for the Cincinnati fight, which did not take place.

If Jeffries has agreed upon as referee and if Jeffries is willing, the articles will be the same even to the division of the purse, which was 75 per cent to the winner, and 25 per cent to the loser. Madden and Delany agreed that each man should post \$2000 as forfeit money and the club getting the fight should do the same. Club will be invited to bid for the fight.

The least definite matter about the fight is the date. It will depend on the men who will meet till November, when they hope that the strike troubles will be settled and the horse-racing season opened, as that brings a large number of fight followers here.

A NAONDA WON THE FREE-FOR-ALL PACE.

STARTERS DWINDLED TO PRINCE ALERT AND VICTOR.

Bring Winner Made Best Time Ever
Held by a Geling, Scoring Remarkably Well in Every Heat—Other Results at Brighton Beach.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]
NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—The seaside meeting at Brighton Beach closed to the feature race of the day being free-for-all for pacers. The field dwindled down to two starters, Anaconda and Prince Alert, and the former won handily by Anaconda in 2:05, but there was going from the start, when the horses took the word of the second heat. Anaconda passed under the wire 2:015, with the Prince a couple of lengths behind. This is the fast race of the season, and it was not a champion record, as it is the first time ever made in a race by a gelding. The time by quarters was: Quarter, 0:26; half, 1:00; three-quarters, 1:32½; mile, 2:015; quarter, 0:30; half, 1:00; three-quarters, 1:30; mile, 2:015.

The 2:05 pace purse \$1500, unfinished when Prince Alert won the third and fourth heats in 2:06, 2:05½, Martha Marshall won the first heat in 2:05.

Racing: 2:15 class, purse \$1500; Wanamaker, 2:15 straight heat, 2:12½, 2:15½.

Facing: 2:15 class, purse \$1500; Onoto on three straight heats, 2:10½.

Free-for-all pace, purse \$3000: Amazon, 2:15 straight heat, 2:10½, in beating Prince Alert.

STAMBUL DEAD.

FAIRY CALIFORNIA HORSE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]
NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Stambul, the young stallion (2:07) died today at the hands of E. H. Harriman, president. He was foaled in 1882, by the famous sire Sultan, descending by Hamptionian, secretary Patches, Maud, by George M. Peacock.

He was bred by the late L. J. Ross of Los Angeles. He was bought by Mr. Hobart of San Francisco, and later was shipped to New York and sold for \$11,000 to E. H. Harriman. He has been in the stud farm since. His foals have won 2:11 to 2:20.

Master Man won.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR STAKE.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 17.—Louisville officials have announced that traffic over the line will be on Sunday. Nothing has come from Louisville and Nashville since.

Steamboats had not yet opened and were working hard to do so when the river became too high, two lines and the steamboat both had completely stopped and papers were issued for several days. Dr. Isaac Cline of Louisville received a report of the weather observation.

Today, the weather was still bad.

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THE OIL FIELDS
PIPE LINE BETWEEN
MIDWAY AND SUNSET.

LOCAL CAPITAL INTERESTED IN THE PROPOSITION.

Side Light on Capt. Barrett's Carrizo Creek Development Scheme—Sulphur Mountain Well Has Encountered Water—Slight Awakening on 'Change.

A pipe line from the Midway field to the oil way terminus at Sunset is the latest proposition now under consideration by local capitalists, and it is an undertaking that would require the expenditure of at least a quarter of a million dollars.

Land and lease holders in the Midway have been making strong efforts or some time to induce the directors of the Sunet Railway to extend the line to the Midway field, but at present nothing has been done in this direction, nor for the reason that as yet the Midway has been but slightly developed. Recent finds there have proven up a much wider territory than had been credited to the field, and operators who are looking into the future are anxious to provide means for transporting their oil. The fact is, the Chisholm and Sandell are expending almost \$100,000 to give the Midway a water supply, now the high regard in which that well-known firm holds the territory.

The new Associated Press—P.M.—SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The inquest in the case of the man who has been known here as W. Jones was commenced this morning. Jones killed himself by shooting last Monday, and the body has been held, and the inquest is still in progress. The coroner has the hope of ascertaining something concerning his identity. The testimony this forenoon disclosed nothing of particular importance, other than has been published. A question has arisen as to whether the man's name was Jones, and whether he was all that he claimed. He said he belonged to a number of secret orders, but left little about them. The Knights of Pythias have decided, so far as the evidence that he is a member is good standing of that order does not warrant them bearing the expense of a funeral. Jones has also stated that he had money in a San Francisco bank, but which one has not been discovered. He claimed at one time to have owned a newspaper in Honolulu, and at another time to have been manager of a paper published there. He has told many that he was connected with the Associated Press, but Superintendent Cowles of San Francisco has wired that no man of that name and description was ever in the service. The theory is gaining strength that the man was under an assumed name here. It is known that he pawned his overcoat, and it is believed that he pawned his watch and ring. During the few weeks of his sojourn here the man made many friends, who would have given him a home or money if he had made his wants known.

At the conclusion of the afternoon hearing the inquest was adjourned to September 14, in order to hear from Honolulu. Pictures of the body, together with a description and a summary of former statements of the deceased, are to be forwarded to Honolulu and elsewhere. Arrangements have been made to give the body a respectful burial tomorrow.

JAILLED FOR ASSAULT.—The morning in the Police Court a man giving his name as John Johns was sentenced to six months in jail for assaulting an old man, Johns claimed to be one of the San Francisco strikers. He worked here long enough to get money for a drunk. The assault was unprovoked, and was most brutal.

THIRD SMELTER FOR SHASTA.—The third great smelting plant of Shasta County, that of the Trinity Copper Company, will soon be under way.

H. A. Barr, who has just returned from that field, stated yesterday that arrangements had been completed by the Trinity company, and that work was to commence from now on.

The president of the company, which is capitalized at \$2,000,000, is Senator J. P. Jones, and there are associated with him many men of prominence and capital.

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FALLING OFF IN COPPER.—Those who are engaged in copper development have no reason to fear over-production, if the statement recently issued by the Copper Producers' Association can be accepted as authority.

According to that authority the production of copper for the first half of the current year will fall, resulting in a surplus of an increased output by the mines of the United States. In fact, the figures show a decrease of 15% tons from the production for the first half of 1907. In explanation of this failure of 1908, it is asserted that some of the larger mines have probably curtailed their output. At any rate, the assertion is disapproved that the high price of copper would stimulate production, and result in a much lower level of price.

The present price of copper remains steady at 17 cents per pound, despite the heavy falling off in exports.

FROM THE DUMP.

The Middleton mine near Constellation is having trouble. It is reported a strong flow of water, and that in six hours the 400-foot level and the 400-foot level was entirely filled. Work has been suspended until a firm claim upon the water can be obtained.

FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—[From the San Francisco Daily News.]

READY FOR THE KNIGHTS.—HOTEL DEL CORONADO, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.]

The hotel and tent grounds are scenes of much activity in anticipation of the arrival of the Knights of Pythias, of whom, including the knights and ladies, between 500 and 800 are expected. All preparations for their stay were finished yesterday, and Capt. Stansbury, quartermaster, and Capt. Routsouff, commissary, are encamped in their headquarters.

Miss Florence Ament of Deming, N. M.,

has returned to Los Angeles after an outing to the Yuma Railroad.

John Pinkham, wife of Frederick E. Pinkham of Chicago, died yesterday, aged 22. She was a native of California.

The contract for heating and ventilating the new library building has been awarded Samuel Gordon Ing.

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The hotel and tent grounds are scenes of much activity in anticipation of the arrival of the Knights of Pythias, of whom, including the knights and ladies, between 500 and 800 are expected. All preparations for their stay were finished yesterday, and Capt. Stansbury, quartermaster, and Capt. Routsouff, commissary,

business in Los
There are still**niles**plied with gas,
station even 30
position at the
gas.

lem.

thirty years to
it take it to
tting, and the
each year and
youto declare
the people want
us business on
and you will**ELECTRIC CO.****& CO.****FOR MEN.****RIDING ON
THE CHUTES.**loses Los Again to
the Dutchmen.ide All Varieties of
Runk Errors.We Will an Easy Mark
Statesmen trash Cripes
for another Game.MAN TRIMCO. Aug. 17.—(EX-
CITING NEWS.) Today's game set-
tling the Los Angeles team
and the San Francisco team in
the Pacific Coast League. The score
was too much
in favor of the home
team.The Saturday crowd seen
at the park here in ten years
had ground here in ten years
since the game.The players were clearly
the only infidels in the
game, and he is cer-
tainly down second in his own
style. Krag, San
Francisco, took everything
the way, having an even
of goals and assists to hisPittsburgh—CINCINNATI.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)PITTSBURGH, Aug. 17.—Score:
Pittsburgh, 5; hits, 8; errors, 6.
Cincinnati, 4; hits, 10; errors, 1.
Batteries—Deneen and Warner; Kit-
son and McGuire.Second game: New York, 1; hits, 7;
errors, 2.Boston, 2; hits, 14; errors, 6.
Batteries—Leiter and Warner; Newton
and Farrell.PHILADELPHIA—BOSTON.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—Score:
First game: Philadelphia, 2; hits, 8;
errors, 1.Boston, 0; hits, 5; errors, 1.
Batteries—Orth and Jacklin; Din-
neen and Moran.Second game: Philadelphia, 2; hits, 9;
errors, 1.Boston, 2; hits, 4; errors, 4.
Batteries—Duggley and McFarland;
Pittinger and Kiltedge.AMERICAN LEAGUE GAMES.
WASHINGTON VS. DETROIT.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Scores:

First game: Washington, 5; hits, 12; errors, 6.
Detroit, 1; hits, 6; errors, 4.Batteries—Mercer and Clark; Sleev-
er and Shaw.Second game: Washington, 9; hits, 4; errors, 4.
Detroit, 1; hits, 4; errors, 6.Batteries—Patterson and Clark; Miller
and Shaw.BOSTON—CHICAGO.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Score: Boston, 4;
hits, 13; errors, 2.Chicago, 1; hits, 6; errors, 2.
Batteries—Lewis and Criger; Griffith
and Sullivan.MILWAUKEE—PHILADELPHIA.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—Score:

First game: Milwaukee, 5; hits, 12; errors, 6.
Philadelphia, 4; hits, 11; errors, 5.Batteries—Reddy and Mahoney;
Wiltsie and Powers.Second game: Milwaukee, 4; hits, 10; errors, 5.
Philadelphia, 3; hits, 9; errors, 4.Batteries—McGinnity and Breena-
han; Moore and Connor.

Rifle Shooting.

A five-man team contest will be shot
today at the Round Hill range
between the Los Angeles Riflemen
and the Los Angeles Sharpshoers.The prize will be the champion-
ship banner of Southern California.The Sharpshoers will work
under handicap. They will give their
opponents three points per man
at 200 yards, and 500 yards. At 100
yards they will fire "off hand," while
the soldiers will shoot kneeling if they
desire.

Coursing.

There will not be any coursing at
the meet today, but there will be differ-
ences between the stockholders in the
concern. Just when the sport will be
resumed is not known and just what
the real trouble is between the two
parties is not known.Neither side is doing any talking
for publication about the row. In any
event there will be no coursing for sev-
eral weeks.

No Picture.

Owing to washing out of the railroads in
Arizona, the news department of the Times
of the Times did not reach Los Angeles in
time to be available. Watch for it next Sunday.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Nothing More Acceptable to the Stomach

during the warm weather than a well-made

salad. The Palatinate, R. W.
Smith & Co., 128 S. Spring St., has
the best-made salads in town. Give us
a trial. Telephone main 117, and have your purchases
delivered.

Another Reduction in Gas

To those who do not mind a saving, as the
use of aluminized glass in the kitchen.They are fast savers; let us tell you about
them. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 117 S. Spring St.

Main Springs, 50 Cts.; Crystals, 10 Cts.

Watch cleaned, 2; Jewelry repaired, No.

220 N. Spring.

RHODES & REED, Auctioneers.

Established 1877

Telephone us and the wagon will call for your

Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Curtains, etc. Finest cleaning

summer garments, such as organdie, swiss, mul-

dimity, fancy gowns, laces, etc. superior to all

others. Our prices are lowest consistent with

first-class work. We never experiment.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS,

Removal our office temporarily to Main Office

and Works, 608-610 S. Spring St.

Mail and Express Orders Received.

Tel. Main 1016

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W. S. ALLEN,

345-347 S. Spring Street

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Gotham's Sanitary Reform—London and Washington News.

NEW YORK LETTER. CONCENTRATION OF POPULATION AND ITS MENACE.

BY JAMES MARTINEAU.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—The city of New York is going through a period of transformation. Improved facilities for rapid and convenient transit from one section to another have hastened the changes made imperative by the enormous and sudden growth of the city's vast business interests. About twenty years ago the postoffice building was erected at the junction of Park Row and Broadway, at the southern tip of City Hall Park. Since that time As for now, it seemed then to be on a scale so far beyond the requirements of the city that it would take a century's growth to utilize its space. United States Commissioners were assigned to offices in the upper stories also the United States Circuit Courts and other Federal offices. Today the basement of the building is overcrowded with postoffice employees, and the postmaster complains of quarters too small for the proper handling of mail matter.

Within a stone's throw was the Herald building, and a long row of low buildings occupied by the great dailies. Since the construction of the postoffice the small buildings have disappeared. On the site of the Herald building now stands the loftiest skyscraper on Manhattan, and near to it an enormous office building which is to be in itself. This the Syndicate building was recently sold for \$4,000,000. From the Postoffice building to both sides of it, great structures have been erected, twenty-two stories high have been constructed during the past fifteen years. These great buildings are fully occupied, which in itself is suggestive of the thousands who come from every direction daily to transact business.

In earlier days the population of this section can up into the thousands. To-day only janitors live on Broadway in this section, and as the big buildings stretch out to the eastward, population diminishes. Elevated railroads and elevated roads have been afforded facilities to those who live from five to ten miles away to come and go quickly from this section, and the influences of the trade, which have not succeeded in their purpose, they have nevertheless blocked the building of the college on the site purchased for it. The same will be true of the new university which is to be built on the site of the old site is coveted by the Department of Police for a new headquarters.

Commissioner and Chief of Police Michael C. Murphy has declared the present world-famous Mulberry-street headquarters to be no longer required of it, and furthermore he is badly located. He has put in a claim for the site on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street, which he has occupied.

He also proposes that the city sell the land and appropriate the money received.

The influences are consequently doubled. The Board of Education now has its efforts endorsed by the police department, and a new college building is a matter of the near future.

A pretty specie is being afforded the citizen and taxpayer. Dist.-Atty. P. L. B. having secured the conviction of Bissell for blackmail, is now proceeding against Capt. Diamond and other officials, in order to lay bare the secret of the police power.

August the same official will appear in the Supreme Court to show in the trial of Fire Commissioner Scannell how the fire department secures its supplies. Commissioners of the Streets and Bridges will be called to account for their failure to make some difficult explanations in regard to garbage contracts, and Commissioner Kelleher is still ex-

pecting him to do his duty.

Now persons realize how many thousands of ignorant, dirty Hungarians, Poles and Italians are dumped in this city every year. They crowd the ancient houses of the Bronx, Seward and all the swarms in the sweat-shops, the little markets and the dense popula-

tion centers.

All these various explana-

tions are suggestive of departmental rotteness, and the verdict will be rendered by the jury of voters in November next.

I am told that financial matters at Wanstead are not what they ought to be. The "boss" is uneasy. His stable has been running at a loss, and the worthies of the town are growing rich on American bullion, which "Quick" staked and lost.

John Carroll's visit was not so much political as financial. He has returned under "sealed orders." He is reported to have had to pay his "orders" to go out to the highways and byways where the corporations dwell, and "touch them." In his mission of mendicant he is attended by Hon. John Whalen, the local man, who in private life is known as a descendant of an ancient Knickerbocker, one Herr Van Wyck. Perhaps Richard, desirous of taking time by the way, has been to the railroads, and perhaps to the machine in Fourteenth street, and desires, in his character of an English farmer, to make hay while the sun shines.

This reminds me of an underrun-

ner of gossip. There are some who say things are not what they do seem when the godly meet in pleasant afternoons in executive session. The Hon. John Carroll and the Hon. John Whalen do not sit in adjoining rooms, but have a common room, which is a great convenience.

It is at once apparent that over

the course of a year, the average per-

son in tenement houses in this city will consist of James P. Allain, on water street, near Jackson.

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The condition of the crowded tem-

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These were impossible by reason of the fact that no room al-

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with other families, and each person

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To remedy these conditions, wrought

by the growth of the office buildings,

the increase of manufactures and stores in old residential quarters, and the influx of immigrants, the law has been made to force, and for some years the city will be undergoing a marvelous transformation.

Adroits of immigrants, it may not be

out of season to make a strong moral impression. One of the sights at the present moment is the great public work known as the Rapid Transit Tunnel. The hole in the ground seems to go down to the surface, and at others is only to be seen by looking down a shaft 100 feet deep. The laborers are chiefly Italians and Poles. They are hard workers and good specimens. Alongside of them are a few of the old type of Irish laborers. They are, however, in the minority.

Generally speaking, municipal con-

tracts have been the mainstay of Tammany Hall. The city has had no exception. Of the thousands employed not 10 per cent. are voters. Indeed, the wall of dissatisfaction coming from the citizen voters who have failed to secure justice in their state of residence in Massachusetts, where he was struck down. His career has been one full of honors, distinguished by scholarship and executive ability along ecclesiastical lines.

What was curious in the domestic life of his family and as to

its relation to church regulations, will doubtless frequently referred to in coming years as "a celebrated case" in ecclesiastical circles. His daughter, Miss Eleanor Maud Littlejohn, married in 1878 to Almet F. Jenks of

people of the State, in accordance with the labor laws of the State.

The financial arrangements perfected, the contract was awarded and labor begun, with the result as stated. Poles and Italians will work for the full day. The Americans, however, do not support his family on such pay, hence he seeks other employment, and frequently remains idle. The Pole and Italian, having no family to support, secure a place to live which often is only fit for the domicile of brute. Ten or twelve years ago there were rooms on the summer, in the open air. One of their number acts as cook, and as they live at a cost of 20 cents a day, accumulate money and go back to Italy with several hundred dollars.

The industry is great, their self-denial remarkable; their frugality commendable; but they have by competition de-

stroyed the price of labor and enforced the price of food, so far beyond the requirements of the city that it would take a century's growth to utilize its space.

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direction daily to transact business.

Divorced by the law of the land, the good people had about subsisted in their expressions of wonderment when their wives had gone together as man and wife for ten years. This court, after reviewing the evidence in secret session, sealed the papers and issued a decree.

It held that the marriage was null and void.

Divorced by the law of the land, the good people had been benefited by this separation of an alien people with the citizens of the State, and when the election came around the voters will express their disapproval.

It is clear on its face that those who profess to guide the popular mind are to blame.

The College of the City of New York, well known as the Free Academy, is to be removed to Washington Heights. A site some years ago was purchased, but for reasons, political, of course, no attempt has been made to build upon it, although the plans have been approved. The politicians of the Bronx, who are alive to every improvement to secure the welfare of the people, although they have not succeeded in their purpose, they have nevertheless blocked the building of the college on the site purchased for it. The same will be true of the new university which is to be built on the site of the old site is coveted by the Department of Police for a new headquarters.

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its relation to church regulations, will doubtless frequently referred to in coming years as "a celebrated case" in ecclesiastical circles.

Richard Crook is to be attacked. An effort will be made to depose him.

MILITARY TOPICS.

Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and Navy Subjects.

COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.

NOTES IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.

ELFEN BOUND naval apprentices

are now being cared for at the New-

port training station. So popular

has this become with boys that the

Navy Department finds it imprac-

tical to quarter more in the new

quarters.

To Remove
the Causeof dyspepsia and
the stomach take
Stomach Powders with
water—guaranteed
in every case in time.

50c per box

For a pleasant quiet
SMY'S BEAUTY
10c.
FOR SALE BY
Sale & Son Druggists
226 S. SPRING ST.ond's
le....
50 Straw Hats for
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Summer Underwear
Manufacture.dies' Shirt Waists
(of a kind) for
each.new Hats, white
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MOMEN

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hardly written by name.

CURED TO STAY CURE

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the world will be
world during the win-the most intense
tions of the digestive
s. A man over would be
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FOR THE NAVY.

The navy is progressing

more rapidly than ever

the world over.

The main points upon which the

maneuvers are expected to be

the best men

Orange County Towns: Santa Ana and Fullerton.

CELERY CROP FINE AROUND SANTA ANA.

HEAVY YIELD EXPECTED FROM THE PEATLANDS.

GROWERS BUSY PROTECTING PLANTS FROM COLD WEATHER—LABOR DEMAND EXCEEDS THE SUPPLY—SHORT STRIKE IN CANNERY.

SANTA ANA, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The celery crop in the peatlands never looked better than it does at the present time, and the prospects consequently, are good for a splendid yield. Estimates are now being made on the crop and it is believed that from 1500 to 1600 carloads, barring accidents, will be shipped during the coming winter months from the 2000 acres that have been planted.

Last year there was a general disposition among the growers to hurry the crop to get an early market, but the results were not as satisfactory as the ranchers had hoped for, and consequently this year there will be but little of the product moved from the fields before from the 10th to the 15th of November.

Another change this year is in the growing of a large number of acres of the yellow celery, the experience of the growers in the past being that the white variety is more susceptible to frost. That is a condition the growers are trying to make into a permanent feature in the cultivation of the vegetable in the winter months, and while healthy celery will stand pretty cold weather for California, it is not entirely impervious to the cold, and when the thermometer registers in the vicinity of 25 and 26 deg. above zero, it is liable to be injured.

The growers of the earlier varieties are now busy protecting the plants with boards, as the warm weather will not permit banking the product with dirt. Every able-bodied man in the vicinity of the peatlands has plenty to do at this season of the year. In fact, the demand exceeds the supply.

CANNERY STRIKE.
Fifteen boys went on strike at the cannery in this city yesterday because their wages had been reduced from 7½ cents to 4 cents per hour, and they walked out of the building in a body. But the managers did not suspend operations, so the strikers evidently sought elsewhere, and later in the day they reported back for duty, asking to be taken in at the reduced rates. This request was granted by Manager Todd, and now they are working more

and playing less, in the hope that the old scale of wages will be restored to them.

SCARCITY OF WOOD.

There is a scarcity of wood in Santa Ana, according to the reports of the local wood dealers. The principal woods used here are eucalyptus and willow, and the stock on hand of both these varieties is said to be quite limited.

During the coming fall, however, the seasoned wood was about all used up and the abundance of other work during the summer months has furnished employment for all the available men, so that but very little wood has been chopped.

SANTA ANA BREVITIES.

Joe McCormack has begun suit in the Justice Court to enforce the collection of a \$60 note given by George Wheaton and A. A. Wheaton. H. S. Keating, as executor of the will of the late W. H. Keating, has brought suit in the same court against S. P. Freeman for the recovery of \$100 and interest.

The Los Angeles Company purchased eighty acres of land near the Bolsa Chico Bay from William Bayly for \$4000. This land will be added to the 4000 acres which are now controlled by the Geleas Gun Club, composed of Los Angeles sportsmen.

Miss Jessie Hamilton of this city went to Los Angeles today to spend a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Guy Tonkin. Miss Hamilton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Tonkin of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Leland and two children have been visiting Mr. Leland's sister, Mrs. M. L. Bayley, of North Main street, for the past six weeks, departed today for their home at Hawarden, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Morrison and Miss Jessie, who have been visiting with Stephen Ross, of Los Angeles, for the past few weeks, left yesterday for their home in Cedar Rapids, Indiana.

Miss Mary Keefer and friend, Miss Lovina Mae of San Diego, have returned from Los Angeles where they had been visiting. Stephen Ross and other friends for the past several days.

Robert Flock of Washington avenue mashed his hand yesterday by getting the member between a heavy steel pipe and a block of wood. The injury is serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Tremble, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Tremble of West Second street the past week, left yesterday for their home in Illinois.

Clarence Crookshank of this city went to Ocean Park today to visit his brother, A. J. Crookshank, and wife, Edna, of Los Angeles, for a few days.

Seal Rock, the Ojai, Ontario, Orange Grove school district bonds will be received by the Board of Supervisors Tuesday, September 2.

J. H. Moeser of this city mashed his hand yesterday at the old brick packing-house he loaded warehouse truck falling upon it.

George Huntington has gone to Traegeon Cafeteria for a brief outing.

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W. McClain and J. T. McClain of Tucson, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Galloway returned Friday evening from a two weeks' trip in the northern part of the State.

Rev. Bedell returned yesterday from Long Beach, where he has been in attendance at the Christian Church convention.

Mrs. Frederick Conn of this city joined her husband and brother for a few days.

J. Edwards and two daughters of Westminster left today for San Diego to remain several weeks.

Henry Neill and daughter, Miss May Neill, have gone to Laguna Beach for a week's outing of several weeks.

The Misses Ada and Alice Moore of Los Angeles are spending a week in the city, the guests of Miss Anna Dryer.

Bert Minter of the Needles arrived yesterday from a visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hollister of Colorado Springs are visiting friends in Los Angeles for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Todd of Tucson went to Los Angeles today to remain for an indefinite time.

Mrs. Fredrick Mitchell and children left yesterday for a visit of several weeks with friends in San Diego.

Mr. L. Parker of this city is entertaining Miss Emma Crouch of Los Angeles for a week.

Mr. W. A. Huff of this city is visiting Mrs. Caroline Huff in Los Angeles for a few days.

Charles Water and Burt McMurray went to Long Beach this morning for a few days' outing.

Miss Lulu Woodward of Colton is in the city, the guest of Miss Woodward for a few weeks.

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WILL STIMULATE FULLERTON BUSINESS.

CHEAP RAILROAD FARE WILL INCREASE TRAFFIC.

ELECTION SOON TO BE HELD ON QUESTION OF INCORPORATING AS A CITY OF THE SIXTH CLASS—NO CANDIDATES OUT FOR CITY OFFICES.

FULLERTON, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.]

The announcement that the Santa Fe will sell thirty-nine tickets daily between this city and Los Angeles at the rate of \$7.15 per month will greatly stimulate business between the two cities and is certain to increase travel.

Hundreds of Los Angeles men interested in oil will make more frequent trips to this city, and every time they come it means more money business for Fullerton.

The same is true of Fullerton business men who desire to go to Los Angeles. The cheap railroad will be of great advantage to students who reside here, who desire to attend the schools of Los Angeles, either the business colleges or the higher institutions of learning. They will be able to go to Los Angeles at a small expense.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Leland and two children have been visiting Mr. Leland's sister, Mrs. M. L. Bayley, of North Main street, for the past week, departed today for their home at Hawarden, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Morrison and Miss Jessie, who have been visiting with Stephen Ross, of Los Angeles, for the past few weeks, left yesterday for their home in Cedar Rapids, Indiana.

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any in Southern California. The Southern Pacific has an engineering corps surveying a new wagon road between Idyllwild and Banning, and it is the intention to make the road one which can be used for all classes of vehicles. After it is completed a regular stage line will here and Banning will be established.

IDYLLWILD BREVITIES.

A party of nineteen came up from Whittier a few days ago in a house on wheels, which is really a traveling hotel, arranged so that the excursionists eat, sleep and travel as though they were in a Pullman car. They are happy campers on Little Creek, and seem to be enjoying life. Leonard Sharpless is the captain of the company.

W. B. Scarborough and family of Los Angeles occupy one of the hotel tents.

M. Schaller, a Cincinnati brewer, arrived here Friday.

S. Hughes and wife of Los Angeles registered yesterday at the hotel.

C. R. Smith, president of the Orange County Savings Bank of Santa Ana, is here with his wife for a month's stay.

John G. Munro, postmaster of San Jacinto, and the editor and proprietor of the San Jacinto Register and Mr. Wright, the San Jacinto banker, come to town Tuesday for a few days' rest.

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V. AUGUST 18, 1901.

Western Counties

TACACHEPI BLOCKADE
SOON TO BE RADEDSOUTHERN PACIFIC TRACKS
RED FOR OVER A MILEHeavy Rain in the Mountains
and Rivers Over Assessor's Fig-
ures—Great Masses of Earth and
Debris—Traffic Impeded—
Men Removing It.

BAKERSFIELD, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The delay in getting to the top of the mountains is expected to be solved tomorrow at noon. A large force of men will be sent up to the top of the mountains for reductions. In the case of the San Joaquin River, which established a plant at Ojai, between this port and Long Beach, the company has been manufacturing the product in large quantities, the chief material used being the rock asphalt mined at Goliad and the heavier part of the crude California petroleum.

SAN PEDRO BREVIETIES.

The School Trustees have decided to add one room to the Central school building.

The City Board of Equalization has been in session at intervals during the week.

Ortiz, an attorney of Tucson, Ariz., with his family, is visiting his father, A. Ortiz, and the companions of his boyhood days here.

The steamer Santa Barbara sailed at the Salt Lake wharf Thursday and sailed for northern ports.

SHIPMENT OF ASPHALTUM.

SAN PEDRO, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Correspondent.] The steamer Newberg, Capt. Peterson, sailed from this port last night with 1,000 passengers and a cargo of asphaltum for Seattle. The Newberg's cargo is one of the first of its kind sent from here. The Globe Asphalt Company, which established a plant at Ojai, between this port and Long Beach, has been manufacturing the product in large quantities, the chief material used being the rock asphalt mined at Goliad and the heavier part of the crude California petroleum.

GLOBE OILS OF THE TIMES, NO. 11, BAKERSFIELD AVENUE, AUG. 17.—The Times' Resident Correspondent.

THE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION
MAKES NEW CUTS.SCHOOL ON CARRINGTON BLOCK
IS NOW DOUBLED.IN INCREASE OF HEAVY RAIN
AND DROPS OVER ASSESSOR'S FIG-
URES—BURN WATER—BURN TURBES
ARE IN SPOTTY.

BAKERSFIELD, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Resident Correspondent.] The assessment of the city was reduced by \$10,000.

Kernaghan, was reduced by the application of the tax.

The steamer Santa Barbara sailed at the Salt Lake wharf Thursday and sailed for northern ports.

WHITE-WINGED CRAFT
RACE OFF TERMINAL.BOA-VISTA IS THE WINNER OF THE
INSULAR CUP.CRYSTAL SEA WITH MERRY BREEZE AND
PRETTY SHOW OF COLOR MAKE THE SAILING
COMPETITION THE NAUTICAL EVENT OF
THE SEASON.

TERMINAL ISLAND, Aug. 17.—[From The Times' Correspondent.] Sailed over sea of crystal with a mere breeze, the race for the Insular Cup, the second, was the nautical event of the season. The yachties had the conditions nearly perfect, although a little more wind would have been welcome along parts of the course.

The race was under the auspices of the Terminal Boat Club. The boats in the contest and the members of the club who entered them were the Helena, entered by Joseph Pugh; the Foyal, entered by A. J. Waterhouse; the Boa Vista, entered by A. W. Armstrong; the Shadow, entered by W. F. Pennington; the British, entered by Dr. Shelby Tolman; and the Zarapco, entered by Walter Nordhoff.

The launch Pasqualite carried the Regatta Committee and judges. The Regatta Committee was composed of A. W. Armstrong, Sumner P. Hunt, J. S. Craven, Joseph H. Pugh and Percy R. Wilson. The judges were J. A. Graves, E. D. Silent, E. W. Hitchings, George J. Denis, J. B. Bushnell and Vice-Commander M. L. Graf of the Catalina Yacht Club. The race was won by George Blasenkeen, A. W. Armstrong, who was chairman of the Regatta Committee, but he had his own boat in the race, C. B. Booth.

The start was an uncomely good one, and all seven of the boats in the race crossed the line within a space of one and one-half minutes. The craft in racing trim the view down the course toward Long Beach was a very pretty one. The people of the summer colony had surprised themselves with a show of colors in front of the spectators along the beach, and many a halibut was also adorned with flags familiar to yachtsmen. Accompanying the racers as with a mighty pull, they cleaved the main wave, several power craft, some with a decorative style, in especially striking style with banners of various colors and designs.

The start was made at the Christening of the Regatta and the principal address was delivered by Prof. Hiriam Van Kirk, who was followed by President Paul McKeynolds and Rev. Dr. Farley, who delivered the benediction. A report of the officers of the Endeavor Society showed a large increase of members during the past year and also a much larger attendance at the convention this year.

At the afternoon meeting there were addresses by W. R. Heartwell of Los Angeles, Miss Elmore Smith of Downey and C. W. Stewart.

The programme for tomorrow begins with a sunrise prayer meeting at 5 a.m. Prof. G. T. Otto at 11 a.m. Prof. Van Kirk will deliver a sermon at 3 p.m. There will be a communion service conducted by D. F. Coulter and D. A. Wagner; in the evening Rev. F. L. Norton will deliver an evangelistic message.

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The launch Endeavor carried the Regatta Committee and judges. The Regatta Committee was composed of A. W. Armstrong, Sumner P. Hunt, J. S. Craven, Joseph H. Pugh and Percy R. Wilson. The judges were J. A. Graves, E. D. Silent, E. W. Hitchings, George J. Denis, J. B. Bushnell and Vice-Commander M. L. Graf of the Catalina Yacht Club. The race was won by George Blasenkeen, A. W. Armstrong, who was chairman of the Regatta Committee, but he had his own boat in the race, C. B. Booth.

The start was an uncomely good one, and all seven of the boats in the race crossed the line within a space of one and one-half minutes. The craft in racing trim the view down the course toward Long Beach was a very pretty one. The people of the summer colony had surprised themselves with a show of colors in front of the spectators along the beach, and many a halibut was also adorned with flags familiar to yachtsmen. Accompanying the racers as with a mighty pull, they cleaved the main wave, several power craft, some with a decorative style, in especially striking style with banners of various colors and designs.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—Cleopatra.
OPHEUM—Vaudeville.

THE TIMES AT THE BEACHES.

Patrons of The Times desiring the paper delivered to them at any of the beaches may leave the necessary order at The Times office, or with any of the following-named agents:

A. H. Jackson, Santa Monica, 256 Third street.

Mrs. Thacker, Ocean Park, corner Hill and Second streets.

F. J. Schinnerer, Long Beach, Bank Building.

F. W. Clark, Catalina.

S. B. Commander, foot of wharf, Redondo.

Mrs. D. Samples, postoffice, Terminal Island, San Pedro.

Bautz & Krohn, Sixth and Beacon streets, San Pedro.

Arrangements have been made for newspaper delivery of The Times at all resorts, and patrons will confer a favor by reporting any irregular or unsatisfactory service.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

His House Robbed.

George Grindal of No. 215 Center Street reported to the police yesterday that his house was burglarized Friday afternoon. Jewelry and papers of little intrinsic value were taken.

Sprained His Wrist.

John A. Howard of Eagle Rock was thrown from his buggy yesterday forenoon, sustaining a sprained wrist. He was treated at the Receiving Hospital. Howard was driving an unbroken colt.

Anti-Bonds.

J. R. Newberry, president of the organization holding the bonds of the city, said last night that he would give out on Tuesday the names of the committees.

Brick Hit Him.

Jacob Zwink, a workman employed in reconstruction work on the Wilcox building, corner of First and Spring streets, was rendered unconscious yesterday afternoon when a falling brick struck him on the head.

Elks' Annual Picnic.

The annual barbecue of Los Angeles Lodge of Elks will be held September 8 near Bassett's Station on the Baldwin ranch. A little girl of Elks will go out in a tulip from here today to select a suitable location.

First Mail Northward.

The first mail to go north from here since Friday morning left for the Owl by the Coast last night. The post-office schedules for all directions are badly mixed by the unprecedented rainfall in surrounding districts. The Owl did not leave the depot Friday night.

He Tried to Ego.

Frank M. Mayo, is charged at the Post Office Station with attempting petty larceny. He was arrested yesterday. It is alleged that he rifled the coats of a number of workmen employed on the construction of a warehouse at the corner of Atlantic and Lawrence streets.

Extraordinary Meteor.

A meteor of tremendous size was seen last evening over Los Angeles last evening. It was a parasite, starting in the constellation of Sagittarius and proceeding with a wonderful glare a little south of east, becoming extinct before reaching the horizon. Its illumination was equal to that of the moon for a few seconds.

Enterprise in Mexico.

The Mexican Herald says that J. M. Neeland of Los Angeles, and Walter Everett of Omaha, Neb., are in the City of Mexico, en route to the State of Chiapas. Mr. Neeland is engaged in the new concession for building the San Juan de los Lagos railway from the Mexican and Southeastern Railway from San Gerónimo, on the Gualtenepantla National Railway to the town of Atlante and Lawrence streets.

Bike Yellowtail Record.

Miss Lillie Dorrington and Miss Frances V. dox of Falls City, Neb., who have been touring Southern California, for two weeks past, will leave today for San Francisco to visit the northern portion of the State before returning home. They have been accompanied on their trip by Col. John A. Dorrington, editor of the Yuma Daily News. While at Lone Pine, Yuma, Miss. Middle came in a twenty-five pound yellowtail, breaking the ladies' record at that resort.

The Burnett Funeral.

The funeral of T. B. Burnett, the former general manager of the Terminal Railway, was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Hiram C. Turner at No. 1120 West Washington. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Wilkins, rector of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. The pallbearers were W. C. Patterson, H. L. McKee, F. H. Henderson, Sheldon Borden, Frank Burnett, Fred A. Rule, Gen. E. Bouton and F. M. Neeland. The burial was at Rosemead Cemetery.

Big Mining Suit.

N. P. Norman, P. T. Heffron and Moses Rothschild have instituted a suit in the United States Circuit Court against O. T. Doffmeyer, W. D. Stewart, John Grimes, the Colorado Iron Company and the California Steel Company, alleging that they jointly own a mine and fifty-four quartz claims in Mineral River, Riverside County, and seeking for an injunction, \$25,468 damages, and \$23,000 attorney's fees. They claim that the defendants have fraudulently managed the property.

Black-eyed Susans.

R. F. Webb, who gave his address as No. 1000, 11th and Olive, Griffin, was treated at the Receiving Hospital yesterday afternoon for a cut on the back of his head. A woman giving the name of Susan Olevians is accused of inflicting the wound. She was arrested on a charge of battery, preferred by Webb. The woman is in a number of Alameda-street clubs. It is alleged, and Webb says she struck him on the head with a piece of a water pitcher while he was riding a bicycle past her room. The stitches were taken in a cut just back of his right ear.

Woke in a Gutter.

M. C. Hill was arrested yesterday on a charge of petty larceny. His accuser is A. C. Smith, who resides in the Oliver flats on East First street. Smith charged him with stealing a watch and a ring. The complainant says that Hill applied to him for a place to sleep Friday night, and he accommodated him by sharing his bed. When Hill awoke Saturday morning his guest was absent, as was also the money and jewelry. Hill denies his guilt, and claims to have no remembrance of where he spent Friday night. He had been drinking, he says, and woke up in a gutter yesterday.

BREVITIES.

A good time to buy Turkish rugs is now. We are closing out our entire stock—a few choice pieces left at

prices that will force you to take them away. Really they are cheaper than ordinary Turkish and of much greater utility. Call early and make your selection. See our Turkish, Persian and Moorish lanterns. N. G. Balda & Bros., 122 West Fourth street.

"Romanizing Tendencies in the Episcopal Church," by the Rev. Dr. George Thorpe Dowling, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Los Angeles. Those desiring copies will be supplied to the vestry of Christ Church at wholesale price: twenty for \$1. Single copies for sale at 25 cents each. Address George W. Palmer, 167 S. Broadway, Tel. Peter 4471.

Ladies, I am now showing fall styles in tailor gowns, some very pretty patterns a little in advance, but back half price for two days only, fine fabrics and silk stockings, furs 25c and up. Philadelphia Ladies Tailor, Remember, 550 S. Broadway, Tel. Peter 4471.

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AUGUST 18.

EDITORIAL SHEET.

Society News.

IXth YEAR.

THEATERS.

With Views of Events.

RPHEUM—Matins Today in a Cool, Comfortable Theater!

A Battalion of New Vaudeville Brilliants!

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The Most Brilliant Women in Vaudeville

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Two Clever Entertainers in a Diverting Medley of Song and Dialogue.

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and Singers.

Amelia, the Dancer

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1000 Seating, Box Seats, 25c and 50c; gallery, 10c; box seats, 75c. MATINEES—Monday, Tuesday and Sunday, box seat 25c; Children, 10c. Phone Main 1447.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—E. C. WYATT & CO., Managers.

Three Nights Only, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY Aug. 22, 23, 24

MATINEE SATURDAY

Twelfth Annual Tour of CHARLES FROHMAN'S

Empire Theater Company

Direct From The Empire Theater, New York.

Frank Browne

Presenting HENRY ARTHUR JONES' Greatest Play,

"S. Dane's Defence

As Seen All Last Season at The Empire Theater, New York.

Open Monday Morning, Aug. 19.

1000, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 3500, 4000, 4500, 5000, 5500, 6000, 6500, 7000, 7500, 8000, 8500, 9000, 9500, 10000, 10500, 11000, 11500, 12000, 12500, 13000, 13500, 14000, 14500, 15000, 15500, 16000, 16500, 17000, 17500, 18000, 18500, 19000, 19500, 20000, 20500, 21000, 21500, 22000, 22500, 23000, 23500, 24000, 24500, 25000, 25500, 26000, 26500, 27000, 27500, 28000, 28500, 29000, 29500, 30000, 30500, 31000, 31500, 32000, 32500, 33000, 33500, 34000, 34500, 35000, 35500, 36000, 36500, 37000, 37500, 38000, 38500, 39000, 39500, 40000, 40500, 41000, 41500, 42000, 42500, 43000, 43500, 44000, 44500, 45000, 45500, 46000, 46500, 47000, 47500, 48000, 48500, 49000, 49500, 50000, 50500, 51000, 51500, 52000, 52500, 53000, 53500, 54000, 54500, 55000, 55500, 56000, 56500, 57000, 57500, 58000, 58500, 59000, 59500, 60000, 60500, 61000, 61500, 62000, 62500, 63000, 63500, 64000, 64500, 65000, 65500, 66000, 66500, 67000, 67500, 68000, 68500, 69000, 69500, 70000, 70500, 71000, 71500, 72000, 72500, 73000, 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elligence.

Mrs. J. Jason, per
sonal.

Mr. Dunham left Wednes-

day for Los Angeles, Wed-

nesday.

Miss Rhoads of Tucson, Wed-

nesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradford

left for San Francisco,

on Saturday.

The Jason family will have

left Long Beach yesterday for

the coast.

M. V. B. Bradford and family

left from Rivers, where they

Wednesday to attend the

and Mrs. M. V. B. Bradford

and Mr. and Mrs. James G. Brad-

ford arrived in Los Angeles

and are guests at the

one West D street.

Charles Sykes and Mrs. Sykes

at Long Beach

Long Beach for a month.

Mr. Dr. Bacon is visiting

in his home in Oakland.

Mr. W. R. Cripe and wife

left Friday for San Fran-

isco.

Mr. and Mrs. Horner

at Catalina.

Benjamin and family

in Tenc City.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Weller

left from the wedding to

Miss Wolff, Louis

Weller left Friday for

Long Beach.

Mrs. Clark is at Southern

California.

Misses Hansen

in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Meier

Batchelder are at Cali-

nova.

R. AND MRS. A. MUN-

CHARLES CARROLL is in

Los Angeles for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gil-

bert are visiting Cali-

nova.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Givens

Catalina.

Mr. F. J. Estes and child-

ren in San Francisco.

• • •

R. AND MRS. A. MUN-

CHARLES CARROLL is in

Los Angeles for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gil-

bert are visiting Cali-

nova.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jones

are in Los Angeles.

Miss Vera and Miss

Wheeler are in Los An-

geles for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Jacob

came down

to the usual Sunday

Peter M. and H. H. H.

is in Los Angeles today.

Misses Linda Loveland and

Linda are back from a two

trip in the Yucatan.

At the home of the bride

and groom.

Miss Miller Shad-

wood avenue, Prof. John

and Mrs. Harry B. Clark

turned from a trip to San

dieday for San Fran-

isco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wil-

son are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Rock-

well are back from the

beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pease

Long Beach.

Mr. T. Wilson and family

are in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mc-

Donald are spending a portion

of their vacation at the Hotel Buff-

ett.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Jones

children have returned from

spending a week at Los Angeles

and are back.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pease

Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jones

are in Los Angeles.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

R. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER.....Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER.....Secretary.
ALBERT MC FARLAND.....Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday,
and Weekly Magazine.

EVERY MORNING IN THE WEEK.

NEWS SERVICE.—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 15,000 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.

TERMS.—Daily and Sunday, including Magazines Section, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; Daily without Sunday, \$5.50; Magazine only, \$5.50; Weekly, \$1.00.

SWORN CIRCULATION.—Daily not average for 1890, 12,000; for 1891, 15,000; for 1892, 16,000.

26,000; for 1893, 25,750; for 1894, 30,750.

ADVERTISING.—Subscription Department, First Floor, Room 1; City

Editor and local news room, Press 2.

AGENTS.—Eastern Agents, William & Lawrence, No. 52 Tribune Building, New York;

51 Washington street, Chicago. Washington Bureau, 44 Post Building.

Offices—Times Building, First and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office as Second Class.

ADVERTISERS DEMAND CIRCULATION,
AND CIRCULATION BRINGS ADVERTISING.

For the month of July, 1901, the total amount of paid advertising in THE SUNDAY TIMES exceeded any other corresponding month in the paper's history, taking four Sundays to the month as a basis of calculation.

The following figures prove the discriminating judgment of careful advertisers who make use of the columns of THE TIMES to bring their business before the public:

THREE YEARS' COMPARATIVE EXHIBIT.			
July, 1899, 4 Sundays.	July, 1900, 4 Sundays.	July, 1901, 4 Sundays.	COLS. IX.
COLS. IX.	COLS. IX.	COLS. IX.	
July 9th.....143 11	July 8th.....159 4	July 7th.....144	
July 10th.....163 3	July 15th.....136	July 14th.....151 19	
July 22nd.....120 7	July 22nd.....142	July 21st.....145 17	
July 30th.....117 19	July 26th.....123 4	July 28th.....141 13	
844 19	860 8	853 7	

These figures show a steady increase, and a clear gain of 35 columns
—over 5 pages—for the month of July, 1901, over July, 1899.

CROSS OF THE STRIKE.

The strike situation both in the East and San Francisco appears to have settled down to a question of endurance between the employers and the workingmen. The Employers' Association of San Francisco has refused to yield an iota of their principle "at stake, although it is willing to compromise on details. For this, the business men of San Francisco who belong to the association surely deserve the commendation of all right-thinking men who believe there is a limit to the unreason of labor unions, and that the time has come to prescribe that limit—and to take a firm stand on it.

The yellow papers are doing all in their power to misrepresent the position of the Employers' Association, by repeating the cry of the strikers that an attempt is being made to destroy unionism. The little local yellow rag which tries to imitate the big yellow will of San Francisco, like a puff of foul air following a cyclone, recently asserted, in big headlines, over the caption "San Francisco" that the "feeling is growing against the association." Undoubtedly such a feeling is growing—among the labor agitators and those who sympathize with them—but, on the other hand, a feeling of admiration and regard toward these San Francisco "merchants" who are fighting, as it were, in the last ditch, for their manifest rights, is spreading throughout the country, and will in time undoubtedly bring them financial as well as moral support, should they need it.

The real cause of the formation of the Employers' Association in San Francisco was disclosed a few days ago by the San Francisco correspondent of The Times. An employer of non-union labor found two of his men leaving on several occasions, and reprimanded them. They persisted, however, and were discharged. Then the employer was waited upon by three strike leaders and told that he must take these men back, and that his place would be unionized. Under threats, he restored the men to their places, but the iron had entered into his soul. He consulted with some of his fellow-merchants, and the result was the formation of the Employers' Association.

These same newspapers, which pander to the baser instincts of mankind, and do all in their power to foster anarchy and riot, are utterly unreasonable and unreliable in the statements which they publish on this question; as much so, indeed, as frequently to make them ridiculous. The instant the local journal above referred to published, a few days ago, under a "scare head," a dispatch from Pittsburgh in which it was stated that "the strike of boys at McKeesport is especially gratifying to the Amalgamated officials, and they say the situation there is decidedly in their favor." A little farther down, in the same column, in another dispatch from Pittsburgh, occurs the following:

"At McKeesport 250 butt-welding helpers came out last night and crippled the mills. The Works. The strikers are nearly all boys under 18, and comprise half the force of helpers in this department. Fully 2000 men will be forced to quit work, and the entire department, consisting of 4800 employees, is expected to be idle. The boys are out mainly to demand that their salary be increased. The boys are determined and insist that their strike began the great strike and riots of 1894."

The strikers in San Francisco object to the employment of additional policemen, claiming that there is no need for their services. Yet it is a fact that outrages are constantly being perpetrated upon non-union men, and even upon union men who are mistakes for "scabs." A case was recently reported of three non-union teamsters, who persisted in staying with a firm from which the other men had gone out on strike. On a recent night the door bell of each house where these men resided was rung, and the men were confronted by strikers, who, at the point of revolver, compelled them to swear that they would not work again for their employers, nor disclose the names of their associates. So evidently were the men that they agreed to cease work, and will not give the authorities any information.

This, as it is remembered, did not occur in Russia, or in Turkey, or in "darkest Africa," but in the highly-civilized city of San Francisco, in the opening years of the twentieth century. It is not surprising that Harry of the San Francisco Star, who has

about matters in this connection of which they know little. Then again, the United States is deeply interested in this question for the reason that it is through one or more of these Central American countries that the great isthmian waterway will be constructed, whether it be by way of Nicaragua or Panama. Panamanian foreign powers recognize this, also, and several of them would doubtless be glad to find an excuse for getting hold of a little convenient territory that would command the canal. This, of course, the Southern Pacific Company—if, indeed, the change is to be made—is a serious, and perhaps fatal mistake. It is an exceedingly bad thing for the people of California, and it will undoubtedly prove to be a bad thing for the railroad company, which, after all, is to afford protection to American interests.

It would be an excellent thing if these little Central American States, which lie between Mexico on the north and the United States of Colombia on the south, could get together and organize as the "United States of Central America," or under some other appropriate title. Individually, they are weak and insignificant, but collectively, with the commanding position on what is to become of them within a few years the great water route of travel between Europe and the east coast of the United States, on the one side, and the Orient on the other, together with the most valuable productions of their soil, which yields in abundance some of the most valuable products in the world, will be able to command the market.

Thirty couples, who called for Manila on the transports Thomas, got acquainted en route, and in less than ten days were all engaged and were married when the ship reached Honolulu. What a lovely-dovey sort of a voyage it must have been to the officers and sailors to have thirty couples spooning on the boat all at once!

A Chicago woman is suing for a divorce because her husband refuses to part with a luxuriant growth of "wind breakers." Still, if he continues to do this, she may have the opportunity to get her fingers in them and disturb their growth.

They are opening saloons in the new town of Lawton at the rate of sixty a day. What a regular old Caravanserai of a time! Auntie could have such a steady, phenomenal growth to draw on when we're turned loose in that neck of the woods.

The Solano county woman died while reading a newspaper. Some of those northern newspapers are enough to send any person down to the grave.

Everybody must have the opportunity to get her fingers in them and disturb their growth.

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50 to 75c Wash Goods at 25c

This lot includes qualities previously sold at 50c, 60c or 75c. Among the fabrics are French tissue organdie, fine satin finished foulardines, imported French sateens, imported dotted swisses in plain colors and a few odd pieces of other fine washable textiles. The patterns and qualities are superb. Choose from the entire assortment at 25c a yard.

40c to 50c Wash Goods, 19c

We have arranged all the prices in our wash goods department. This assortment includes the season's prettiest effects in silk finished foulards, figured Irish dimities, English Madras, etc. This is a sweeping sale which includes all wash goods. 40c goods, 45c and many 50c qualities have been placed in this lot at 19c a yard.

25c to 35c Wash Goods, 15c

A choice assortment which includes all the varieties of weaves commonly classed as dimity, organdy, batiste and muslin. Many different lines have been combined in this new lot. Beautiful, rich, summery patterns, also the dainty effects which are so popular. You will be fully satisfied with what you find in this assortment at 15c a yd.

12½c to 20c Wash Goods, 10c

This lot includes goods formerly priced at 15c, 17c and 20c a yard. Lawns, madras, Scotch dimities, etc., in a variety of patterns which defies description. Every sort of figure or colors and tintings which range from the delicate to the most somber. Choose from this unparalleled assortment at 10c a yard.

August is the month in which we do things Exceptional. For instance, these:

Hamburger's August Doings

The Latest and Most Popular Copyrighted Books.

The Midsummer Book Sale enters its third week of marvelous selling with all the momentum generated by two weeks of tremendous book bargains. Fuel has been added to the flame. New books have arrived. The very latest and most popular copyright books of the year. We have performed what most merchants and most publishers thought would be impossible. We have transformed August into the second busiest book month of the year. Even now the success of this book sale is being imitated and echoed are heard from those who seek to follow in our footsteps. We have established the fact that the Hamburger store succeeds in what it undertakes. Ours was the first store on the Pacific Coast or in the East to inaugurate

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A Doctor of the Old School. Ian Maclaren.
The Story of Three Burgars. Frank R. Stockton.
Chimie Faddeu. Edward W. Townsend.
Found Yet Lost. E. P. Roe.
A Rose of a Hundred Leaves. Amelia E. Barr.
Tattle Tales of Capid. Paul Leicester Ford.
The Bow of Orange Ribbon. Amelia E. Barr.
Mildred Keith. Martin Finley.
Barriers Burned Away. E. P. Roe.
Rabbi Saunderson. Ian Maclaren.
Far Above Rubies. George Macdonald.
Prisoners and Captives. Henry Seton Merriman.
The Valiant Runaway. Gertrude Atherton.
Sherburne House. Amanda M. Douglass.
Jane Vedder's Wife. Amelia E. Barr.
A Little Husquenot. Max Pemberton.
The Tory Maid. H. B. Simpson.
The Great War Syndicate. Frank R. Stockton.
Remember the Alamo. Amelia E. Barr.
Suspense. Henry Seton Merriman.

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In London's Heart. George R. Sims.
A State Secret. B. M. Croker.
Young April. Egerton Castle.
Rudder Grange. Frank R. Stockton.
Seven Oaks. J. G. Holland.
The Lady or the Tiger? Frank R. Stockton.
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AUGUST 18, 1901.

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Handy Illustrations.

YEAR.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1901.

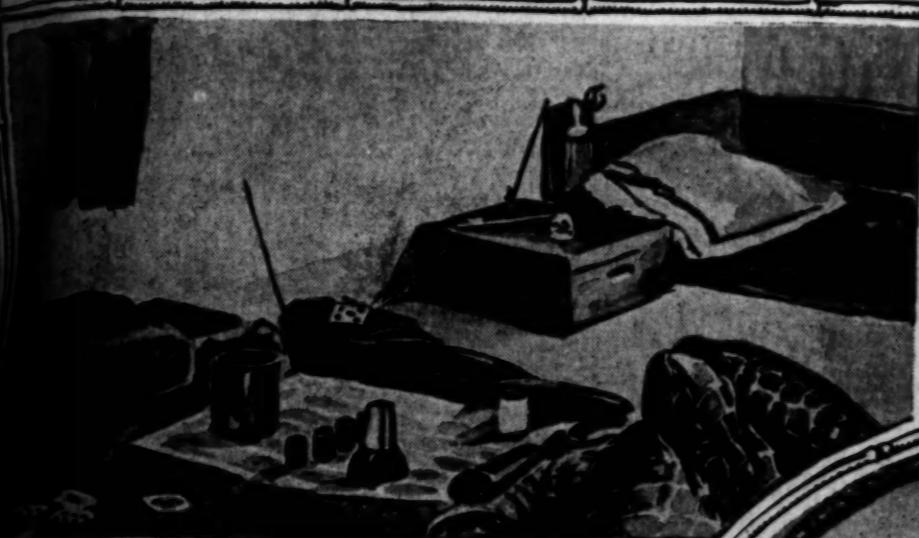
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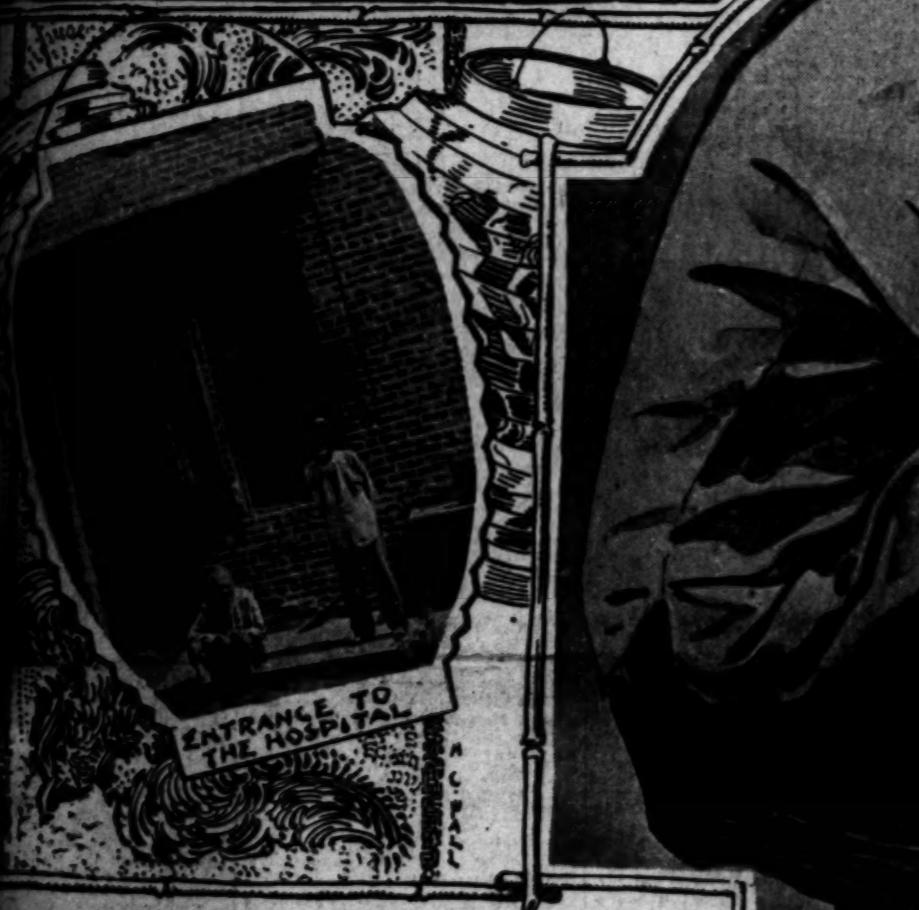
INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.



CHIN TAI PREPARING DINNER.



CHING JING - AT THE ENTRANCE
TO THE HOSPITAL ANNEX (MOLE)



THREE PAUPERS TAKE A SUN BATH.

FOR HIMSELF

LOS ANGELES hospital without a law unto himself, and each has his separate place to live. There is only one community indication at the Chinese hospital. That is the single above. The paupers take turns at this until, and then the tenement.

The hospital is an isolated building separated from other human habitation, in the middle of a patch of sand, and within sight of no green growing thing. It is just north of Alhambra, at the extreme eastern end of Chinatown, just beyond the burned-over district, which has never been wholly rebuilt.

The building is of brick and contains two rooms. The west two-thirds of the place is devoted to a living and sleeping room. It is the one and only ward in the hospital. In it

are few beds of rugged material, covered by coarsest of gunny sack, and other rained cloth. These beds are occupied most of the time by Chin Tai and Ching Jing, who while away the hours smoking opium in the semi-darkness caused by the dropping of the lamp. The other two paupers live in the yard, in crazy huts, rather than in the hospital.

From the main room of the building comes a groan and a rickety stairway of wood, leading to a balcony. The balcony is not enclosed. It is merely a floor set across one side of the room, half way up to the ceiling. On this up-sloping floor is an unoccupied bed, constructed chiefly of rolled shanty and a number of rags, a smoking outfit by its side, and a number of old jars and baskets, as well as articles of clothing. They are thrown about the floor or hanging on the wall, relics of former patients.

The east end of the building is devoted to two rooms. On the north side is a small kitchen, furnished with an open oven and stove, with pots and pans, blackened and greased by long usage. The paupers do not use this kitchen except in stormy weather, preferring to prepare their meager meal over the community stove in the yard outside the building.

The one remaining room of the building is the "dead ward." This room a Chinese never visits but once, and seldom issues from the "hole." As can be seen by the picture, this structure is built by leaning boards, sticks and stones, constructed largely by a high board fence which incloses the hospital grounds. Under this pile of inclined boards Pakk sleeps on a bed of rags. The entrance to this place is through the hole in the fence, the man's body and the interior is scarcely wide enough to permit of one's turning around.

Pakk, its occupant, is 65 years old. He came to the United States forty-two years ago. For years he was a prosperous laborer, but the infirmities of old age found him without anything saved for the rainy day, so he was shuffled off to the hospital to die.

Ching Jing is 60 years old. He was busily engaged in holding a pot of tea over the fire of the community stove, when the hospital was visited. He looked up at the visitors, when asked when accepted, and with a sad attempt to smile, apologized in his native tongue, saying that he had not sufficient tea with which to serve his guests. The apology was sincere and all the more pathetic because of its sincerity.

Jing had extended his courtesy, so he resigned his place at the stove and went to a corner of the yard, where he pulled from under a pile of boards a pot of cold rice in which there were a few chunks of fat pork. This constituted his meal.

Lee King is nearly as old as Pakk.

He has seen 67 years, thirty-six of them in California. King is selling kindling wood to get along.

These men are paupers.

They must

have some money and depend mostly on what is given them.

King is the most

ambitious of the four paupers.

He is old and decrepit, and like Pakk lives in a shanty outside the hospital building.

During the time he is not engaged in preparing meals for himself, King collects old boards and sticks. With a hatchet he cuts them into kindling wood.

By dint of much industry King is able to prepare two packs of kindling a week. He sells them in Chinatown for 10 cents each.

When interviewed a few days ago King was skinning a dried fish.

It looked more like a board than a fish, and judging from appearances, it might have been exposed to the elements for several months. When questioned about the fish, King explained that it was the idea that foolish Chinese would not eat it.

The white peddler gave it to him.

King spent more than an hour in skinning the fish.

AUTOMOBILE TO TEXAS.

Mrs. Decker, a widow, made a 500-mile trip to Beaumont, Tex., with her husband, who will mark the end of today's journey.

The couple had been widely advertised, so the time a light locomobile runabout with its single seat slowed up in front of the Gilsey House there was a motley crowd of pedestrians, trolley and newsboys, who began to inspect the vehicle and offer suggestions to the chauffeur, who alighted from the stable in West Thirty-fifth Street. This was of a standard pattern, with the exception of an extra gasoline tank, which had been fitted to the dash, and an innovation in the idea of Mrs. Decker. On the back of the seat appeared in large letters the initials S. E. C. D. The machine carried seventeen gallons of gasoline.

Mrs. Decker's appearance was heralded by a procession of porters bearing a large six by two-foot leather case, a mahogany handbag, and a thin bundle of maps. The luggage was deposited carefully behind the wicker kit, which contained a tire repairing outfit.

Mrs. Decker was dressed in a light black gown, over which was a light gray dust coat, cut à la automobile. She wore the regulation chauffeur's cap.

She commenced in a businesslike way to inspect her machine, and complained because only one extra tire had been provided. Then she turned to a group of reporters and said:

"I am not familiar with the roads? Why, mercy, no! But I have a guide book, and then, I can ask. There's no fear of our getting lost."

"We will take the journey by long

stages, stopping at the different re-

sorts and the larger cities on the way."

The Drama—Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical News.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Burbank.

MANAGER OLIVER MOROSCO has been providing his patrons with high-class amusement ever since he assumed control of the Burbank Theater, but never before has an engagement proved so successful from both the artistic and financial standpoints as the one now on. Mr. MacDowell is, without doubt, the greatest exponent of the Sardou drama in this country, and as he is supported by that clever young actress, Miss Florence Stone, and a capable company, it is little wonder that the Burbank was packed to its utmost capacity at every performance last week.

For the third week of the engagement beginning this evening, Mr. MacDowell will present the Russian society drama, "Pedora." This play will introduce the favorite star in up-to-date full dress, appearing in one of his roles, Loris Ipanoff. In this part Mr. MacDowell is seen as the polished man of the world, the modern but most ardent lover. It is one of his finest portraits.

The play is a French-Russian drama. The scenes are laid in St. Petersburg and Paris, and the story is of a Russian woman who has been the victim of the greatest claims of love and revenge. Following for vengeance the supposed murderer of her affianced husband, she learns to love him with an all-consuming passion. Let us hope her oath's sake she can give him time to attain death, believing him guilty. When she learns of the perfidy of the murdered man, that his death was just retribution for his sins, she attempts to save him, but cannot hide the part she has played. A number of terrible calamities follow, and, unable to bear the agony, she takes her own life.

The name part is one that Florence Stone should play well, and doubtless many admiring will not be disappointed. We hope this play, Miss Stone has achieved a very large measure of popularity in the two weeks she

a large crowd there enjoying the beauties and the entertainments provided by the up-to-date management. Of sports there are bowling, shooting and baseball; pony tracks for those who enjoy riding and a special track for those who enjoy pretending to ride.

Today's programme is a good one. A carefully-selected number of views has been secured from the Vitacope camera, and a series of moving pictures will be shown, representing scenes from the Orient and from Africa, military parades from all hemispheres, pastoral scenes from the Alpine pastures, and other scenes etc. The Chutes Orchestra has an excellent programme to present. Capt. Paul Bowers and Prof. Rabe will give the celebrated aquatic spectre act, which consists of diving and swimming on the water. Capt. Paul Boynton's invention of water shod has been reproduced, and the shoes are used by these artists, who give three fencing bouts with rubber swords, and three bouts or fights with rubber balloons. The act is laughable and entertaining to a degree. The Cabaret de la Mort will celebrate their famous Polygynous Illusion. Harmon the high diver, will present some fancy diving from the trapeze. The programme will conclude with the playing of the electric fountain and general illumination of the grounds.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

James Nelli Booklet.

A charming souvenir of the James Nelli Company, now playing at the California Theater, San Francisco, has just come to hand by courtesy of the assistant stage manager, E. Gardner. It contains a sketch of the history describing the tour of the company from 1896 to 1902. It also contains pictures of Mr. Nelli and the leading members of his company on various pleasure excursions throughout the country. The returns are excellent and the faces of these favorite players are easily recognizable.

Ladieiros, if not Sad.

William Winter, the distinguished New York critic, writes thus of the prospective theatrical season:

"The first condition of the beginning of the new dramatic season, are not auspicious. The actors of the period, with few exceptions, are persons of whom the public taste is low; and the stage is, for the most part, in bad

shown in many shapes, ranging from the corpulent Salvini to the slimy Bernhardt, but he has not hitherto been disclosed as a steel rail or a parlor-match. It was once thought that the secret of Bernhardt's success was the quality of tremulous sensibility and a melodious voice are among the qualifications indispensable to an actor of Hamlet; but time changes, and theories change. The most recent of these theories is that the Booths, the Wallaces, Murdoch, Vandenhoff, Coulcock, McCullough, Stark, Barrett, Gilbert, Mathews and Miss Cushman, such players as Mr. Miller, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Miller would have been considered 'walking gentlemen' now they consider themselves stars, and as such they appear to be accepted. Miss Vigran, the new Ophelia, of the last season—all 'star'—so will Miss Bertha Galland. Fancy can but conjecture what would become of them if only one such woman were to appear in character as Hamlet or as Adelicia Nellie. What say the old poet, Sir Henry Walton?

"Your meane beauties of the night,
That poorly naturet wifes,
More worthier than your blant.
You common people of the skies—
What are you when the moon shall

rise?" The experiment in Polygynous drama is still intended, and it is difficult to believe that the manager is not somewhat speculating. The ergo of fruit which decorated its center consisted of an old straw hat, inverted, and containing three withered apples; the glasses from which we were supposed to quaff champagne were two thick tumblers of unbroken glass, and one thick coffee cup with a broken handle.

Of my Armande, to say that he was absolutely ignorant of the lines of his part in it but faintly express his shortcoming, is to do so much for him. Ah, Armande! I know what you do say. He did not say that was a perfect word, he said. And he was entirely and airily satisfied with himself and his efforts.

Rehearsing the situation, and being anxious to keep the performance somewhere within the lines of the story, I adopted a desperate course. As he stood regarding me with a smile of kindly self-sufficiency, I would say, "Ah, Armande! I know what you do say. And would then speak such of his lines as were necessary to make it possible for Camille to reply, and I would proceed with my own.

This action of mine produced an unexpected effect upon him. At first he was surprised, then bewildered, then angry. Then, suddenly upon his face, he burst into a smile, and, laughing, remarked, "Camille, you ain't worth no man's love. I'll leave you forever," and rushed for the center door to effect an exit. But I was too quick for him. Caught his coat tail just as they were disappearing, and, dragging him back upon the stage, I cried in tones of anguish, "Armande! you shall not leave me thus!" And, clinging to him, I held him on the stage by main force till I managed to bring him down.

The local paper, I remember, called special attention to the extremely lifelike and vigorous acting of this scene.

representative, Joseph Smith, in London, and the contracts were signed after a personal interview with the great actress in Florence. Mr. Tyler states that he knows nothing of the details of the contract, which will be sent to him when he arrives to come to America to conduct his tour.

His contract is solely for the appearance of Duse and her company.

Mr. Tyler secures from Hall Caine the rights to produce drama from his latest novel, "The Eternal City," and from Mrs. Humphrey Ward a play made by her from her novel, "Henry." He also entered into other negotiations, details of which are not made public.

Both Mr. Tyler and Mr. Connor enjoyed the trip very much. They were pleasantly entertained by many friends, including Marion Crawford, Israel Zangwill and Hall Caine.

Camille at Rest.

Following is an amusing account of happenings written some years ago in "Camille," with speedily furnished local support. The play selected for popular choice was "Camille." On its performance, the scene of the properties, the costumes, no amount of description would do justice to all or any one of them.

The supper table was a study at once of simplicity. The ergo of fruit which decorated its center consisted of an old straw hat, inverted, and containing three withered apples; the glasses from which we were supposed to quaff champagne were two thick tumblers of unbroken glass, and one thick coffee cup with a broken handle.

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Russell in India.

Edmund Russel, the Shakespearean actor, reader and lecturer, has recently concluded, at Bombay, a tour of India and has proceeded to Australia. He is on a professional tour around the world.

After visiting New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, will probably come to the United States. Mr. Russel is well known in this country, though he has gained greater prominence here as a lecturer than as an actor.

Among the plays that are promised the most attractive are "The Second in Command"—to be presented by Capt. Marshall, author of that charming bit of fiction, "Royal Blue," "Hamlet" presented by Mr. Drew; and "Corduroy," by Augustus Thomas, now the leading dramatist of America. It is more or less significant that there are three new revivals of Shakespeare.

Henry Irving's "Merchant of Venice" will see again the best Shylock of the age. Mr. MacLean also kindly plays Shylock, with Miss Odette Porter. Creston, Mrs. Weston will act Hamlet, so will Robertson, and so it is intimated, will Mr. Forbes Robertson; the Dame, at any rate, will not be handsome. Productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" have been planned by several companies, but it is hoped that Miss Rehan (who is in excellent health notwithstanding newspaper misrepresentation) will include incomparable Katherine in her repertory for the new season.

Kyrie Bellew.

The date of the initial presentation of Miss Harriet Ford's superb dramatization, "A Gentleman of France," in which the distinguished actor, Kyrie Bellew, is to inaugurate his reappearance on an American stage, is not definitely fixed for Monday evening. October 1, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. The will be one of the great productions of the season, and really one of the most promising. Leslie & Co. have offered for \$10,000. Miss Bellows, as Hamlet, and so it is intimated, will Mr. Forbes Robertson; the Dame, at any rate, will not be handsome. Productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" have been planned by several companies, but it is hoped that Miss Rehan (who is in excellent health notwithstanding newspaper misrepresentation) will include incomparable Katherine in her repertory for the new season.

Sir Henry Irving's Route.

After a three weeks' engagement at the Kricheldorf Theater, opening October 1, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry and their company will visit New Haven, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Springfield, Boston, Providence, Hartford, New Haven and Hartfield in the order named, the tour ending March 21.

Helps for Stars.

At Pleasure Bay a tobacco manufacturer, Mr. Harriet Ford, who is engaged at the Kricheldorf Theater, opening October 1, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry and their company will visit New Haven, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Springfield, Boston, Providence, Hartford, New Haven and Hartfield in the order named, the tour ending March 21.

Two vaudeville combinations are given first place on the bill, or rather two acts, divide the stellar honors. The Molasses-Salvagi troupe of French dancers, constituting the latest importation of European vaudeville talent made by the Orpheum people; and Alexandra Dagmar billed as the "most stunning woman in vaudeville" are jointly headliners of the program.

The French dancers number four, and this is their first tour of America. So well were they received in San Francisco that they stayed on extended to their second tour. This quartet of Parisians is peculiar, but it has nothing as the acme of grace. Nothing similar to it has been exhibited on the Orpheum stage before. Alexandra Dagmar in comedy—these and a few vaudeville acts, Ellen Terry as Mme. Modjeska, Richard Mansfield as Beauchamp, Mrs. Fiske as the Maid of Orleans, Miss Marlowe as Juliet, James H. Stoddart as Lachlan Campbell, in "The Bonnie Bries Bush," E. S. Willard as Bertie Borden, Mrs. Weston as Rip Van Winkle, Edward Morris in a farce drama, Mme. Modjeska in tragedy and Adele Reinhardt in comedy—these and a few others, Ellen Terry as Mme. Modjeska, Richard Mansfield as Beauchamp, Mrs. Fiske as the Maid of Orleans, Miss Marlowe as Juliet, James H. Stoddart as Lachlan Campbell, in "The Bonnie Bries Bush," E. S. 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sical New

The Spiritualistic Corporosity in Real Life at the Sycamore Grove Camp.

gave a breakfast for him. All day he was not before the audience being broken, was found to have been gold. He then said to me and added, "I never eat the same food and you must give me the name of the part."

The "Chimes" at Home.
"The Chimes of Normandy" is to be performed this year at the village of Normandy, in which the original French Cloches de Corneville accommodations for 11,000 will be made, and the performances will be on September 15.

Mascagni and Puccini.
Pietro Mascagni has announced his next opera will be based on a Russian text prepared by himself and Glazounov, while Puccini is to rewrite "La fanciulla del West" to work on the lines of Belasco's version of "Butterfly."

Swedish Opera.
The new Swedish opera "Amalia Mora," the book of which is by the late Gustaf Fröding, was introduced to the public last evening in the little hall of the Stockholm Bull Face or ghost of some other child of the prairie who would be dead before you; but in any case the proceedings would be much the same.

"White Wing" is one of the most interesting numbers of midsummer in the summer camp, for she is one to be distrusted—no—but you will see her way on to another. This time it is a thoughtful-looking man. The form containing "White Wing" quenches and cools you. "Goodness here I find electric battery. Once it makes pain in der arm—we both are so magnetic dat it is like putting together a cyclone and a north wind. You will see her way on to another.

American Divas.
Lillian Lehmann has signed an American concert tour for the summer. Lillian Nordica will also be on the American tour.

Soprano.
Giovanni will take his basso on a season at the Palace.

American Tenor Abroad.
Albert Gérard Thiers, the French tenor, is in Lake Geneva, Switzerland, preparing a new role which he will give during the coming season.

American Notes.
Helen Lord has been cast in the prima donna role of "Dido" in support of Hélène Crater in the new production of "Dido and Aeneas." Helen Crater has also been cast in the same company.

Jessie Williams, well known actress of the Compton Cleopatra, West has been cast in direct the stage and orchestra for the tour of the United States.

Wilson has been cast in the Burghouse without losing a performance on the saxophone and Helen Bertram has turned out a new operetta which will be produced in London for the next few weeks. Grace Cameron, the soprano spending the summer in the out-of-the-way corners of the world has passed through the various ranches, and has a collection of Indian mementos. She will return to the United States in a month.

Alice Nielsen has decided to have a vacation after a week's contract with the Metropolitan and "Romeo and Juliet" and will take first a course in painting.

Opera Notes.
It is said that "Das Rheingold" will be given this season by Carl Bernhardt, Paris. The first new opera to be given in Monte Carlo will be "Le Roi de Notre Dame," and the second, "Le Roi des Femmes." In this opera the August Wilhelm, Sr., who still plays the violin and teaches advanced violin, is reported to be the best of note in the world.

A new opera, entitled "Die Zwerge," has had its first performance.

Brookman, basso, has engaged for a season with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Karlsruhe-Scheveningen.

Partisans, it is said, intend to form a Circus Club.

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WHEN BOYS WERE MEN.

A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.
Author of "Hector's Babes," "George Washington," etc.

CHAPTER I.
JACKET AND SPUR.

A FEW years ago, when war was the most active of American industries and the supply of men and material was never equal to the demand, my friend, Charley Brainerd, and I, with a lot of other Summerton boys, joined a militia regiment which had been hastily called to the front. Not one of us was killed, and at the end of our three months' term of service the stupidest of us knew more about military life and duty than any of our officers when we first took the field, so several of us thought it our duty to reenter the army and help save the nation.

We knew exactly how to do it; we knew almost everything in those days, for the youngest boy was fully twenty years of age, and one was almost thirty. Our enthusiasm came out of the militia-service we were to enlist in the Thirty-eighth Cavalry, a regiment then being formed as a veteran battalion of troopers from us with a musket on one shoulder and a knapsack on both, while the nation was willing to provide horses for such of its defenders as knew how to ride them.

Immediately after enlisting we were to go to recruiting. The government was begging for men, and with State and local authorities, by large sums bound together by us all we could to help the government to increase the army; we would do all we could for ourselves; while recruiting, for at that time and during the remainder of the war, the only way to become a commissioned officer in a new regiment was to persuade some men to enlist and then see carefully to it that they were mustered into the service. Although there was no law against this method, it was a general understanding which was fairly lived up to by the authorities. A man who could "raise" fifty recruits might feel assured of a captain's commission, thirty-five of whom a first lieutenant, twenty-a-second second lieutenant. Any one who could persuade half a dozen men to enlist could become a sergeant, a position not to be despised in a half-soldier's company. The sergeant himself succeed in not being shot, for after a regiment got to fighting the officers who were killed or otherwise disposed of were replaced by deserving non-commissioned officers.

I was so sure of becoming a lieutenant that I had myself measured for an officer's uniform before I ceased to be a private in the Ninety-ninth Militia. Had not twenty-seven members of our company promised to enlist under me if I would enter the Thirty-eighth Cavalry? The old it with open, for all of them had seen what there was of the Thirty-eighth, and they admired it as much as I. Their willingness to serve under me did not imply that they made me a sergeant, or a corporal, or a horse leader. It meant only that my father's little farm at the edge of our town contained the largest assortment of fruit trees in all America, and that I had a fine "N.Y." to my acquaintance who longed for apples, pears, cherries or plums, and that small boys have large appetites. Besides, my cousin May, who had always been with us, was greatly interested in all the boys who were, and it had long been the fashion to be obliged to me, because I was the cousin of so nice a girl.

I was not the only Summerton aspirant to a commission. My friend, Charley Brainerd, was willing to be sergeant, or even corporal, under me, but there was Phil Hamilton, a First Regiment (militia) man, who had left his old regiment only because he had to study in Europe for two years, and he joined the Summerton company by the name of Phil. His reason for this cause his old regiment had not changed to be called out, and he wanted to see something of field service. Phil was much the richest young man in town. He was also the most popular. It really is a great deal to say to any one who chances to know Summerton. His mustache was large enough for a major-general. He owned at least twenty walking sticks and twice as many umbrellas, and all the girls were said to be dying for him.

Then there was Coyne, confidential clerk of the lumber company. He, too, was a handsome fellow, and a good hand in the British Army. He wanted to raise recruits and get a commission. Indeed, both he and Hamilton had seen the prospective colonel of the Thirty-eighth and had so greatly impressed that gentleman as to elicit the statement that he would greatly diminish if they did not become officers of his and perhaps induce him should the fortunes of war carry him out of the service.

So we three formed an amicable party to the lumber company, of which Hamilton was to be captain, Coyne first Lieutenant and I the second lieutenant.

"The other boys that we are doing in earnest," said Hamilton, "there being a lot of trickery and underhand work in the recruiting business, let us all enlist as private soldiers in the Thirty-eighth before we begin business, and make our money later on in service. That ought to give us some advantage over other recruiting officers."

We agreed to follow Phil's advice. Brainerd offered to use his influence in the army, but although he did not expect to be an officer. He wanted to become a minister after the war ended, and he said he didn't wish to expose himself to any temptation that might alienate him from his purpose.

He agreed to follow Phil's advice. Brainerd offered to use his influence in the army, but although he did not expect to be an officer. He wanted to become a minister after the war ended, and he said he didn't wish to expose himself to any temptation that might alienate him from his purpose.

The summer has rejected me. He says I'm under the regulation height and too slight for service, anyway."

Suddenly the whole world looked dark to me. Brainerd was my dearest friend, and my cousin May was very fond of him, although he was a bit of a most devoted admirer. Phil was one of his most devoted admirers.

The idea of going to the war again, and for three years, without Brainerd being with me, would have been dreadful to thought of. My feelings must have got into my face, for Brainerd put on a ghost of a smile and said:

"It is dismal, Jack, for now you'll have the chance to do all the fighting for both of us."

This ought to have comforted my

patriotic soul, but it didn't. I was so disloyal to my new vassals as to declare that if Brainerd was not allowed to enter the Thirty-eighth I wouldn't go either. I would do all in my power to raise men to defend the Union, but after all, I might run away, and Brainerd and I would go to some other State and enlist together, where Charley's smallness of stature might not be against him.

But this resolution did not cheer Brainerd any, and he felt worse an hour later when the three of us had passed the mustering officer were looking at one another in new cavalry uniforms. While he was in civilian's dress, he still felt like a soldier, we all took back Summerton and took together at our house, for my Cousin May noticed him scarcely at all, but was very agreeable to Hamilton.

The next day, by special permission from the War Department, I opened a recruiting office at Summerton. Brainerd attached himself to us as a sort of civilian aid. He said if he wasn't to be a soldier and fight them, why not be a soldier and fight them, and when he had come to try to persuade other men to enlist. I immediately notified my twenty-seven men that the roll was ready for them to sign. Hamilton and Coyne had previously looked over at my list and assured me that they would not accept of these men without specially crediting them to me.

But somehow none of them made haste to sign. Some had heard that the South had obtained a commission and obtained promises, but still others had heard that so many men were enlisting from day to day that wages for work at home were going to be much higher. Several hours had passed from the Ninty-ninth for drink and been picked up, enlisted and mustered for other regiments before they became sober.

Well, to make a long story short, not one of the twenty-seven did I ever recruit for the cavalry. Hamilton tried to comfort me by crediting me with Cruse and Whyde, two of our militia comrades, who declared they would not have reenlisted had they been for me, as a result of their parents' refusal to sign the articles naming them in the list of minors who enlisted. Cruse was released from his promise. Whyde was swimming in water too deep to be able to get out three days later with such military honors as Summerton could extenuate.

For the week after my refusals, which had caused men to enlist at the first notice of a new call for volunteers, had entirely disappeared, perhaps because an end had been put to the early impression that the war would be over in a month or two.

Again, offers of bounties had increased so rapidly that men who had enlisted at soldiering as a mere matter of hire and pay were waiting for higher wages.

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BLUE PENCIL PRICE SALE



The Broadway Department Store

CONTINUATION OF BLUE PENCIL PRICE SALE.



LOS
COMPLETE
20 PAGES

Brick masons and carpenters are still crowding us. The dirt and dust incidental to tearing down and rebuilding threatens our finest merchandise. Our chief has rearranged, revised and still further reduced. His orders are imperative—"Forget cost and profit; get rid of all the merchandise possible; don't figure the loss, it means future gain." New goods we thought exempt have been blue-pencilled for this week's business. We are making the greatest price concessions in the history of this busy store—that means the greatest in the history of Los Angeles.

Handsome Collar Tops 10c

Take for collar tops, white or cream, nicely embroidered; some lace trimmed, worth fully a half more. Blue pencil price, each, 10c.

25c Silk Veiling 19c.

Plain or fancy mesh, some dotted, all colors in the lot; regular price 25c. Blue pencil price, per yard, 19c.

Boys' 50c Waists 19c.

We bought just an even hundred dozen Boys' Shirt Waists. The entire stock of a noted manufacturer who was anxious to close the season's business. They are all regular 50c waists, in fact better than some stores sell for that figure. We bought them at a very low figure and will sell them the same. Priced with blue pencil while they last, each 19c.

\$1.45 For Men's Black Cheviot Pants worth \$2.

Good grade black cheviot, finished with French waistbands; well shaped; warranted not to rip; all sizes. Sold by extensive clothiers as \$2.00. Blue Pencil Price, per pair, 50c.

Blue Pencil Prices.



Summer Skirts

White pique skirts, full flaring bounce, headed with one-inch insertion, deep hem; nicely tailored, perfect fitting; long shirt; waist worth \$2.00. Blue Pencil price, \$1.00.

Pine green linen wash skirts, with full flaring bottom, headed with three rows of fancy lace braid, full cut; perfect hanging; splendid value at \$1.48. Blue Pencil price, \$1.48.

Pine linen crimp skirts, finished with two rows of insertion down front; wide bounce headed with insertion; nicely finished; an extra value at \$1.73. Blue Pencil price, \$1.73.

\$1.98 For Fine Linen Skirts Worth \$3.00

Made with five yards, two wide ruffles around bounce headed with white lace; nicely tailored. A perfect hanging skirt. Well worth \$3. Blue Pencil price, \$1.98.

\$1 For Women's Summer Suits Worth \$3

Ready to wear suits, in fancy lawns and percales, desirable colors, some suits with plain waists, others with sailor effect; some fine white duck in this lot, with sailor jackets. The quantity is limited so come early if you want one. They are well worth \$3.00; Blue Pencil price, \$1.00.

Bathing Suits Blue Penciled

Girls' \$2.25 Bathing Suits at \$1.39
Girls' \$2.75 Bathing Suits at \$1.69
Girls' \$2.00 Bathing Suits at \$1.98
Women's \$4.00 Bathing Suits at \$2.48

Bathing Caps, Too

15c Fine Rubber Caps at 12c
25c Fancy Striped Caps at 20c
40c Caps, Changeable shades 30c
75c Rubber Diving Caps at 40c

Domestic Drops in Blue.

DOTTED 30 pieces, 28 inches wide, nearly all the leading shades. SWISS Has been sold all the season at 15c. Our Blue Pencil Price, 10c.

COLORED 48 pieces of the famous Iron Cross percales, figures and stripes, PERCALE handsome colorings; they sell regularly at 8 1-3c. Our 47c Blue Pencil Price, per yard.

BONNET A small lot of 17 pieces of this very useful material; it's a fair FLANNEL quality, with good soft fleece; a nice cream color; it sells 44c regularly at 7 1/2c. Blue Pencil Price per yard.

TURKISH Unbleached, 18 inches wide, only 10 pieces in the lot. It has TOWELING a firm, heavy nap; is a splendid value at the regular 7c price, 12 1/2c per yd. Blue Pencil Price, while it lasts, per yard.

TABLE Bleached, 58 inches wide, handsome patterns, a good grade DAMASK of linen damask that sells regularly at 50c; there's only 22 31c pieces in the lot; we've attached the Blue Pencil Price, per yard.

BLEACHED 70 inches wide, of pure linen, very desirable patterns, good DAMASK round thread, evenly woven, 18 pieces in this lot; they 49c will soon be sold; regular price, 75c; Blue Pencil Price, per yard.

UNBLEACHED 40 pieces 60-inch unbleached table damask, a strong, SER-DAMASK, niceable table linen that is well worth 45c; quantity 27c is limited; we'll sell it out rather than move it. Blue Pencil Price, per yard.

CORDED 18 pieces cored pique in pink and blue, extra heavy quality, very handsome shades; sold at 25c. Blue Pencil Price, yd 10c

Linings

French batiste, gray or black, 24 inches wide; worth 50c. Blue Pencil price, per yard 29c

Silk moire, for skirts, light weight, very durable, light or dark colors, Moire effect, worth \$1.00. Blue Pencil price, per yard 69c

Fancy striped skirtings, plain colors, and black and white stripes, full 50 inches wide; splendid value at 10c. Blue Pencil price, per yard 9c

Black linen canvas, full width; a grade that sells regularly at 15c. Blue Pencil price, per yard 8c

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40c Meat Platters 18c. Large white meat platters, sell regularly at 40c. Blue Pencil price, each, 18c.

Six Table Tumblers 18c. A set of six good strong tumblers; they're worth 35c; our Blue Pencil price, per set, 18c.

Syrup Pitchers 9c. Glass syrup pitchers, with patent tops, worth 15c; Blue Pencil price, each, 9c.

Opal Shakers 2c. Decorated opal pepper and salt shakers, Blue Pencil price, each, 2c.

10c Crepe Paper Napkins, Per doz., 5c.

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Oxford shapes 24 sheets with envelopes to match, worth 15c; Blue Pencil price, 9c.

A neat box of note paper, satin or antique finish, octavo or 9 1/2c

12x18 inches, worth 15c; Blue Pencil price, 9c.

Point de Paris and Normandy lace; floral, scroll and bow-knot designs. Widths up to 8 inches cheap at 50c. Blue Pencil Price, per yard 18c.

5c Wash Veils 17 1/2c. 1 yard long, floral patterns, just the thing for the beach. Regular price 25c. Blue Pencil price, each 17 1/2c.

5 Inch Normandy Lace 15c. Point de Paris and Normandy lace; floral, scroll and bow-knot designs. Widths up to 8 inches value at 18c. Blue Pencil price 15c.

25c Wash Veils 17 1/2c. 1 yard long, floral patterns, just the thing for the beach. Regular price 25c. Blue Pencil price, each 17 1/2c.

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AUGUST 18, 1901

KILL PRICE SALE

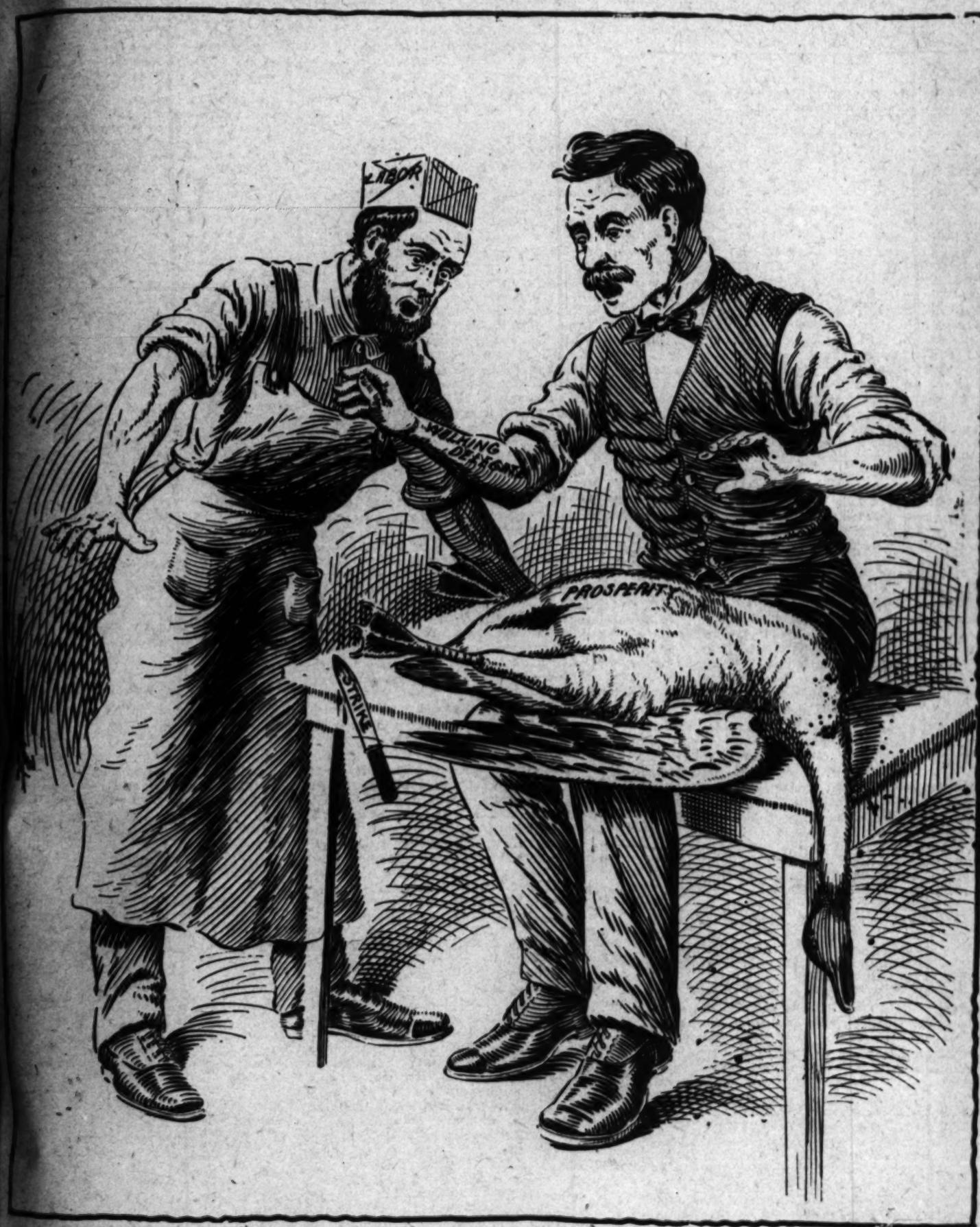
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AUGUST 18, 1901.

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BY W.H. COFFEY

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ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1892.

HABITS OF OBSERVATION.

"THE trouble with most people," says Ruskin, "is that they go through the world and never look up." They are blind to the wonders and the beauty of the great world about them. Nature makes no strong appeal to their consciousness. They have not been trained to habits of observation, and the subject of environment is to them a thing of small moment. This is all wrong, and the cause of the existence of such blindness may largely be found in the defective training of children in their early years. Their attention is confined in the schoolroom to written text-books. The volume of nature is a sealed book to them, and they are not encouraged to inquire about its marvels. But let the teacher take into the class-room a single blade of grass and call the attention of the little ones to its perfect shape, its dainty slenderness, its emerald brightness and its wonderful texture; let her take a rose and point out the perfection of its many leaves, its wonderful coloring and the beauty which it embodies; or let her bring the forest leaves and call their attention to their ever-varying forms and tints, let them learn the habits of the trees from which they have been plucked, and then, as they go out of doors, what a new world will they see, and how much of beauty will unfold about them. The little blade of grass will possess a new fascination for their enlightened eyes; the rose will embody fresh charms for them, and the great trees will hold more wonders for their happy vision than Aladdin's palace.

The child who has been taught to love nature will always find some new truth upon her pages. There will be constant revelations of knowledge, constant food for thought. There is nothing else that will so quicken the spirit of inquiry and create a love for investigation as an intimate companionship with nature.

Man stands at the head of all created things, the last and crowning link in the long chain of creation, and he cannot separate himself from it, and an intimate knowledge of the world about him will always have an inspiring and uplifting influence upon his character, and will prove one of the strongest forces in his development. Let not the child, then, be divorced from nature. Teach it to see, to look up and around. Let it study the earth and all that it brings forth. Cultivate its vision till it perceives the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the fields, the glory of the forests, and the splendor of the sky. When it discerns all this, it will not be the one to live a useless life, dominated by the selfish desire of gain. Manhood will be developed by this inspiring love of nature, and he will be better fitted for duty, for usefulness, than he who has never cultivated his powers of observation and who is blind to the marvels of the natural world. It is a great volume, the wisdom of whose lore can never be exhausted, and whose power for increasing our happiness can never be fully estimated. Says an anonymous writer and nature lover: "There has been rain in the night, and the whole garden seems to be singing—not the untrilling birds only, but the vigorous plants, the happy grass and trees and the lilac bushes. They are all out today, and the garden is drenched with the scent. I have brought in armfuls, the picking is such a delight, and every pot and bowl and tub in the house is filled with the purple glory. I go from room to room, gazing at the sweet-scent, and the windows are all flung open so as to join the scent within to the scent without."

Who can read the above extract and not realize the spirit of joyousness that underlies and fills the life of such a nature lover? Such love of nature is more satisfying than mere sordid wealth, and it is one of the most desirable heritages that we can bequeath to our children. Then train them so it shall be theirs.

The whole world will learn with regret that the Tsung Li Yamen has been retired. No sooner do we become acquainted with Chinese ways than we have to learn it all over again.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

OUR AMERICAN CITIZENS.

MANY problems concerning the new nationalism, and whether the added populations are to be considered in the light of dependencies or as parts integral, though detached, of the United States, are engrossing the administration. One has only to read of the acts of the Civil Commission in the appropriation of sums for the organization and maintenance of a Normal School at Manila to find an illustration of one of the cares and bounties of the hour. There, the activities of Dr. David P. Barrows, late of San Diego, and others, have, it is said, resulted in securing an able corps of American teachers for large schools of mature men and women anxious to prepare themselves for the work of education.

The good behavior of alien races and the pacification of the disputes of labor and capital are putting grave cares on the republic. Whatever conclusions are reached in all these considerations, the result must go far in the modification of national character.

In the acts of the government, there must be apparent to all the desire for unity, freedom and a fitting respect for individuality. Moreover, all along the lines of ethical thought there is expressed a wider conviction that man's duty to the Divine includes his obligation to his fellow-men. The sanctity of the individual is seen as before some supreme tribunal. The page of journalism, in its highest development, does not fail to present man as the image of God, and sacred in His eyes, and given a will power of marvelous environment. All those great questions which move the soul, as the moon lifts the tidal waves from the ocean, must be largely determined by individual conviction.

If there was one lesson more than another that the framers of the Constitution aimed to teach, it was that of profound respect for individuality. This country, with its diverse races, has been a student of many older civilizations. The hymns sung in our churches have floated from many countries, the records of our religion come from Palestine, our ideals of art chiefly from Hellas, our jurisprudence from Rome, and Russia taught many maritime laws. Each one of the new races may have some reciprocal relation with our civilization not enumerated in any reciprocity treatise.

The thoughtless tongue, which sometimes speaks lightly the names of the dead, and puts some hopeless heart to the silent struggle of painful memory, might learn a lesson of gentleness of those Indian tribes who are too reverent to utter the names of the departed. They fear even the whisper of their names might disturb the sleeper's still repose. It is said of the primitive Seri Indians of the Gulf of California that no white man has seen the christening of their children, the burial of their dead, or the ceremonies of their shrines, so reticent are their ideals of the rights of the individual, and the undesirability of intrusion.

Whatever type of civilization he may represent, the lonely, separate soul must often look out from its watch tower in absolute isolation, and cannot be gauged by standards of organization. The utmost that biology, psychology, or social science can teach is the proper estimate of this heaven-endowed hedge of personality.

Whatever may have been lacking in the shortcomings and causes of inefficiency in the past in America's dealings with the individual, present remedies are available. Though the reward may not always be measured by Croesus, the American may reach heights of self-culture and moral stature, nor place a mortgage on his possessions. The benefaction of citizenship can be appreciated if one compares the outlook of this country with the disintegration of China, through the vast mortgaged by which whole provinces and ports are given in security. Persia is said to be mortgaged to Russia and England, and has no power of independent thought. Portugal is mortgaged to England. Turkey has pledged her internal revenues in varied directions. The South American States are some of them in the same dilemma. While in this land if one could listen today, he would hear the myriad voices of industry in that golden empire which the maps of yesterday called the Great American Desert. By the triumph of American individuality of thought and energy, fields of plenty have grown in the valleys where the coyote howled with hunger, and the vultures fed on gravel. The fig and orange orchards and the vineyards of irrigation are but the triumphs of intelligence. With the new nationalism must come influences of humanitarian pacification, enlightenment and liberation. One is reminded of the burning faith of De Chateaubriand.

The Father dwells in the abysses of life. The principle of all that was, is, and will be, the past, present, and future are blended in Him."

No academic text-books have been written sufficiently exhaustive to answer the vast problems of national conditions. The genius of diplomacy is born, not made. Administration is a high art, as music or painting, and those leaders who arrive at safe ports shall carry the leaves from the Tree of Life, which is for the healing of the nation. For aught one can foresee, a symbolical forest of these trees shall grow in the wake of irrigation, cast their healing shadows, and fulfill the promise that "the desert shall blossom as the rose."

The leaders of ethical thought assert that society must co-operate in the new advance, and abandon its trivial, luxurious and materialistic living. It may help to send the blessing of civilization into dark places, even into the alleys of its native cities. A tithe of its energy spent in the distribution of books and newspapers, on lonely plantations and ranches, where souls lack daily bread, would be like the white-winged messengers from

the ark of safety, and go far in clearing of discouraged or illiterate thought. The correlation, wherein society shall share aestheticism and share in a working mission of the time, is one of the pressing needs.

The answer to hostile factions is in the long ago, when Christendom said to the kings, "Sirs, ye are brethren." Still to the world is addressed that pleading entreaty, "Mother." Whatever the occupation, every man of this land may help to rouse the spirit of reconciliation, and forgiveness. Countries of today, keenly sensitized, may induce work. The adjustment of mind and heart for good in the climax of the progress of growth should be the lesson of nationalism under the tricolor.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Two walls just emitted prove that the public is not so "easy" as it was. One from European landlords, who say Yankees are going off in tips, are going to ask railroad pay them.—[New York World.]

It is said that there was hardly any real big Celtic on her first voyage across the sea to her wonderful sturdiness in consequence of size. If this is so she promises to be the queen of all the ocean liners.—[Boston Globe.]

Many other ministers are agreeing with a genius who says the women are going to be men are going elsewhere. None of the coast expresses an opinion as to how long the men likely to continue to go to heaven if the New York Mail and Express.

Despite rumors of a corn famine, great disturbance and excitement in the stock market now appears to be on a steadier footing than more general than was the case a year ago. The only can the fact that the business last passed were fewer in number by about nearly \$3,000,000 less in aggregate amount of 1900, be explained.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Mr. Roosevelt is now described as hunting Mr. Roosevelt is now described as hunting Colorado. The coyote is less noble and name than the mountain lion. But the subject to be approved. No one on earth will say the coyote is threatened with extinction.—[Washington Star.]

The latest startling news from London is that Edward has a one-horse carriage with a coachman and footmen. And now the Anglophiles on the island suffer cruel pangs from the uncertainty of it, too, can afford to indulge in the luxury of plicity.—[Baltimore American.]

With regard to Prof. Koch's new idea on the bid fair to have a hard time before it who knew them all before, and the doctors deny them now.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

SUMMER IN THE PARK.

High the palm tree lifts its head,
Wide its graceful branches spread,
And the sunbeams over all
Like a golden mantle fall.

As I sit within the shade,
By its spreading branches made,
Lo! I hear the wild bees' hum,
And the butterflies do come,

Sailing like winged blossoms fair,
Through the golden deeps of air,
And the whisp'ring leaves breathe—
As the breezes come and go.

Emerald grasses at my feet,
Blossoms full of fragrance sweet,
Birdsong filling all the air
Round about me everywhere,

Voice many do I hear,
Speaking to my inner ear,
And the rippling water's flow,
As the light waves come and go.

Seems like Nature's quiet smile,
Lit with gladness all the while,
And the pulse beat of the day
Throbs within its silver spray.

See the roses gleam and glow,
Near the lilies, white as snow,
And the scarlet canna's flame
Burns above the emerald plain.

Summer here lies cool, and we
All her wondrous beauty see;
Roses on her cheeks and lips,
Lilies 'twixt her finger tips.

Gentle breezes full of balm,
Stormless and unbroken calm,
Never angry tempests beat
Round the pathway of her feet.

So within the park I dream,
Where her countless charms are seen,
Cradled in her arms I lie,
Looking upward to the sky.

And I dream of days now here,
Bathed in her soft atmosphere,
Dream of days that are to be,
And all th' golden year I see.

Summer crowned and gay with bloom,
Harvest fed, yet making room
For tireless growth to walk her way,
Where'er the year's glad footsteps go.

ELIA.

August, 1901.



Kais

A TRIP TO GERMANY
ISLAND EMPIRE

From Our Own

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Some

[August 18, 1891.]

and go far in changing the spirit of the society shall abandon its cause in a working unity for the cause of the present ideals.

Christians said to the world: "Still to the heart of all that pleading entreaty, 'Come we to rouse the spirit of brotherhood, compassion, may influence the heart of mind and body to its full the climax of the individual should be the lesson of the tricolor.'

In F. R.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

It is proved that the great American "as it was." One comes from the New York porters, who from the day going to ask railroad companies to work World.

There was hardly any sickness and no voyage across the ocean. Madness in consequence of having the promise to be the most popular.—[Boston Globe.]

Clerks are agreeing with the women. None of the clergy, however, as to how long the world will go to heaven if the men do not express.

A corn famine, great industrial

depression in the stock market, and a steeper footing and price was the case a year ago.

But that the business failure is over in number by ninety-five in aggregate amount that is—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Now described as hunting country is less noble and important than lion. But the select few on earth will object to extinction.—[Washington Star.]

News from London is that two carriage with a coachman and the Angliomanes on this side from the uncertainty of the time to indulge in the luxury of an American.

J. Koch's new ideas on tuberculosis a hard time between the before, and the doctors who are—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

GER IN THE PARK.

On tree lifts its head, useful branches spread, leaves over all in mantle fall.

In the shade cooling branches made, the wild bees' hum, butterflies do come,

Winged blossoms fair, golden depths of air, spring leaves breathe low, come and go.

Leaves at my feet, smell of fragrance sweet, filling all the air me everywhere.

As I hear, my inner ear, ring water slow, waves come and go.

Nature's quiet smile, smiles all the while, the beat of the day in its silver spray.

Gleam and glow, white as snow, violet canna's flame the emerald plain.

Leaves cool, and we know beauty see; cheeks and lips, her finger tips.

She full of balm, and unbroken calm, tempests beat pathway of her feet.

In park I dream, countless charms are seen; her arms I lie, hard to the sky.

Days now here, soft atmosphere, that are to be, golden year I see.

Not and gay with bloom, yet making room growth to walk her way, year's glad footsteps start.

ELIXA A. COOK

Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. By Frank G. Carpenter.

A TRIP TO GERMAN NEW GUINEA, SOME COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES OF GERMANY'S ISLAND EMPIRE OF THE PACIFIC.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GERMANY is rapidly settling this part of the Pacific with her possessions. She is giving new names to her different properties, so that one will soon need a Thesaurus dictionary to know where he is. Just north of Torres Strait on the other side of British New Guinea is Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. This is the German name of New Guinea, the largest island of the world. The great collection of islands to the eastward which were once known as the New Britain archipelago, is now the Bismarck archipelago, and instead of New Britain and New Ireland, we have Neu Pommern and Neu Brandenburg. The Germans now own the Admiralty Islands, which they have renamed the Duke of York Islands, New Ireland. They have long owned the Marshall Islands. In 1899 they bought the Carolines, the Palaus, the Ladrones of Spain for something like \$10,000,000. They would have included Guam in the bargain had we not taken possession of it in our settlement of the Spanish-American war, and they are still asking for everything loose. All the islands I mentioned are now governed in connection with Kaiser Wilhelm's Land and altogether they form what is called Germany's colonial island empire of the Pacific.

I have just give some new information about Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. The country is almost unknown and a great part of it is yet unexplored. The Germans have sent scientific parties and surveying expeditions scattered here and there over it, but the interior will long remain untraversed by white men. The country is better known in German New Guinea. It forms the northeast corner of that island, having been under the rule of Germany for the past seventeen years. Up until 1885 it was in the hands of the German New Guinea Company, but the administration was taken over by the imperial government two years ago and all

appointments now come from the Emperor himself. The material developments are all still in the hands of the New Guinea Company, which controls the trade not only of the mainland, but of the islands, and which has steam and sailing vessels moving from port to port.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Land proper is about one-third as large as the whole German empire and its German population is just fifty-three souls. It has in addition to these about 110,000 natives and five other Europeans, so you can see that the land is by no means overcrowded. The seats of government at present are the town of Stephenson on Astrolabe Bay, and Herbertshof on the island of Neu Pommern.

Resources of the Colony.

Not far back of Astrolabe Bay are the Bismarck Mountains, which are now being prospected for gold, and that so successfully that mines have recently been opened, although I am unable to say anything as to the output. Coconut groves to the extent of 36,000 trees have been set out, and there are also plantations of coffee, cotton, tobacco and rubber.

One of the best parts of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land is at the southeast, off Huon gulf. Here there is a good harbor, and the country is said to be well populated. The land is wooded along the coast, but farther back it consists of rolling plains, which are dotted with trees and are as green as an English park. The New Guinea Company has a station here, and the natives raise horses and cattle.

Some of the land is irrigated by the natives, who use tubes of bamboo to carry the water from one level to another, and to distribute it over their little fields. They are natural farmers, and grow yams, sweet potatoes and bananas, and of late Indian corn. A great deal of the work is done by the women, although both women and men work on the plantations of the New Guinea Company.

The best products so far have been cotton and tobacco. There are several cotton plantations about Astrolabe Bay, one of which, near Konstantinshafen, recently produced 13,000 pounds of cotton from twenty-five acres, or an average of 520 pounds per acre. The wages paid on the plantations range from \$1 to \$2.50 per month. The best workmen come from the islands of the

Bismarck archipelago, and the New Guinea Company is using some imported labor from there. There are plantations also in the archipelago itself, the largest being in Neu Pommern, where one man has 500 acres in coffee and cotton, and where the Hamburg Plantation Company is said to be growing coffee successfully.

Queer Subjects of the Kaiser.

The German Emperor has some rare birds in his colonial aviary of the Pacific. The natives of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land are, if anything, wilder and more savage than those of British New Guinea. There are thousands of them who go naked save for a breech cloth of bark woven for the men and a short petticoat of woven grass for the women. Along the extreme northern coast there are some tribes who go entirely naked, with the exception of a shell necklace and a few bird of paradise feathers which they stick in their hair. Some tribes paint themselves in stripes of white, red, yellow and black, and some scar themselves with flints and also by burning scars, as the Japanese burn themselves with the moxa.

I have photographs of native houses recently taken in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. Many families live together, and many of the houses are of enormous size. They are frequently built upon piles, a platform of poles being first constructed, a skeleton framework built upon this and mats of woven leaf or grass fastened to it. The mats are so arranged that they can be raised or lowered so as to keep out the mosquitoes and flies, which are exceedingly bad. In other parts there are houses built in trees, in which the people retreat in times of danger.

War and Cannibalism.

The different tribes are frequently at war with one another, and the missionaries tell me that they have a system of vendetta which goes on between tribes and villages often lasting for years. Cannibalism exists in some localities, though not to a great extent. The British have observed it among the people along the Gulf of Papua, and it is also found in Northern New Guinea. The ordinary food of the natives is about the same as that of the Samoan Islands, their chief diet being yams, taro and bananas. In German New Guinea, strangely enough, the natives are natural beer drinkers.



ENTAL AQUARIUM.
PENNSYLVANIA HAS A
INSTITUTION.

The University of Pennsylvania is the only institution to possess an aquarium in which animals can live and is connected with the vivarium, and besides containing the best conditions conducive to its life. A great many experiments have been made at other institutions, including this problem of preserving specimens of investigation and attempting to manufacture the salt or brine only temporarily used by the University of Pennsylvania attempt made.

The Biological Department was accomplished in very short time from the ocean front Delaware breakwater in time the water is here put into a large tank thousand gallons. It is to run into the various forms of fishes and other forms of life.

To avoid the necessity of constantly from the ocean the aquarium back into the tank process is kept up and a constant air is secured by a fan the outside with the loss

a novelty. In one part of its sand beach, where various make their home. From gradually deepens until it is, on a small scale, the variety form of ocean vegetation and many kinds of

A growing coral island is now in progress of its growth and is. On the bottom of the beds of oysters and sea urchins as in their native haunts. An aquarium contains the fresh water lake and some difficulty in preserving him in attempting to preserve every variety of fresh-water lake flows a small river, a miniature forest, with trees of all kinds which inhabit such places. An aquarium is a vivarium of land and water animals, of snakes. A particularly several small alligators with experimental purposes. They render their environment since they came, and, as a result, other section are several cage

ing the aquarium and vivarium Biological Department is to perform the actual experiments

has been growing for seven years extensive of its kind in the world has been made to secure legal

OGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Many a word in common usage is not generally known. The names of geographical names, which convey considerable interest, there are popular nicknames. Singular circumstances and often only revealed by an investigator's list will be found interesting.

country of the Russ, a very early period.

was made up of the Latin Pustiye Sueri, a warlike tribe of Saxon men, testifying to their

the Phenicians as Baraz-Tur, far back as the year 1037 B.C. and the island was alluded to as one of Britannia, which referred to Britain.

by Engaland, the land of which came over from Silesia.

one of Caledonia, literally Gaid, or Gais. The word Gaid, or Gaidel, signifying in the north, while Scot, derived from Gaidander.

original settlement is determined. Saxony, derived their name from the crooked knife with which they

the Greeks as Gallatia, and afterward modified into Galatia. Country of the Celts, or Gaul, the country were the Franks, a kind of javelin which they century inhabited the German and traveling westward, conquering of Gaul, France, then of the Franks, or, as the Germans, that is, the kingdom of the

A TRIP TO RUSSIA.
DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

By a Special Contributor.

THREE is no country in the world so much a "terra incognita" as the far-off Empire of Russia, with its 140,000,000 inhabitants and an area much larger than our own great country, the United States. The American newspaper readers had lately quite an opportunity to make themselves a little more acquainted with the domain of the Czar of all Russia, on account of our commercial relations and difficulties with that country, but those who ever had a chance to visit Russia do not very often.

Now in Germany and in Austria, whose boundary line extends a great distance along those of Russia, you may hear an astonished exclamation if you announce your intention to make a trip to Russia, as if you were proposing to fly up in a balloon to the moon, or some other human body.

Not long ago, spending a year in traveling in Europe paid a visit to Russia, following the invitation of my relatives in St. Petersburg; but before I was able to do this, I had to overcome a number of difficulties in obtaining the permission to pass the frontier of this isolated and half Asiatic country.

I arrived in Berlin, that beautiful capital of the German Emperor, I went at once to the Russian Consul General, a count of S—off, to have my passport produced with his visa, this passport bearing the signature of James G. Blaine, our great statesman, at that time Secretary of State.

Both the passports of myself and wife were in order, the Russian official, a very polite gentleman, sitting in an arm chair and smoking a cigarette, informed me to my great surprise, that we could not go to Russia before some formalities had been attended to.

"What have I to do, sir?" I inquired, accepting the documents offered to me.

"First, you must have your passports vised by your Consul; second, you have to prove to me that you, as well as your wife, are Christians, and also that the parents of both of you were born of Christian parents." I told the count that it was not the custom of Americans to carry around certificates of creed, and that I should not be able to procure such documents at short notice, but he could take my word as a gentleman that we as well as our parents, grandparents, and ancestors for generations back, were and had been of Christian type.

The Count smiled, and taking a glance at my wife and myself, remarked that he personally did not doubt my word, but—as he stated in classical English—"law is law, and if you cannot produce the required certificate, it will be impossible for you to visit St. Petersburg."

At last the Count, who never stopped puffing his cigar or fragrant Russian tobacco, as if this were a part of his official duties, said he was willing to accept an affidavit, sworn to before our Consul General, affirming my statement that we were full-blooded Christians, and he would then provide our passports with his visa.

The reason for this very strange demand was an imperial "treaty," prohibiting members of the Hebrew race from entering lands of the autocratic Czar. This ukase is still in force. We therefore drove in a droschke, a Hackney cab, to our Consul General, the Hon. Geo. H. Murphy, after hearing my case, furnished me with written materials. Shortly after I presented to him my affidavit, to which he affixed his signature and official seal, finally remarking: "Seven dollars and fifty cents."

Russian Consul found everything O. K., and gave me only 1 rouble and 65 kopecks (about 80 cents) for my visa in Russian hieroglyphics.

Now, at last, off for St. Petersburg. We were sleeping at the Continental Hotel in Berlin, well-known American travel, near the "Friedrich-Strasse Bahnhof," the railroad station, whence our train was to start for St. Petersburg at 11 p.m. It was the last day of December, and so we had the opportunity of wishing each other "a happy New Year and many happy returns," in the railroad train, which rolled along at forty miles an hour southward to Königsberg, in Eastern Prussia, and from there to the German frontier station, Eydtkuhnen, which we reached the next day in the afternoon. When we left Berlin it was raining in torrents, but we found the ground covered with snow a foot deep and the temperature 15 deg. below zero.

The next station across the line, which is formed by a small creek, is Wyrballen, a little, miserable-looking village of a very strange appearance, which contrasted very much with the neatness and cleanliness of Eydtkuhnen. This small German city we left behind us with a strange feeling of loneliness, which was not lessened by the sudden entrance into our sleeping car of a gendarme with great moustaches, and well armed with sabers and revolvers, demanding a coarse manner of our passports.

Our train stopped, received by a number of other gendarmes, Cossacks and green-coated customhouse officers, all armed to the teeth, as if a war had broken out. These led the passengers to a dreary-looking hall, where we were locked behind us. A little while after, we were brought in and lined up along a railing. Some of the higher officials had busied themselves with examination of passports, and called up the names of the passengers, who had to deliver their trunk keys, to give the custom officers an opportunity to satisfy themselves that there were no dutiable goods contained in them.

When my name was called, I was asked in good English for what purpose I was going to Russia.

"I am going on a visit to relatives in St. Petersburg." "Americans, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," answered the gentleman, nodding at the inspector. The latter, having vainly tried to open the patent lock of our American trunk, this was not searched at all, but simply marked as having been visited.

I was very much surprised at this discretion, seeing how unceremoniously many of the other travelers were treated, and that their trunks were searched to the bottom.

The trunks of an aristocratic-looking and handsomely-dressed lady were emptied and the contents, consisting of a large collection of the finest wearing apparel, were mercilessly scattered on the floor, no doubt in the hope of finding some dutiable lace, silks and other articles of the sort, which are smuggled frequently by ladies at the risk of being locked up and of paying a heavy penalty besides. The lady in question became very indignant when she saw her elegant dresses, underwear, Parisian shoes and all the other more or less intimate articles de mode in the hands of the green-coats, who, with a nonchalant air, did not pay any attention to the lively protestations of their fair countrywoman, a princess, who traveled with a chambermaid and two male servants in livery.

The Russian officials, like the Turks, are always ready to "shake hands" with you, especially if the hand of the other fellow contains some currency or a folded paper, known here under the name of greenback.

Some of the experienced travelers who were treated with courtesy, had, no doubt, shaken hands with the custom officials, but I had no reason or chance to do so, as we had no dutiable goods with us.

I found out afterwards that Americans are generally treated with great consideration in Russia, and during my four months' sojourn in that country, it was my experience that many doors were open to us because of our nationality, which otherwise would have remained closed. Our passports had been stamped with the double-eagled seal of the Imperial Russian police of Wyrballen, and after the doors of the inspection hall were opened again, we entered the restaurant of the station, a large, well-furnished room, with a buffet which reminded me of the bars of our finer saloons, but which was richly equipped with all kinds of eatables, mostly of Russian type.

We had an excellent dinner, consisting of a genuine Russian vegetable soup, fish in jelly, reindeer roast, patées, called "pirog," filled with cabbage, eggs, etc., a sweet dish, cheese and delicious tea, prepared in a samovar. This sumptuous repast was preceded by a "sakuski," a præludium, consisting of sardines, salettes, caviar, and hard eggs, cut in two, sufficient to satisfy even a very hungry man in countries of a milder climate. But in Russia, with that fearful cold weather in winter, you may eat three times as much without the danger of indigestion.

And for this splendid dinner, including a pint of Crimean claret, I paid only 1 rouble apiece (50 cents, American money,) with the usual tip of 20 kopecks (10 cents) to the waiter.

After a while the train was ready to start for St. Petersburg. It consisted of a large engine, heated with wood, and coaches of first, second and third-class, according to the means of the travelers. Our first-class coach had, like our compartment cars in the East, entrances at each end, a narrow passageway leading to the different coupées, each one provided with a glass door and two sofa-like seats, with cushions, covered with red velvet. Near the double window hung a small table over the glass door, a lantern with a candle, producing such a dim light that we had to place another candle upon the little table, to enable us to read and write, eat and drink more comfortably. Following the advice of my brother-in-law in St. Petersburg, president of an Anglo-American oil company, I shook hands with the conductor, a man dressed all over in fur, with top boots, and in doing so let a nicely-folded paper rouble slip into his hand, which procedure was repeated in Wilno and Dunaburg, where the conductors changed.

Those good men of course spoke only Russian, but as I could pronounce a few sentences in that language, as an American learns in no time to order "sin Stein" in a German barroom, we understood each other very well, and we got tea—Tschai—at every station where the train stopped at least five minutes, which happened about a dozen times.

We traversed those wide, poorly-settled and snow-covered plains, which reminded us of some of our Western States, during winter time, without any accidents and adventures, and, thanks to the roubles with which we tipped the conductors, our sleep was not disturbed by any other passengers, in which case I, as the gentleman of the party, would have had to sit up, as there were only two sleeping couches in the compartment.

A gendarme, a kind of a military policeman, could be seen at every station, walking along beside the train occasionally. He was armed, as usual, with a revolver and a saber, and as soon as the train started, he disappeared in the saloon connected with the railroad depot, to strengthen himself with a glass of "vodky," Russian whisky, as some of his brother officers in other countries sometimes do.

We could see from our window occasionally blue lanterns over the doors of houses and huts in the towns we passed during the night. Those were indications that these were barrel-houses, where the dirty Russians could get strong drinks. Every vodka shop is thus marked by a blue lamp, by order of the police, indicating, perhaps, in this symbolic way, that the man who is a habitual consumer of vodka will acquire a blue nose by degree.

The next morning, a gentleman in a long fur coat, boots and cap, made his appearance in our compartment at the station where we had taken our breakfast. He drove up to the depot in a troika, a sleigh, with coachman and footman in livery, shook hands with the conductor, and then entered our coupée, bowing right and left, and making some remarks in Russian which I took for an excuse for bothering us.

I answered very politely, "Nichtswo," which means nearly everything, and, as thus applied, "never mind."

and when the gentleman in fur continued to talk Russian, taking a seat at my side, I shook my head and said once more, "Nichtswo," meaning this time "Don't understand Russian."

"Parlez vous Français, monsieur?"

"Oui, monsieur," was my reply.

And then the co-passenger, who introduced himself as a Polish count with an inexpressible name, engaged us in a friendly chat, and told us he was going to St. Petersburg and would be very glad to receive us there at his palace. We touched on nearly every subject of conversation, but never a word was said in regard to politics. When I told the count, in the course of our discourse, that I was an American citizen, although born in Germany, he pressed my hand and remarked in German, anxiously looking at the door of our coupée, "A happy and free country!"

Nothing else he said in this regard. Because it is a saying in Russia that "the walls have ears," and a Polish nobleman must be extremely careful not to express his political sentiments in too warm a manner.

The arrival in Gotschina, one of the many residence cities of the Czar, gave the count an opportunity to tell us secretly that the "Chief of the third division"—the Imperial Secret Service Department—was in our train returning from Paris and Berlin, where he was, no doubt, as the count carefully remarked, on business.

The much-feared man left his private car in Gotschina, and mounting an Imperial troika, drawn by three horses hitched side by side, with driver and footman in the imperial scarlet livery, drove in a lively gait to the Imperial Palace, where the Emperor was residing at the time.

A couple of days after, I was told that a number of dangerous political plotters had been arrested quietly in St. Petersburg during the previous night, and were taken to the Schlossseburg, an island prison in Ladoga Lake.

The St. Petersburg newspapers reported this fact only two days after it happened, with just two lines! They are not allowed to publish such a "trifling item" with half a dozen headlines, for fear of exciting the good subjects of the Czar.

Three things in Russia are improper subjects for criticism: The Imperial family, the Imperial government, and the Russian church, of which the Czar is the head and highest dignitary.

Upon everything else the newspapers and the public in general may sharpen their wits. The "Duma," the City Council, for instance, may be raked over the coals by anybody, despite the fact that its members are serving for honor's sake, without any remuneration, and belong to the best class of citizens.

But here we are in St. Petersburg! It is 3 p.m., 30 deg. below zero, and the sky a leaden gray. Our relatives receive us at the depot, where the electric lights are burning already, and provide us with heavy fur cloaks, to save us from freezing to death in our American winter garments, driving in an open troika to their homes on Wasil Ostrov, one of the Neva Islands upon which Peter the Great built his new capital nearly two hundred years ago.

AUGUST BROECKLIN.

ARCTIC VEGETATION.

THE ABUNDANCE OF LIGHT COMPENSATE FOR THE INADEQUATE WARMTH.

[British Geographical Journal:] Prof. J. Wiesner of Vienna University, who for some years has been engaged in researches on the requirements of plants in the matter of light, has come to the following conclusions with regard to the plants of the Arctic regions. The demonstration previously put forward by him with regard to low and middle latitudes, that with the increase of latitude the light requirement of plants also rises, has been shown, by observations made in Norway and at Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, 78:12 north latitude, to apply equally to sub-Arctic and Arctic regions. The reasons for this marked need of light are the low temperatures which prevail at the vegetative period, the want of heat being made up for by excess of light, the amount of which must therefore increase with the decrease of temperature. It thus comes about that a limit is set to the migration toward the Pole of bush and tree vegetation less by the cold of winter than by the constantly-increasing need of light, which can, of course, be less and less satisfied. As a rule, the plants of the Far North can stand but a small diminution of their quantum of light, such as is caused by the interception of the sun's rays by the configuration of the country.

Dr. Peucker's researches on mountain shadow have shown how the amount of light required can be laid down with precision in each particular case. The intensity of the direct sunlight to which Arctic plants are exposed is very slight, for it only becomes perceptible when the sun reaches an altitude of 15 deg. above the horizon, whereas in the most favorable case, on June 21, the sun only attains, at Advent Bay, an altitude of 30 to 35 deg. Direct sunlight here at best reaches the strength of the light radiated from the whole expanse of the sky, the so-called "diffused light," so that the whole illumination available for polar plants is at most double the amount of the diffused light. The high Alpine plants of mean latitudes, on the contrary, enjoy an amount of illumination which may be estimated at a maximum of at least four times that due to the diffused light, the sun reaching a midday altitude in summer of 66 to 69 deg. These differences result, as Bonnier has shown, in considerable variations in the organs of plants of like species, which occur both in high Alpine and high Arctic regions. In middle latitudes the effect of aspect on vegetation is very striking, the northern slopes of mountains being often bare of plants. But in view of the much nearer approach to a complete circuit round the horizon made by the sun in Arctic latitudes, it is easily seen that this influence is less felt there than anywhere.

Of much interest, lastly, is the demonstration of the influence exercised by differential lighting on the form of trees, the low angle at which light is received especially favoring the pyramidal shape in Arctic latitudes, though this is by no means detrimental under the more nearly vertical lighting of low latitudes. The cypresses of the South are, in fact, protected by their form from the injurious effects of a vertical sun, while the same form enables the firs, pines and white poplars of Norway and Sweden to make the most of the horizontal rays of the northern sun.

[August 18, 1901]

August 18, 1901]

PORT OF NAGASAKI.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES OF THE NATIVE AND FOREIGN LIFE.

From a Special Correspondent.

NAGASAKI, Japan, June, 1901.—This port is not only typical of the New Japan, and of much interest on that account, but the recent large events have given it exceptional prominence and an individuality peculiarly its own. No other place, in Japan or out of it, is just like Nagasaki. Nature has made it a paradise for environments and a harbor that is perfect. But it did not become famous until the wars between the United States and Spain, and China and the world, thrust fame upon it. Then it was at once apparent that the nation which expected to patrol this coast with warships or to maintain a fleet anywhere between Singapore and Yokohama must maintain also some sort of a base at Nagasaki. And this became a matter of most vital importance to a nation which, in addition to warships, had to equip and support a regular transport system of big vessels.

For Nagasaki is situated geographically and geologically just where a fine big harbor and a generous supply of coal comes handiest in times of trouble in the great East. Today it is, in fact, the eastern base of supplies for the world, jumping to that position from one of little importance in times back. It is just now, too, the foremost city in respect to international and cosmopolitan character for the navies of all countries lie in the harbor here, and the people of all countries are visiting on shore. This causes a curious medley in Nagasaki, and it is interesting to notice the effect of such active contact with the world upon the part of the Japanese, who, a single generation ago, regarded the white man much as a Manchurian regards him now.

A Beautiful Sea Approach.

Whether one comes here from the South, through the thousand and one little islands that sprinkle the seas of the Chinese coast, or from the North, through Japan's famous inland waterway, the approach to Nagasaki is beautiful beyond description. The steamers from Yokohama, regular liners, battleships and tramps alike, sail through the inland sea, and I have yet to meet a traveler who will admit ever having seen a more picturesquely bit of country. The sea narrows and widens on lines more graceful than any ever drawn by a landscape gardener, and the water is of a clear blue color that one finds nowhere else. Sometimes the boat is so close to the shore that one could throw a pebble to it from the decks, but always the water is deep—deep and cool and beautifully blue. The shore view is charming, too, and when the boat stops at some of the festive ports en route—Kobe, for instance—one catches a glimpse of all that is best and prettiest in Japan.

From the south the tourist has a different view—a view of rugged gray rocks piled at irregular intervals in the water, as if flung at random in ages past by some giant arm. The little islands have never been counted, I think, but there are hundreds of them, and the north-bound stranger from Manila or Hongkong or Shanghai begins to encounter them when still two days out of Nagasaki. Sometimes they rise abruptly out of the water, and sometimes they are flat with cunning little beaches. No one lives on those far out in the ocean, but the islands near the Chinese and Japanese mainlands are inhabited by large colonies of fisher folk. The junks of these people come in view early, and one sees scores upon scores of the lumbering, misshapen craft moving slowly about between the rock piles in the water. The fishermen and their families live aboard their boats, and have no habitation ashore—only storehouses and ropewalks.

The Flags of the World.

The Nagasaki harbor opens up gradually to the incoming vessel, which treads her way for a long distance through narrow channels before the town appears. The water here is blue, too, and immense hills slope back on all sides. They are beautiful hills, but they have not escaped the penalty which nature pays everywhere to the commercial spirit. Their broad green sides are disfigured with huge Japanese characters, made of white marble chips, which advertise all sorts of things—tooth powder, cigarettes, sewing machines and pills. It is a distinct jar to the tourist to see this first part of Japan this way, and he learns with only languid interest that it is the longest distance advertising in the world. He has received his first disappointment, and enters upon the knowledge that the Japan of today is a long way removed from the Japan of Sir Edwin Arnold's day.

The town, as the traveler sees it, is built on a series of streets running parallel with the bund—water front—and climbing upward like a series of steps. There are some pretty big buildings, but what he notices first is the number of flags and flag poles in sight. Nearly every house flies bunting of some sort, and as the town is built at a sharp angle on the hills, nearly every house is in plain sight. From the stars and stripes which Consul Harris keeps always above the United States consulate at the hilltop to the white moon above the Japanese custom house, the whole world's colors are on show. And they make a very pretty and exhilarating exhibit.

Big Guns Peering About.

One looks from the town about the harbor, into which the steamer has slowly made her way, and runs hard against a new sensation. For right in front of him an immense English battleship stretches her gray length in the water, and the 12-inch turret guns stare back at him with unwinking eyes. He looks the other way and encounters the steady glare of two more big eyes in the quadrilateral turret of the tremendous Kaiser Fried-

rich. Just astern is the mammoth *Rosso*, flagship of Russia's Asiatic squadron, and her watchfulness has something sinister in it. The French *Jean Bart*, with four other French vessels, is to her left, and back of them is another big Britisher—the flagship *Terrible*. In front of this the American gunboat *Nashville* is banging away at a salute to an Italian cruiser, just in from Taku, and further off are fighting ships showing Austrian, Dutch and even Brazilian colors.

Russia has a dozen ships here and England no fewer. Germany has five, France six, and the United States four. How many Japan has one cannot say at a glance, for they lie everywhere, and they bear close comparison, too, with the others. Some of these big boats are being coaled, some have just come in, some are getting up steam preparatory to going out, and some lie contentedly awaiting orders. They eye each other much as so many lazy dogs might, basking in the sun, and no matter which way one turns there is always a black muzzle thrust toward him. This has been the situation now for nearly two years, and the Nagasakians have become used to it, but it drives a thrill through the visitor who sees it for the first time.

The New Arrival Is Raided.

The incoming vessel no sooner drops anchor than a swarm of small craft puts out from the shore and surrounds her. Japan has inaugurated a quarantine and custom service on American lines, and a rigid examination by uniformed officials from these departments is given the ship. Smuggling would be a profitable occupation in Japan, could it be carried on successfully, for the tariff is enormous in some instances—that on tobacco, for example, being one hundred per cent. ad valorem. But smuggling here is a hazardous occupation, the government doing all it can to prevent it and administering severe penalties to those convicted. For that reason very little contraband goods get into the country, except that which passes when the official eye is closed. A Japanese customs officer, like his brethren the world over, is bribable.

The occupants of the swarming craft from the shore are given the freedom of the decks when the little men in uniform leave the vessel, and they quickly establish a miniature Nagasaki there. So many steamers visit the port for coal only, preventing any satisfactory visit ashore, that every merchant in the city has a fully-stocked sampan in the harbor and clerks to handle the goods. These are spread on the decks of the newly-arrived vessel, and in an incredibly short space of time the broad open space becomes a line of industry. All things are offered for sale—fruit, canary birds, curios, photographs, underclothing, shoes, toilet articles and tobacco. If a passenger wants a suit of clothing or an overcoat, his measure is taken and the articles brought to him before the boat sails. Agents of all sorts, too, move about the decks, distributing cards and advertising the merit of all sorts of commodities.

Coaling Quick and Curious.

But all this does not interfere, as it would anywhere else, with the prompt coaling of the steamer. Nagasaki has a way of its own for putting coal aboard a ship, and that it is a good way has never been disputed. The coal contractors have been advised by cable, of course, of the time the boat is likely to get in, and they are ready for her. As soon as she comes to a stop, some twenty lighters filled with coal, four or five crowded with native men and women, and a single one loaded with bamboo poles and ropes and small flimsy baskets put out from shore. These divide and enclose the ship from stem to stern, making her sharp, graceful hull a shapeless mass of scaffolding, scrambling humanity and rising dust. It is all done so quickly that a passenger who has left the deck for lunch returns to find himself in a new world.

The little men and women first construct ladders and staging of the bamboo poles—using only rope and thongs, without driving a nail—at every place on the ship where there is an opening at or near a bunker. Then one man or one woman is stationed on each step of the ladder or staging, the full lighter is made fast below, and the coal, shoveled into the flimsy baskets, is simply passed from hand to hand up into the ship. Very simple it sounds, but one must understand that only a few pounds of coal are contained in a basket-load, and that the steamer may need a thousand tons or more. The quickness and sureness of sight and hand shown by the little people is wonderful, and the sort of endless chain they make keeps the coal pouring in a steady stream from the lighter into the bunker, no matter how long the distance or how devious the way. And for doing that ten or twelve hours at a stretch the little man or woman receives about eighteen cents.

A Bit of the New Japan.

One has to go ashore, though, to see Nagasaki, even if it is the busy harbor that makes the city. A sampan takes the traveler to the nearest wharf, and he finds himself at once in the new Japan, for there is a hurry and bustle in the place that never belonged to a medieval civilization. The streets are wide, well-paved and clean. There are no carriages or street cars—not a horse of any sort in sight. Municipal travel is by rickshaw only. But there are electric lights, and telephones, and office buildings, and a wealth of business houses, with plenty of incidental evidences that the city is a thoroughly up-to-date place. A big modern brick hotel stands on the water front, and two others can be seen not far away. The people he meets, too, are of a distinctly twentieth-century calibre.

Near the big hotel is a two-story structure which flies the American flag and also a pennant with a helmsman's wheel and the letters "U. S. T. S." This is the headquarters of the United States Transport Service, which is in charge of the regular army quartermaster's department, assisted by many volunteers appointed since the war with Spain. There are usually two or three United States transports here, coaling or waiting for orders, and the headquarters on shore keeps half a dozen majors and captains tolerably busy. Until this summer, too, the United States maintained a hospital here and the hospital ships *Relief* and *Solace* lay in the harbor.

Now all this has been transferred to Yokohama, which is just as healthy a place as Nagasaki and a good deal quieter.

Nagasaki Has a Midway.

If you are a visitor in Nagasaki and are in search of a clerk to suggest some places of interest to go to, tell him to tell you about the ancient temples, the fine old houses and the mineral springs up in the hills. He will not name one that is right at his disposal, because he has grown so familiar with it that it does not exhibit it. This is Nagasaki's Midway, a long street made up of saloons, dance halls and other places devoted to recreation, running from the harbor to a circle to the farthest inland bridge of the city. The time was when Nagasaki did not have much of this, but then she had no visiting women, no transient male population of several thousand. The Midway and the transient male population came, as legal documents put it, at or about the time of the arrival of Richard King, a woman, in the prime of life, still in the prime of life, who is now the sole owner of the property.

This ranch of today, however, was founded by its founder, for whom it is named, within its barbed wire fence, on half a mile of land. Upon the head of cattle, there were nearly three thousand employees, and when the price of King's stock rose to \$6,000,000 for a single animal, he sold it. The late Capt. King left his fortune in the world, and died in Matamoras, Mexico, during the Civil War. His wife, Mrs. King, and Matamoras, on the mouth of the river, were the scene of operations for many years. The ranch was a practical monopoly of the river, when it was not then shoaled. Seizing his opportunity, Capt. King bought and amassed considerable wealth in the profitable trade in that section. When he died, the river banks remained exclusively to the building of his steamboat company, which started to the north of the river, and never reached its domain by purchase. The Germans are good oarsmen, too, and the good swordsmen. There is usually some sort of national contest being arranged for, and every division to compete as well as a large crowd of spectators. The contests are good-natured ones in the main, and the victor's ship is serenaded at night by the band to the losers' vessel.

The Japs and the Russians.

In all this description of international scenes, however, there must be a qualifying vein as affecting Japan and Russia—or, perhaps more particularly, the sentinels here. These countries do not like each other. If one gets "real confidential" with a Japanese regarding what his social or military status, he will presently that the Russian is a pig. If one gets into terms with any sort of a Russian the information will transpire presently that the Jap is a lion. One need not say these things to each other—yet—but the less careless of hiding their real sentiments. The company. And it is curious that they show an inclination to talk about the possibilities of a war between each other; always, too, with confidence as to the result.

Some time ago, Oscar King Davis, the company, was talking with Gen. Fukushima, the hero of Peking. The general is a dried-up little man, much bigger than a postage stamp, but his qualities are altogether out of proportion to his size. He has been discussing the offensive and defensive strength of the nations having part in the fracas, with usual Japanese abandon, and speaking of the Jap as a good soldier.

"He is a good soldier," Davis heartily agreed. "General, is there enough of him?"

"I think so."

"Russia is a big country you know—and so are people."

The general's eye lightened a little as he heard off.

"Yes, China is a big country," he said. "And so are people."

A delicious misunderstanding, that—for the general wanted to convey, without boasting, the information that Japan had experience in the matter of tactics and opponents.

A Pugnacious Little People.

Japan today stands in need of a war, or of some violence that will let the steam off. She has a patriotic, her young men all want to be soldiers, and her school children take recess every day, to sing national airs. She bristles with the idea that she is prepared to fight any other nation. She has a drop of a hat, and her parliament votes enormous sums for army and navy improvements without a murmur. Her easy victory over China years ago, made Japan war mad, and her men since been fanned by Russia's apparent willingness to be bulldozed in the Manchurian Railway. She wears a chip on her shoulder, and there is no doubt that she really thinks she can make good some day the chip is knocked off.

This fighting spirit may be looked upon with natural tolerance by the other nations, but the aspect of Japanese development that excites interest. That is the commercial growth of the country. They are building factories everywhere, and trying to compete for eastern trade in a way which has not been done before. The sons and daughters are being sent to all the universities to be educated, and they come back to Oxford and Yale, Edinburgh and Harvard, to add to increasing their country's power. The poorest people have been taught the value of work, and the very men and women who are coaling in the harbor today will spend a couple of hours in hard study.

And, while not every Japanese port is a port, there is not one today that hasn't its name on the steamer's stern. Japan is building up a marine, as well as a navy of fighting ships.

A WOMAN'S TEXAS RANCH WITHIN.

By a Special

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex.

Richard King, steambo

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transferred to Yokohama, where he was as Nagasaki and a good day.

In Nagasaki and ask your business of interest to go to, he will spring up in the hills. But he is right at his door—either he is familiar with it that it comes to him or because he would rather be Nagasaki's Midway Pleasureland of saloons, dance halls and other attractions, running from the land to the inland bridge of the city. Nagasaki did not have such a place and no visiting warships, either the population of several thousand and the transient male population who put it, at or about the same.

Strong, but not at all like the ways to be found on the coast of India. Many of the officers here have their wives here, brought together in large numbers, strolling about, and the officers internally in the most places to be found playing billiards on the little tables in the houses in "rickshaws. With the Chinese and Russians, between the officers here constitute many a lasting friendship and along these

called to the Midway for some of baseball players located here, as is natural. We do boat races, winning the day over English Barfleur crew, share the all-round athletic as well as most of the track meets, ourselves, too, and the French usually some sort of horses engaged for, and every ship out as a large crowd of spectators gathered in the main, and at all times by the band belonging.

of international animosity, qualifying vein as affecting Japan more particularly, their respective do not like each other "with a Japanese, as no military status, he will live in a pig. If one gets to be a Russian the information of the Jap is a louse. They like each other—yet—but they in their real sentiments are anxious that they show no signs of the possibilities of a war, with confidence as to the

King Davis, the correspondent, who, the hero of the world in a dried-up little man, stage stamp, but his going out of proportion to his growing the offensive and defense having part in the Chinese alliance, and spoke more.

"Davis heartily agreed. "He of him?"

very you know—and no one seemed a little as he looked at country," he said. "And so I understand, that—for Palmer not hearing, the informant on the matter of tackling him

need of a war, or of some to be taken off. She fairly does young men all want to have children take recessions to the bristles with the spirit. Fight any other nation if the parliament votes enormous movements without a preface, easy victory over China, no war made, and her madam is the apparent willingness to the Chinese Railway affair. Consider, and there is not a little which she can "make good" worked off.

may be looked upon with other nations, but there is a moment that excites more the growth of the power everywhere, and works in a way which has right of all trade here. Just being sent to all the schools, and they come back to us, and Harvard, to add to our country's forward march. I thought the value of the women who are leading the way speed a couple of hours from

Japanese port is a powerful one hasn't its name painted on it in building up a number of fighting ships.

A WOMAN'S KINGDOM. A TEXAS RANCH WHICH IS A STATE WITHIN ITSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., August 10, 1901.—In 1853 Richard King, steamboat captain and general speculator, operating on the lower Rio Grande, conceived the idea of a great ranch, to be owned by himself and to stand unique of its kind in size and productiveness throughout the United States. Capt. King was a man of few words, and in that year he laid the foundation for the Santa Gertrudes ranch. Capt. King died in 1888, but his widow survives him. Mrs. Richard King, a woman of over sixty years of age, is still in the prime of her mental and physical qualities, is now the sole owner and real manager of Santa Gertrudes.

The ranch of today, however, would hardly be recognized by its founder, for it has grown until it includes within its fenced wire fences nearly a million and a half acres of land. Upon its pastures graze a hundred thousand head of cattle, fifty thousand head of sheep and three thousand head of horses. It requires a hundred employees to care for the various interests of the ranch. When the proposed cattle syndicate offered \$1,000,000 for Santa Gertrudes she laughed at the proposition and refused to consider the possibility.

On Aug. 10 Capt. King left his home in Orange, N. J., just two days before the outbreak of the Mexican war to recruit his forces in the West. When that war began he served with the army in Texas and Mexico, and at the conclusion of his service remained in the Rio Grande valley. Matamoros and Brownsville, the twin cities near the mouth of the great river, saw their palmy days during the Civil War. Brownsville, on the American side, and Matamoros, on the Mexican side, served as the chief points of operations for smugglers, blockade runners and other types of adventure. The navigation of the Rio Grande was a practical accomplishment then, for the river, where it entered the Gulf of Mexico, had not then shoaled.

Using his opportunity, Richard King bought a steamboat and amassed considerable money within a very few years in the profitable trade which was then carried on in that section. When commerce finally drifted away from the river banks Richard King, called captain by virtue of his steamboat commission, turned his attention entirely to the building up of the ranch which he had started to the north. Acre after acre was added to his domain by purchase, conquest and barter. Always active and never relinquishing, it was not long until his building extended below the horizon as viewed from his home establishment.

Living in those days in southwest Texas was not entirely a peaceful pursuit. Encounters with the Indians, Mexicans or white outlaws frequently occurred. There was no law in the land except that made by the band to be the employee of a cattle man implied even greater and warlike service than falls to the lot of a soldier in the regular army.

It is rather difficult to say just how Capt. King secured all the land now held by his widow. It was originally owned by Mexicans. Some were bought out; others abandoned their holdings, and some borrowed money and forfeited the land given as security. The reason that Garza, the revolutionist, was at one time the owner here and that he mortgaged his land to Capt. King to secure money to carry on his war against General Diaz. His revolution failed, his notes came due. Santa Gertrudes was the bigger and richer man. These things are but stories of the frontier days, however, and are immaterial.

Capt. King died the one idea which had controlled his actions during life was expressed in his will testament, for he left the Santa Gertrudes ranch to his widow, expressly providing that in no case was the property to be divided among his children. Mrs. King cherished this intention of her husband, has refused to consider any proposition which involved parting with an acre of her domain and has expressed her intention of so willing the property at her death that it will remain intact for at least two generations to come. The ranch now covers a large part of Nueces, Cameron and Hidalgo counties. The main hacienda or "home house" lies in the extreme southwestern corner of Nueces county, and is a village in itself. The main residence is in the center of a cluster of smaller houses occupied by employees. Around this village can still be seen the outlines of the stockades which were so necessary in the earlier days. On these stockades were mounted brass cannons at regular intervals.

Just half a mile from the main ranch house are the old stables. In a room in one of the stables can still be found the armored stage coach in which Capt. King made his perilous trips to Corpus Christi for money and supplies. The sheet-iron covering of this coach is still in contact with many bullet holes and stains made when Capt. King can still be traced. In the early seventies, Capt. King was in the habit of making a drive from his ranch to Corpus Christi, a distance of forty miles in a single night. With four strong horses behind the coach, an armed guard on the box and a complement of from ten to fifty men all armed to the teeth, Capt. King rode to Corpus Christi. Many times was this party ambuscaded and disengaged during these trips. Capt. King was courageous in the fighting, a stern, fearless and resolute man, well versed in the ways of the frontier. He escaped many hairbreadth escapes, however, as he was wounded, and his name became a terror to Indians and outlaws who roamed the plains of South Texas during that period.

The Santa Gertrudes ranch is divided into about twelve sections. Each district is presided over by a foreman

and he is held responsible for the conduct of the business of the ranch within his jurisdiction. The general management of the ranch is in the hands of Robert J. Kleberg, Mrs. King's son-in-law, and a brother of Rudolph Kleberg, the representative from the eleventh district of Texas. Mrs. King herself, however, never loosens the rein she holds over her affairs and she is the real manager of the entire property, nothing of any importance being done without consulting with her. Her jurisdiction not only includes the management of the ranch, but she is the political ruler of three counties, a congressional district, a judicial district and the municipal affairs of every town and village within the sphere of her influence. Without the King support no man dare aspire for office in that section of the world, and with the King's support he is practically elected as soon as nominated.

While Mrs. King has built for herself the finest private residence in the town of Corpus Christi on the edge of the gulf, she still spends at least half of her time at the ranch, especially during the busy season. Twice at least every year she makes a trip over her property and it is like taking an extensive journey, for a traveler can proceed ninety miles in a straight line and yet remain within the barbed wire fence which incloses every acre

of its character. It is a despotism in its way, but all the employees are looked after, furnished with food, lodgings, schooling, religious instruction, and, in fact, everything except their actual clothing. Everything done at Santa Gertrudes is done by the order of Mrs. King, and everything on the ranch, from the barbed wire fence on the outside boundaries to the time of her hundreds of employees, belongs absolutely to her. It is not a harsh rule, however; quite the contrary, for while every man, woman and child must do what is asked of them, the disposition of the owner is benevolent and kindly. Except in extreme cases, the law of the commonwealth seldom penetrates within this ranch. Civil disputes are settled and misdemeanors punished without reference to the courts as constituted by the State.

This southwest Texas country is comparatively unknown to the rest of the United States, but it possesses certain peculiarities which will in time make it one of the best known regions. A large part of the area of the King ranch is apparently sand, and on portions of this property rain does not fall for many months or even years at a stretch. Notwithstanding this fact the vegetation is most luxuriant. The country is dotted here and there with beautiful clumps of timber called "mois,"



of her domain. The ranch is as large as the State of Delaware, and nearly twice as large as Rhode Island. It would hold ten cities the size of Greater New York, and is far more extensive in area and imposing wealth than the principalities of Germany, from which have come the ruling families of Europe.

Mrs. Harriet M. King, the owner of this great property, is a woman of simple tastes and rather a limited experience with the world at large, but she possesses unusually keen business instinct and shrewd judgment, which she applies to all the affairs of life in which she is interested. No one ever gets the best of her, and although she is exposed to the schemes of all kinds of adventurers and applicants for money and assistance, she seldom yields to importunities, preferring to give according to her own ideas and in the direction in which she is most interested.

In a quiet way she has assisted the communities where her interests lie, and being a woman of strong religious convictions, has done much for the Presbyterian church near her home. She entertains no idea, however, of any great benefactions to follow her death, and it is doubtful whether she considers her mission to be other than the conservation and strengthening of the wonderful property left to her in trust by her husband.

The ranch is constantly kept at a high state of productiveness, from the cattle man's point of view. Artesian water has been found at moderate depth upon her lands, and over thirty flowing wells furnish water for the live stock during the droughty season. An unexpected source of wealth has recently appeared upon this ranch in the shape of oil. It is believed that one of the great oil pools of the Texas coast underlies Santa Gertrudes. Oil has been discovered a few miles from her land, and it is not unlikely that flowing wells of this product will add to the income of the ranch within a very short time. The busy season now, however, is in the spring when the calf round-up is in progress, and in the fall, when the beef cattle are being shipped to market. The annual shipments from this ranch vary, of course, with the season, but it is not an uncommon thing for ten thousand head of fat beavers to be sold by Mrs. King each year. The income of the ranch is probably between \$300,000 and \$400,000 every twelve months.

Life at Santa Gertrudes reminds one of the stories of feudal estates of old. The bell from the main house summons the people to quarters for meals, for labor, for schooling or for worship, and at the dining table the various squads which make their appearance are graded in the order of their feeding according to their importance and social position upon the ranch. The rule of Mrs. King is absolute. Her wishes are law. Each village is complete in itself, and even the outlying settlements are provided with their schoolhouses and churches. The foreman who rules in each is generally a married man who has long been upon the property. He is the business, political and social head of his particular settlement. The ranch houses are rough and unpainted, but airy and comfortable, as is necessary in this semi-tropical climate. Around the ranch houses are the barracks for the cowboys, huts for the Mexicans and stables for the saddle and work horses.

The government of this great domain is maternal in

and much of the surface of the ground is covered with luxuriant grass. The secret of this remarkable growth under such conditions of aridity is found in the fact that the land is what is called subirrigated; that is to say, but a few feet below the surface lies a sheet of fresh water into which the roots of trees and vines find ready access.

In traveling across the vast stretches of range water is obtained for man and horse by digging a shallow hole in the sand and a permanent well can be made in many places by simply sinking a barrel to its full length in the ground. There is land of this description outside of the King ranch. Upon this land the truck farmers have created wonderful gardens and vineyards. Vegetables grow here in the winter months only. Grapes ripen six weeks earlier than grapes ripen in California. Melons can be sent from Southern Texas to the northern market during midwinter, and it has long been predicted that when transportation facilities were improved and the great land holdings of this region broken up that the whole United States would find in the country about Corpus Christi its base of supplies for many things now only grown in hot houses if they are to be marketed in the north out of season.

With all the wealth that is represented by the King ranch it is but a trifling sum to that which would be created should this ranch be divided up among 30,000 owners, all eager to take advantage of the possibilities of soil and climate to build homes for themselves and families and to otherwise organize after the fashion of a thickly-settled community of prosperous people. It is these large land holdings, made possible by the indifference of the State of Texas to her future welfare, which have held back the development of this Southwestern Texas country. As in California, the State is suffering from big ranches owned by men who look upon their land as fitted only for grazing of cattle and not as suitable for the homes of the people. Naturally the entire force of the King interests, which are all powerful in state as well as local affairs, are against the invasion of their territory by railroads, farmers or any other forces of disintegrating character. It may take a generation or two to bring about a subdivision of this great property, but the time will come when diverse interests of heirs will defeat the purpose of the founder of Santa Gertrudes and with the breaking up of the principality which he welded together will come larger cities, more railroads and other deep-water harbors on the Texas coast, in short, all of those things which go to make populous and prosperous communities. The army of home-seekers is ever on the move and ever concentrating its forces against those who would monopolize the earth. J. D. WHEPLEY.

An American army officer serving in the Philippines writes: "I don't know whether or not I'll ever get away from this forsaken country, but there is one satisfaction, we are doing them good, and soon there will be no more of burying people alive and cutting crosses in the eyes and rubbing in lime to blind the poor victims. These things we can stop, even quicker than the missionaries—in fact, that is our mission at present." [Army and Navy Journal.]

[August 18, 1901.]

Mo

MOKI SNAKE DANCES.

CEREMONIES TO PROPITIATE THE RAIN GOD—RATTLESNAKE DANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

NO STRANGER aboriginal ceremonies are observed these days, than those which have just taken place at the ancient Indian pueblo, in the Province of Tusayan, away off amid the burning deserts of North-eastern Arizona. These ceremonies are the snake dances of the Mokis, a custom that has come down to these times intact from ages ago. One will have to travel far and wide before he sees anything more interestingly aboriginal, more religiously barbarous and more faithfully executed according to pre-Columbian Indian mythology than the annual Moki snake dances. This season scientists from the Smithsonian Institution and amateur archeologists and ethnologists have gathered in the rude old Moki pueblos to study savage customs and ceremonials that have been preserved long centuries without contamination by white man's civilization.

The Mokis or Hopis (meaning "peace-loving people") live in crazy squat stone houses on the summit of limestone mesas or tablelands, which rise precipitously out of a sea of desert sands, comprising an area of several thousand square miles and reaching in all directions. There are seven Moki pueblos, and they compose what the Spanish conquistadores under Coronado, in 1542, named the Indian province of Tusayan. Coronado believed the Indians had been living in their pueblos, perched away up on top of stone mesas, at least 500 years, and the Smithsonian investigators find that the pueblos have been continuously occupied at least 1500 years. There are no more interesting communities on this continent than these old towns of the industrious, peaceable, deeply religious and moral aborigines of the arid wastes. The Mokis have a tradition that their ancestors fled to the stone tablelands, ages ago, when they had been attacked by the belligerent and much larger tribes of Navajoes and Apaches.

The traveler who would visit the land of the Mokis must go upon the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe route to Holbrook station in Northern Arizona. There he must travel, by team and wagon, about ninety miles northward across the arid waste, to the pueblo of Walpi, or thirty miles farther to another pueblo, Orabi. It is far from the monotonous travel in wagons that one would naturally expect. The desert trail leads through a region of marvelous interest to one of thought and observation. It is a region of mystery, full of voices of an overpowering past. There are the petrified remnants of mighty forests that grew here eons ago. There are ruins everywhere of cities of peoples, who erected stone walls and houses long before the Caesars ruled Rome. There are magnificent cloud effects by day, and indescribably grand sunsets and sunrises every day, while the peculiar desert botany is always wonderful to anyone with half an eye for beauty in nature.

The Mokis once numbered about 7,000, but that number has dwindled to less than 1800. Isolate as the pueblos are from contact with the world, they have preserved more prehistoric customs than those of any tribe in America. The Mokis are proud, reserved and silent, and while they have not shed human blood for several generations, they have until recently resented visits from white men. They are agricultural Indians, and living as they do in the midst of a grim, withering desert, they make use of every drop of moisture that falls in the autumn, and must woo the favor of the Great Spirit to send rain on the pathetic fields of corn and patches of melons and the mesquite beans. They are provident and religious; they cannot be induced to leave their reservations, and it is an unpardonable sin with them to fail to observe the sacred tribal customs. The Mokis believe, as their ancestors did long before Columbus sailed from Palos, that the rains are caused by a monster rattlesnake—miles long and many rods in girth—away up in the loftiest peaks of the Mogollons. That this god-like serpent has messengers on the desert in the shape of a common rattlesnake; that the thunder in the mountains is the rattling of the huge serpent, and the winds that roar through the cañons to the north are its hisses. The Mokis regard their tribal snake dance as the most sacred performance of each alternate year, and the sixty antelope men who are the dancers are chosen by the high snake priest—an old man—because of some service of honor and piety in the tribe. The dancers who have participated in a dozen biennial snake ceremonies are the distinguished and respected men among the Mokis.

Property in Mokiland, where the sole sustenance is agricultural, depends upon the rains, which come few and far between in that arid region. Therefore, to woo the favor of the god of rain, the faithful Mokis perform ceremonies and have dances with rattlesnakes. The date of the snake dance is determined sixteen days in advance by Honi, the aged priest of the tribe. When the sun at its setting touches a certain rock in the pueblo of Walpi or Orabi, the oldest priest climbs to the topmost prominence in the pueblo, and in drolling tones calls all the Mokis to preparation for the annual ceremony in propitiation of the god of rain. Thereafter, for sixteen days, a composite religious ceremony takes place morning and afternoon in the sacred tribal underground kivas.

But previously Moki youths have gone out upon the desert and have captured several scores of venomous rattlesnakes. Each Indian carries a bag made of animal skins in one hand, and a short brush of gaudy eagle feathers in the other. When a rattlesnake is found, the Indian weaves his eagle feathers over the coiling and hissing serpent for a few seconds. Then, by a sudden and adroit movement, which his ancestors learned long ago, he snatches the reptile immediately back of the head, and thrusts him in a bag before one can barely see the operation. In the course of a week several hun-

dred serpents are caught, and they are brought to the kivas for the ceremonies by the priests.

The daily ceremonies in the underground caverns are sacredly secret. But one paleface, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, has ever been permitted to view the barbarous rites. He obtained permission to see them only after he had been formally initiated into the order of Moki snake priests. Dr. Fewkes says the underground kiva rites consist of sprinkling corn meal on squirming masses of rattlesnakes, of weird incantations and of actually washing the reptiles. He says the impurity of the nude snake priests against the venom of the hissing, writhing serpents is one of the greatest wonders he has ever come across.

At last the final day of the annual snake ceremonies arrives and the Moki pueblo fills up with white and red-skinned sightseers from far and near, to view the famous public dance with living, poisonous and wriggling rattlesnakes. The ceremonies begin at daybreak. Everyone in this old pueblo is up and dressed in his or her gaudiest finery. The children are as excited over the prospective events of the day as any American boys and girls ever were on a Fourth of July. Sightseers gather in vantage spots and wait. Suddenly there is a shout from the wrinkled old Indian, who, clad only in a gorgeous blanket, has sat gazing intently out across the brown sandy waste at the foot of the stone tableland. His shout is a signal that the snake priests are seen coming back from the old spring with crocks filled with water as offerings to the rain gods. As the snake priests come nearer the pueblo, the waiting Indians grow excited, for the priests are racing. As the winner, rushing up the mesa side, passes over the roof of the snake kiva, the whole village cheers him. In his hand he bears a small wicker canteen of water from the spring, which he is permitted to empty over his particular field of crop, thus insuring him a good crop in any event.

Following the priests the boys of the village, gayly attired, swarm up the mesa, bearing melons, cornstalks and flowers. When they appear, all the maidens rush after them, striving to get possession of the trophies. This scramble lasts for several minutes, and is a particularly animated and brilliant scene. Each girl who succeeds in capturing a prize is sure to have a husband before the new year.

All the morning, preparations for the snake dance and feast following are going on. At noon, in the snake kiva, the final snake washing takes place, a ceremony which but two white people have witnessed. Each reptile is washed with water and soap weed, then flung on a pile of sand and meal, where they can be plainly seen from the top of the kiva—a horrible mass of writhing rattle, bull and whip snakes, drying themselves in the sunlight. From noon until nearly sundown there is nothing of particular interest for the public to see, and there are many places on the mesa, outside of the pueblo itself, which are well worth a visit.

At sundown comes the culmination of all the days of propitiation of the rain god. About an hour before sunset the people begin to congregate in the plaza. The roofs of the surrounding houses are all occupied, while picturesque groups, idly watching the white people, await the last scene in the snake ceremonies. The plaza is now in readiness; the "kisi," a bower of cottonwood branches, the opening concealed by a white cotton cloth of native weaving, is erected. Before it a shallow hole, a foot long and three inches wide, has been dug; over this is placed an old wooden plank. It represents the opening to the under world that the departed spirits may know what is taking place. A snake priest brings the snakes, safely tied up in a bag, and places them within the kisi.

Shortly afterward the antelope priests, fifteen in number, file out of their kiva at the upper end of the plaza. They march solemnly down to the kisi, circle four times before it, each stamping on the wooden plank and sprinkling sacred meal as he passes it; and then line up with their backs toward the kisi, and one has time to notice the details of their costumes. Their breasts, backs and arms are striped with zigzag lines of white to symbolize lightning; their faces are blackened, while from ear to ear, across the upper lip are sharp lines of white. In the hair is fastened one feather. Loin cloths of heavy white woven cloth are secured by wide sashes of the same material, with heavily fringed and embroidered ends, while from the middle of the back hangs a handsome fox skin. Rows of beads encircle the neck and reach almost to the waist. On the feet are moccasins of buckskin, ornamented with a deep fringe, while the leg, from the ankle to the knee, is whitened with either paint or clay. In the right hand is carried a gourd containing small stones and used as a rattle. One man wears upon his head a wreath of green leaves; in his hand he bears a bowl of sacred meal.

Eleven snake priests, who advance from their kiva at the lower end of the plaza and repeat the marching and stamping of the antelope men, have their bodies decorated with patches of a pinkish color. Their loin cloths are of dark reddish brown, ornamented with symbolic designs in white; at the back are suspended fox skins. The moccasins and ornaments resemble those of the Antelope Society. Their faces are blackened and a single feather is fastened in the disheveled hair. Some of them are armed with snake whips, two eagle feathers fastened to a short stick; the rest are empty handed. The two lines face each other, the chief priests sprinkle sacred meal in front of each row, and then all begin a gently swaying motion, chanting in perfect time a weird and indescribable tune. It is intended to represent the wind of an approaching storm moaning through trees. This weird chanting continues for upwards of half an hour.

Suddenly the line of snake priests breaks into groups of three, which begin to march around in a circle. One of each group kneels before the kisi, and when he arises he holds between his lips a squirming snake; this man is called the "carrier." The second is the "hugger." He places his left hand on the shoulder of the carrier, while with his snake whip he attracts the attention of the snake. Presently the carrier opens his mouth and drops his burden to the ground. Now it becomes the business of the third man, the "gatherer," to see that his charge does not escape. He follows the serpent

around, preventing it from coiling by striking it with the whip, and after a time he picks it up and holds it to one of the antelope men. This is repeated until all the snakes, twenty-five or so in number, have been duly danced around the plaza.

Now the chief priests sprinkles a circle of sand upon the ground. Within this the antelope men, with their squirming burdens in a heap; each man rushes upon them, gathers as many as he can, and runs rapidly down the mesa to the plain below. The reptiles are set free to carry the rain gods to the lower world.

Returning, the priests divest themselves of all their ornaments and kneel along the edge of the great bowls of a mysterious and odoriferous brew brewed secretly by the Moki women. The this, and a scene follows which beggars description. The men, one and all, are violently ill, and die up until they are almost exhausted. It is said to be the antidote for the snake poison, probably a purification ceremony.

Then follow the unique features of the dance. The priests disappear a rain of spittle from the mouth, on the house-top follow. Subsequently a feast, which characterizes all of the village. In Cipaulovi snake dance there are more primitive traits than in the Walpi, which are studied and doubtless influenced by white men. The essential features are the same, and to any citizen this aboriginal, pagan worship occupies so much of the year, with its weirdness and many repulsive characteristics, will be a source of surprise and will be met with wonder.

The meanings and interpretations of the southwestern corner of our country are very obscure, but the purport of the widespread snake dances is mysterious. Dr. Fewkes, who is undoubtedly most conversant with the subject, recently wrote:

"The meaning of the snake dance cannot be made out completely without comparison, and cannot be obtained from living priests, but by Taylor in speaking of the religious tendencies. He says the ancestral tendency is to obliterate traces of the inevitable change of custom from age to age, and to convert into mystic rites whose real barbaric meaning is too far removed from the spirit of later time."

"I have no doubt that at some future time material will be collected to enable the snake dance to give a rational explanation, but I doubt whether the Tusayan priests know its origin. Whatever current opinions are now orthodox by the priests should be regarded as probable, but not regarded as decisive."

HELEN TYLER

Illustrations to this article will be found on page 5.

THE BAROMETER OF SANDY VALLEY

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Excuse me, sir," said the inquisitive passenger, as he leaned forward and took hold of the western man on the arm, "but did I hear you say to say that the gentleman died with his boots on?"

The western man turned round.

"Yes," he replied, "it was havin' them on when he killed him."

There was a brief silence.

"You will pardon me," said the inquisitive man, "but I fear I don't quite understand."

"He stoled th' boots from Jim Stiggers," said the man, "an' Jim caught with 'em on."

"But doesn't that seem a trifling reason for the life of a human being?" gasped the inquisitive.

"Trifling!" cried the Westerner. "Well, we wuz gittin' mighty tired o' takin' the walk it come, an' without chance of gettin' home. Why, we wuz drowned out twice in the night o' saved ourselves if we'd only known wuz comin'."

"I fail to see the connection between the walk and the rain," said the inquisitive man, with a look.

"Well, I'm a-tellin' it to you," said the man. "Jim Stiggers had th' most sensitive feet I ever seen. We never see such sensitive feet as Jim's. Who could foretell storms for a week ahead by the way of his would ache an' burn! But they wuz nothin' he had tight boots on, an' the only pair of boots in camp wuz th' ones that onary old Jim had."

"Trifling!" Well, say, when Jim identified us, we had th' fellers safely strung up, then went on a wild hooray for two hull days. The stranger, what do you think? Jim had his boots on half an hour before he predicted that a cyclone, and one of 'em, of we had a sickerin' seat! That's right."

And then the inquisitive man changed his mind.

EATING AND DRINKING.

[London Chronicle:] It was Rabelais who composed his masterpieces while eating and drinking. This was not so difficult as it may seem, for point of time and convenience, when you could eat and drink all day long was the habit of a gentleman of France in the sixteenth century. It tells you that Panurge never took a walk without a ham and a flagon, comfortably bestowed about his person; and this gives you a picture of the fat, languid, pensively gnawing a ham bone by the fire and turning frequently to the other side, and touching his lips with wisdom. In these days the art of eating and drinking is not so highly cultivated with an active mental life. Has not Lord Salisbury complained that his supporters in the Commons fee from the sound of the division bell, not to be interrupted, just as the assemblymen do, on the call of the whip? "And wot for?" said the juries, "may dine," wrote a cynic, who, it is said, his time can be trusted, was much too fatigued to be able. Perhaps Lord Salisbury had that in view when he was portraying the repose of a fatiguing majority in the dinner-hall.

Moki Maiden

[August 18, 1901.]

Moki Indians and Their Famous Snake Dance.

from coiling by brushing it with time he picks it up suddenly and no antelope men. This process is small, twenty-five or thirty minutes, and then the antelope men have danced around the circle.

Then this the antelope men deposit in a heap; each snake prints here so many as he can carry, and then to the plain below, where to carry the rain prayers to the ceremony.

Some features of the day, the skin of spittle from the snakes, Subsequently comes the procession all of the village. In which there are more primitive than in the Walpi, which has been influenced by white visitors. They are the same, and to any animal, pagan worship, which is now, with its weird ceremonial characteristics, will be met with much

interpretations of the rites of our country are very similar. widespread snake dances have been, who is undoubtedly the subject, recently written. The snake dance cannot, I believe, without comparative studies from living priests, as passing of the religions of primitive tends to ignore the inevitable change of nature into mysterious and whose meaning is too far out of date for later time.

But at some future time we will be enabled to enable the ethnologist to understand, but I doubt very much if priests know its original meaning. Opinions are now regarding it should be regarded as either conclusive or decisive."

JEROME TYLER GRISWOLD.

Article will be found on p. 8.

OWNER OF SANDY GULCH.

Say: "Excuse me, sir," said Jim, as he jogged forward and laid his arm, "but did I understand you died with his boots on?"

"I was havin' th' boots on," he said.

"said the inquisitive man, "to understand."

"Jim Stiggers," said the man, "right with 'em on."

"A trifling reason for say?" guessed the inquisitive man. "Westerner. "Well, you're tired of takin' the weather. You chance of gettin' ready to go out twice in the mornin' if we'd only known

something between the old inquisitive man, with a smile.

"to you," said the woman, "most sensitive feet in the world. He's got as Jim's. Why, he walks about by the way he does now? But they never do on; an' the only pair of shoes that ever grew on a man's feet since Jim Mastered them, is the only ones that ever stung up, th' whole time for two hell days. You, you think? Jim hadn't had a chance to predict two weeks ago, if we hadn't been forced to clear out o' the country."

The man changed his seat.

AND DRINKING.

It was Rabelais who said, "The happiness while eating and drinking is as difficult as it may seem." And, indeed, when you consider how long was the habit of a walk in the sixteenth century. Rabelais never took a walk without certainly bestowed about him a picture of the philosopher taking a ham bone by the way to the other countries of his vision. In these days, the walk is not so intimate with mortal life. Has not Lord Macaulay's reporter in the "Times" account of the division between England and Scotland as the separation of church and state? "And wretched people, who, if you like, are a cynic, who, if you like, was much too fond of the country, had that line in his mouth, the memory of which still haunts me after years."

[August 18, 1901.]

EVERYBODY ON RECORD. HOW UNCLE SAM KEEPS TAB ON ALL HIS SUBJECTS.

By a Special Contributor.

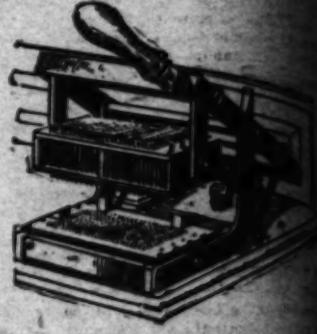
SOMEWHERE in the Census Bureau at Washington there is a card punched full of scattered holes; one of seventy-six million cards similarly perforated; and that card represents you, whoever you may be that read this, while the holes are all the information which your Uncle Sam has collected about you through the efforts of patient questioners, and filed away for reference. In the course of time you—as represented by this card—are fed into a wonderful machine, which reads, writes, selects, counts, checks errors and rejects inconsistencies; and when you come out you are divided into many different items of information, each item being a unit of that vast system of information known as the census. The machine which disposes of you is the Hollerith electrical tabulator, and it performs work which, in past years, has been regarded as "clerical" in its nature, and which, without the machine, would require hundreds of men and women, working with eyes, hands—and brains. It does the work better, because more accurately and rapidly. It might be called a mechanical clerk.

In the first place it reads—not everything—but it

leaves what appears on its face to be inconsistent. A card which seems to bear an erroneous record will be thrown out. The machine refuses to count it. For example, if a card is reached on which it is recorded that a man has resided in the United States less than five years and that he is a naturalized citizen the machine will reject it. The two facts are inconsistent—for to become a naturalized citizen the person must have lived in the United States five years or more. So, if a card tells of a female under eighteen years of age having a family of children, the machine will throw out the card for further investigation. Inconsistencies of all sorts, anything which would attract the attention of an alert clerk or arouse suspicion and call for verification, is immediately detected by the tabulator and is temporarily rejected. Thus, if it is recorded that the occupation of a man is milliner or that of a woman blacksmithing, or that a person has lived ten years in the United States and cannot speak English, the cards are rejected for verification. In some cases it is found that a mistake has been made in copying the record, and in others the facts are discovered to be true; and the cases are put aside for classification by themselves.

It should be stated that, in detecting and challenging these inconsistencies, the machine does not use its own judgment. Like a good clerk, it does as it is told. The brains of a machine—so to speak—are at the back, and the man who understands its mechanism takes off the backboard and makes certain electrical connections. He can so connect it that a card will be received and counted which reads that the citizen is naturalized, though a resident of this country for only four years. So it might be connected as to approve of cards which

principle of the cash register—is operated by the machine's eyes. They do, in a manner, what the human clerk does when he picks out from the card the facts whose connections are completed, and the machine makes the tally. This is repeated through the machine. All the operators feed them in and pump the handle up for a short time, it is predicted, even this part (the pumping part) will be performed by electricity or steam. Then it will be necessary to "set" the apparatus—the handle up—for the combination of facts desired.



CIRCUIT CLOSING PRESS.

cards into a hopper to be fed through the machine. When this is accomplished the money and expense and the increase in the volume which may be accomplished will be enormous.

Herman Hollerith, the inventor of the machine, had a curious experience in his effort to perfect his invention by adding a feed apparatus of the kind now worked on the problem all last summer, spending \$10,000, and thought he had secured his purpose. The feed worked perfectly. He made kinds of tests; and still there was no result. Months went by and the winter came, and at a test upon which he had not counted, "electricity" undid all his labors. In the cold, dark winter there is more electricity lying about than in the warm, damp summer. Everyone has noticed the friction of hair or walking on a carpet. Friction causes it to collect, and when it comes in contact with similar non-conducting surfaces, it is brief, the cards stuck together. The static electricity was too much for the apparatus, and Inventor had to begin his task anew.

The great task of the census in past years has been "digesting" the facts received from the schedules. The schedules come in literally by the millions; each schedule is answers to scores of questions. Information is all there, but to get it out of the separate items, and then to combine all in all the different ways and to count all the variations—has presented a task of herculean proportions. This is what is now done by machinery. Now, in Washington, the hundreds of thousands of farms, which they are called, have really learned a lesson. For all the information which has been gathered by census takers there are arbitrary symbols which may be expressed by figures or letters. There is a card on which are figures and symbols in various columns, and the clerk will instantaneous transfer the information on the schedule into the figure and punch out those figures in the card. To punch in a card means that the farm raising the card grows gooseberries; that the quantity of berries has been reported in denominations. Certain other figures added indicate the number of quarts.

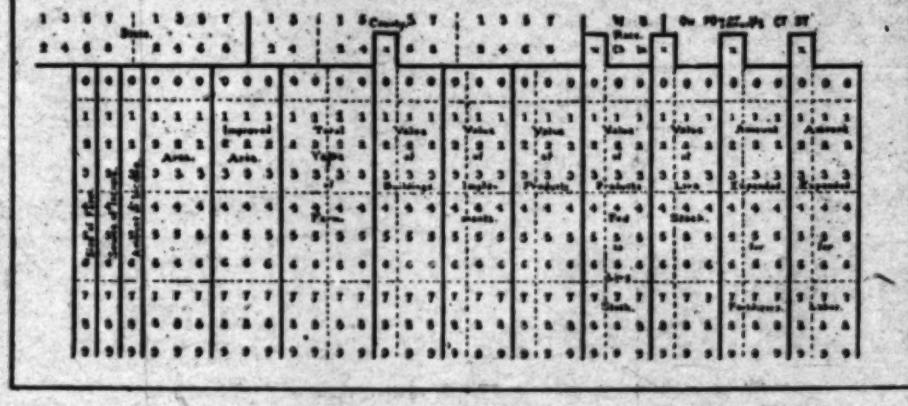
Every person is represented by a card. There are 76,303,387 cards representing people. Each card contains all the government wants to know about a particular individual. Then every farm in the United States is represented by a card, which contains hole symbols, the complete story of the farm, its area, whether owned or rented, the value of its implements, the value of the buildings, the value of its products, the value of the produce, the amount of stock, the amount of fertilizer, and the amount paid to labor for working the farm. There are something like seven million of these cards. For every farm there are about twenty cards representing one of its crops, and containing a great amount of information as to its quantity, quality, manner of raising. So, altogether, there are about hundred million cards, answering several hundred thousand questions.

Every time the cards are put through the machine some new detail is brought to view; and when the machine has completed the published volume will give a complete picture of the numerical and industrial condition of the country.

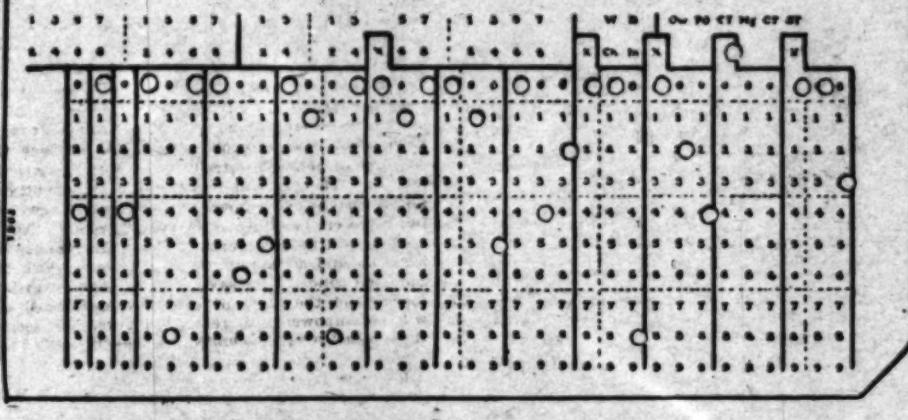
JAPAN SECURES A PRIZE.

[Philadelphia North American:] An illustration of Japan's eagerness for western knowledge is furnished by the sale of Prof. Max Muller's library to Iwasaki for the University of Tokio. By this sale the university obtains a collection of books which would have taken years of study and research to gather. It seems strange, moreover, that a Japanese should have neglected the chance to buy the library of one of her most famous men, Prof. Muller, to teach her appreciation of a new and useful science.

The time was when the bonnets worn by the primitive Wesleyan faith were quite as severe as those now used on the horses in Kentucky. When one contemplates the millinery of the Methodist "sisters" there is no telling what the fashions of the horses may yet come to.—[Kansas City Star.]



A FARM CARD UNPUNCHED.



A FARM CARD PUNCHED.

Reads, in its own way, all the facts which the numerators have gathered about the population, the property and industries of the American domain. The facts come in on sheets of paper, written out with pen and pencil on certain lines, and in certain columns. From these they are transferred to cards. Incidentally, in the process of transfer, the record of the card is translated into a language which the machine can understand. Instead of being inscribed with pen and pencil marks of certain shapes, the card is punched in certain places. When a record of a white person is made a hole is punched in the upper left hand corner of the card; if the person is a male, another hole is added on the same line and a quarter of an inch to the right; and so on for the fifteen or twenty facts which are recorded on the card. This language of holes is understood by the machine to which reference has been made. The mechanical clerk reads the card so inscribed, just as a human clerk would read the tracings of pen or pencil.

These card records are handled as intelligently by the Hollerith electric tabulator (as the machine is called) as they could possibly be handled by men and women. The machine not only reads what is recorded on the cards, but it will do whatever may be ordered in the way of picking out and counting persons of a certain description. It will read any set of facts from the card records; it will keep tally; and when the last card has been examined by the apparatus it will have the total added up, and showing on the figures of a dial. It will do more. It will add up thirty-two columns simultaneously—each column representing a different fact, or combination of facts. In one column it may be summing up all the male inhabitants of the country; in another counting all the males who happen to be white; in a third finding out how many white males are married; and so on through their age, nativity, occupation and all the rest. Thus the machine reads, selects, counts and writes—that is, records with figures on a dial.

But it does even more. The machine will refuse to be-

tell of sixteen-year-old mothers, men milliners and female wheelwrights. By making the electrical connections there are established certain fixed ideas—if such an expression may be used of a machine—and the machine acts in accordance with those ideas. Certain groups of facts, when presented to the machine in the form of perforations in a card, permit the harmonious working of the machinery. The absence of an essential fact will mean the absence, or misplacement, of a perforation in the card, and the result is a lack of harmony—a lack of approval—rejection.

While the details of this complicated piece of mech-



HOLLERITH KEYBOARD PUNCH.

anism would hardly be understood by a person not having a technical education, the principle is not hard to comprehend. Over the card, when it is inserted in the machine, is a brush of needles. Each needle is adjusted to a light spring, so when the point meets any resistance the needle will give way and not puncture the card. When the handle is depressed all the needle points come down upon the card, and wherever there is a hole punched they go through. Wherever they go through a hole they extend into a cup of mercury and complete an electric connection. That is all there is to it. When the connection is completed, an adding machine—on the

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CONTRIBUTED BY

Chief Entomologist of

W HILE it is true that through their functions as parasites of plants, and as parasites of man, an enormous amount of damage is brought about by them to the farmer, the fruit grower, and the sheep raiser, if it does not, in fact, exceed the production by insects in the same degree, when compared with the wheat crop in restricted areas, the money value of the increased price bears there is thus a distinct difference between the work of insects and that caused by the insects, most of which man would hardly notice.

100,000,000 a year. In the destructive insects saved in grain, fruit, and domestic animals would

A few years ago one single season through the destruction of strawberries in 1880 one farmer in the State of New York lost \$100,000 in damages of the armyworm. In 1881 three years earlier, the San Jose scale, which had been introduced from the South, cost the ox-bot, or ox-warbler, in Kentucky, to an amount estimated at \$100,000 from damage done. The Erie grape belt in 1882 suffered a loss amounting to \$50,000. In 1885 the Hessian fly in the State of New York cost \$100,000. In 1886 the cranberry worm in Massachusetts suffered a loss of \$100,000. In 1887 and 1888 the damage to the orchard was estimated at \$500,000. In 1889 the melon plant louse in Illinois caused a loss amounting to \$500,000. In 1890 the grasshopper in the State of New York cost \$100,000. Similar damage was done in the same insect in the State of New Jersey in 1891. In 1893 the loss to the cotton crop in the State of New Mexico was \$100,000. In 1894 the small portion of the cotton crop in the State of New Mexico suffered by the cotton boll weevil was \$100,000. In 1895 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1896 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1897 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1898 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1899 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1900 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1901 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1902 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. In 1903 the caterpillar of the San Jose scale in the State of New Mexico cost \$100,000. 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[August 18, 1901.]

register—is operated. The operator does with the eye what the facts desired; the operator, and the adding machine. This is repeated for every operation. All the operator has to do is to move the handle up and down, selected, even this part of the work (part) will be performed by electricity or steam. Then it will be the apparatus—that is, to say, the combination of facts desired and done.



T CLOSING PRESS.

to be fed through like, and so accomplished the saving is increased in the volume accomplished will be enormous.

The inventor of the machine in his effort to perfect his apparatus of the kind mentioned all last summer, including thought he had accomplished perfectly. He was still there was no failure the winter came, and with it he had not counted. "Basic of his labors. In the cold, dry air electricity lying about him. Everyone has noticed him walking on a Brussels carpet, and when it collects on, like paper, it causes a similar non-conducting surface to stick together. The static electric apparatus, and Inventor H. H. H. knew not.

the seasons in past years he has received from the government literally by the millions, and answers to scores of questions, here, but to get it out—to count and then to combine all the ways and to count all the ways a task of herculean proportions done by machinery. The hundreds, the hundreds of "pounds" we have learned a new language which has been gathered by arbitrary symbols; and by figures or letters. The parts are figures and symbols in their work will instantaneously turn the schedule into the figure language in the card. This means that the farm represented in the card; that the quantity of stored in denominations of money added indicate the needs.

represented by a card. These cards representing people; each one wants to know about itself. Then every farm in the country by a card, which contains a picture story of the farm—its owned or rented, the value of land, the buildings, the value of the products, the amount of fertilizer used and so on for working the farm. Five million of these cards are about twenty other cards in crops, and containing a picture as to its quantity, value, etc., altogether, there are over 100,000,000 cards, answering several billion questions.

cards are put through the machine to view; and when the published volumes will give the numerical and industrial

SECURE A PRIZE.

[American:] An impressive series of lectures for western learning is given by Prof. Max Muller's library in the University of Tokio. By this single lecture, he obtains a collection of books after years of study and careful research. It is strange, moreover, that he has the chance to take up the most famous men, persons, and appreciation of a great man.

the bonnets worn by the women of faith were quite as plain and simple as the hats on the horses in Kansas. The millinery of the west is no telling what the bonnets come to.—[Kansas City Star.]

COST OF THE BUG.

A TRIBUTE OF \$300,000,000 A YEAR PAID TO INSECT APPETITE.

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. L. O. HOWARD,
Chief Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture.

WHILE it is true that the honey bee and the silk worm of commerce are the basis of great industry, and while it is true that many insects, through their functions as scavengers, as cross-fertilizers of plants, and as parasites of destructive species, do an enormous amount of good in the economy of life, judged from the standpoint of human beings, the actual loss brought about by the work of other insects, mainly to the farmer, the fruit grower and the stock raiser, goes far toward offsetting the benefits derived from insects, if it does not, in fact, completely overbalance them. Many estimates have been made of the losses produced by insects in their destruction of certain crops. These losses, when expressed in dollars and cents, are often misleading, because, for example, in a year when the chinch bug wipes out a corn crop or a wheat crop in restricted portions of the country, the value of wheat or corn is sure to go up, which restores the money value of the crop as a whole. Nevertheless, the increased price bears upon the entire country and thus a distinct and enormous economic loss through the work of insects. According to the calculations of conservative investigators the amount of destruction caused by the jaws of the various species of insects, most of which are so small that the average man would hardly note their existence, is more than

losses of \$2,375,000, or one-half the value of the average apple crop, through the work of the codling moth. Nebraska in 1892 suffered a loss of \$2,000,000 in the same way. New York is said to suffer an annual loss of \$3,000,000 from the same insect, of which \$2,500,000 is in apples and \$500,000 in pears. As far back as 1854 the wheat crop of the State of New York was damaged to the extent of \$15,000,000 by the wheat midge. Ohio in the same year lost \$15,000,000 from the same cause, and Canada in 1857 from the same insect lost \$3,000,000. In 1899 the green pea louse in Maryland ate \$2,000,000 worth of green peas being raised for canning factories, and in 1900 increased its appetite to \$4,000,000 worth. In 1850 the chinch bug damaged the grain crops of Illinois to the amount of \$4,000,000. In 1874 the same insect impoverished the wheat growers of Missouri to the extent of \$10,000,000, but in the meantime Illinois had sustained a much larger loss in the year 1894, when the chinch bug was estimated by Walsh to have destroyed \$73,000,000 worth of corn and wheat. In Ohio, where this insect has flourished for years, Prof. Webster estimates that from 1850 to 1898 the farmers have lost through the work of this insect \$30,000,000 or, an average annual loss of this single species of about \$7,000,000. In the year 1900 the State of Ohio is estimated to have lost \$16,000,000 through damage to its wheat crop by the Hessian fly.

The chinch bug, as just shown, which is so small as to be hardly discernible to the naked eye, is one of our most destructive insects. The loss from its ravages in 1871 equaled \$30,000,000; in 1874 upwards of \$100,000,000; in 1887, \$60,000,000. The Rocky Mountain locust, or western grasshopper, an insect which has done but slight damage of recent years, produced a loss of actual crops in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa in 1874 amounting to \$100,000,000, but the indirect loss by stop-

the army worm and the chinch bug have always fed on our wild grasses; but the Hessian fly, the fly weevil, (or moth as it sometimes called,) the codling moth, the wheat midge, the hop plant louse, and the gypsy moth are all importations from Europe, most of them old-time introductions established in our territory early in the century or before; while the San José scale came to us from Asiatic regions and the cotton worm from the West Indies. The origin of the pea louse is still problematical.

It is safe, therefore, to say that the greater part of the damage to our crops from insects is done by imported species, and that nearly all these came to us from Europe. We have our restriction laws, which apply to unwelcome human immigrants, but we have never had governmental regulations providing for the inspection at our borders of living plants or fruits or other substances which may harbor insect pests. Curiously enough, most European countries, following the lead to Germany, are now quarantined against the United States in this respect, and curiously enough, also, they have little to fear from us, even without the quarantine, as there is but one American insect, the grape vine Phylloxera, which seems to thrive in Europe.

There can be little doubt that accurate as the estimates given unquestionably are as an estimated summary of individual losses, their effect upon the prosperity of the country as a whole is hardly comparable to the withdrawal of a sum of money of this amount from circulation; but the fact remains than an enormous amount of money is lost every year from the work of insects, and that the successful labors of the government and State entomologists in devising remedies against injurious insects are worth to the country at large far more than the public funds, which are spent in their support. This government supports work of this class more liberally than any other government in the world, yet even with us the whole government and State appropriations together do not reach \$100,000 annually. As opposed to this, it is safe to say that the amount saved from the investigations of these officials and from the following of their recommendations runs far into the millions.

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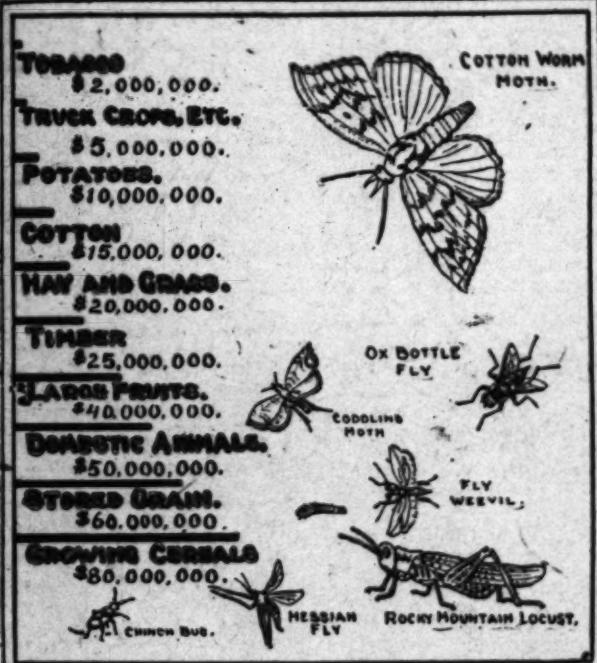
AN AUTOMOBILE SAVINGS BANK.

IT GOES OUT INTO THE COUNTRY TO RECEIVE THE FRENCH PEASANTS' DEPOSITS.

[Paris Correspondence London Telegraph:] One of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities, which administer the public moneys of the town of Mezieres, in the Ardennes. The new scheme consists in an "automobile savings bank." The term requires some explanation. The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor-car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity, and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others for the driver. The three places behind are arranged around a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats, and devised in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage, inwardly, or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves, and a small metallic strong box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mezieres intend to put their invention is as follows: The car will travel round the country, making stoppages of an hour or so on prearranged days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive moneys. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the country-folk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants half-way. The peasants put by their earnings thrifly enough, but frequently fail to invest them in the savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the countryfolk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the office. The description of the vehicle which the authorities have had built according to their own designs, requires no further explanation, except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outwards over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in musty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unalloyed delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks, but will occasionally bring—more often, perhaps, than would be desirable—that unwelcome visitor, the tax collector.

REGULATING A CLOCK.

[London Daily News:] It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or a twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich Observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is going either too fast or too slow, a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only retards or accelerates the motion by an infinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up, and in a few thousand swings the tenth or the twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making the clocks "keep step" at the proper instant of time.



\$300,000,000 a year. In other terms, if, for three years, destructive insects would institute a fast, the amount lost in grain, fruit, cereals, timber, sundry crops and domestic animals would pay the national debt.

Five years ago one farmer in the South lost \$8000 in a single season through the damage done to his extensive strawberry crop by the tarnished plant bug. One farmer in Illinois lost \$10,000 through the ravages of the army worm. In Maryland in the past two or three years an orchard grower has lost a peach orchard valued at \$25,000 through the destructiveness of the San José scale. The destructive insect known as the ox-bot, or ox-warble, damages cattle around Lexington, Ky., to an amount estimated at \$12,500 annually. In 1896 the cedar-willow industry in a restricted portion of the State of New York suffered a loss estimated at \$6,000 from damage done by the cottonwood leaf beetle. The Erie grape belt in Pennsylvania in 1895 suffered a loss amounting to \$50,000 from the ravages of the rose beetle. In 1885 the Hessian fly caused to two counties in the State of New York a loss amounting to \$100,000. In 1896 the cranberry crop in three towns on Cape Cod suffered a loss of \$100,000 from the work of the army worm. In 1885 and 1886 cut worms caused an amount of damage to the onion crop in Orange county, N. Y., estimated at \$50,000 each year. In 1874 the buffalo and killed stock in one county in Tennessee valued at \$100,000.

The loss to truck farmers in Maryland from the work of the melon plant louse is estimated at \$100,000 annually. In 1896 Massachusetts suffered a loss to the stored grain crop from the army worm amounting to \$100,000. Similar damage was done in Pennsylvania by the same insect in the same year to the amount of \$300,000. In 1891 the loss to the pine forests in West Virginia in a small portion of Southwestern Pennsylvania bark beetles amounted to \$1,000,000. In 1893 the loss suffered by the State of Alabama in stored grain from the ravages of the insignificant little fly weevil was estimated at \$1,671,322. The annual loss in from this same insect amounts to over \$1,000,000. In the hop industry in the States of Washington and Oregon is said to have suffered a loss of \$365,000 from the work of the hop plant louse. Now that the State of Massachusetts has discontinued its extermination work against the gypsy moth, the committee which has the work in charge estimates an annual loss to that State of \$1,000,000, after a few years increase. The State of Illinois until quite recently suffered an annual

page of business and in other ways probably increased the loss to \$200,000,000. For many years the average annual loss to the cotton crop in our southern States from the destruction caused by the cotton caterpillar averaged \$15,000,000, while in years of great abundance, like 1868 and 1873, the loss reached \$30,000,000. The fly weevil, our most destructive enemy to stored grains, particularly throughout the South, causes an annual loss to the whole country of \$40,000,000. The codling moth, that destructive enemy to the apple and pear crops, probably causes an annual loss to the United States amounting to between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000. The annual loss to the whole country from the damage occasioned by the ox-bot amounts to not far from \$35,000,000. This is based upon a careful estimate made by the Farmers' Review some years ago upon the annual loss from animals in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago alone, which amounted to \$6,673,130.

B. D. Walsh, one of the most careful conservative and well-informed men of his time, in 1867 estimated that the total annual loss in the United States from the work of insects at from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000. Riley, the famous entomologist, in 1890 estimated it to be \$30,000,000. Dr. James Fletcher in 1891 estimated it at one-tenth of our total agricultural products, or say \$30,000,000. E. Dwight Sanderson in 1890, after carefully reviewing the whole question, approximately accepted Dr. Fletcher's estimate and tabulated the damage by crops as follows:

Insects injurious to stored crops \$0,000,000

Growing cereals \$2,000,000

Hay and grass 20,000,000

Cotton 15,000,000

Tobacco 2,000,000

Potatoes 10,000,000

Truck crops and small fruits 5,000,000

Large fruits 40,000,000

Domestic animals 50,000,000

Timber 25,000,000

Total \$300,000,000

Of the thirteen species of insects mentioned as responsible for far the greater part of the damage done

annually, on which has been done in past years in the United States, it is interesting and important to note that eight and possibly nine are introduced species. Only four are certainly native. Our bot fly (*hypoderma lineata*) and our buffalo gnat prob-

ably fed for canaries on the American bison. Just as

the army worm and the chinch bug have always fed on

our wild grasses; but the Hessian fly, the fly weevil, (or

moth as it sometimes called,) the codling moth, the

wheat midge, the hop plant louse, and the gypsy moth

are all importations from Europe, most of them old-

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August 18, 1901



Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

A Fight Against Odds.

PROBABLY nowhere in authentic history outside of the official records of the Sixth United States Cavalry can there be found an account of a battle fought and won by an army with odds against it of 25 to 1. It wasn't much of an army, to be sure, the little contingent of American cavalry, but it fought hard for fifteen hours and thrashed beautifully twenty-five times its number. Maj. W. H. Carter of the Sixth touches on the incident briefly in his history of the regiment, but he gives in full the letter of Gen. Miles, which is perhaps the most striking testimonial to the heroism of a handful of enlisted men that was ever penned by a general commanding a country's armies.

In August, 1874, the Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches were dyeing the Kansas border red. An expedition against them was fitted out at Ft. Dodge, with Gen. Nelson A. Miles in command. The Indians fled south to the Red River in Texas, pursued hotly by a detachment of the Sixth Cavalry under Capt. Compton and Biddle. The braves of the allied tribes made a stand on the face of the bluffs of the Tule River. All told there were 600 warriors. The meager forces of the Sixth charged, routed the reds and drove them "over the bluffs and through the deep, precipitous cañons, past their burning villages and out into the Staked Plain."

It became necessary to send couriers to Camp Supply, I. T. The whole country was swarming with hostiles, and the trip was one that seemed almost certain death. Volunteers were asked for, and Sergt. Zacharia T. Woodall, Troop I, of the Sixth, stepped forward and said he'd go. The whole outfit was ready for the service, as a matter of fact. The commanding officer picked out four men to go with Woodall, and the little contingent started out across the Indian-infested wilderness.

The five cavalrymen rode northward under the starlight. At dawn they bivouacked, but before the morning cup of coffee was made they saw circling on the horizon a swarm of Cheyennes. The eye of the sergeant told him that to get through the circumference of that circle was beyond the power of any five men, even though they were old campaigners of the Sixth Cavalry. With his four followers he made for a little depression which offered some natural advantages for purposes of defense. There the five dropped, and with carbines advanced waited the narrowing of the red cordon's limits. The Cheyennes charged, and charging sent a volley into that little prairie stronghold. There was a hot answer and five Cheyenne ponies carried dead or wounded riders out of range, for the braves were tied to their mounts. Behind the little natural rampart Sergt. Woodall was sorely wounded, and one man was dying. Let Gen. Miles' letter tell the rest of the tale.

"From early morning until dark, outnumbered 25 to 1, under an almost constant fire and at such short range that they sometimes used their pistols, retaining the last charge to prevent capture and torture, this little party of five defended their lives and the person of their dying comrade, without food and the only drink the rain water that they collected in a pool, mingled with their own blood. There is no doubt that they killed more than double their number, besides those that they wounded. The simple recital of the deeds of the five soldiers and the mention of the odds against which they fought, how the wounded defended the dying and the dying aided the wounded by exposure to fresh wounds after the power of action was gone—these alone present a scene of cool courage, heroism and self-sacrifice which duty as well as inclination prompt us to recognize, but which we cannot fully honor."

When dusk gathered on the prairie the Cheyennes literally fled, thrashed by the sturdy valor of five American soldiers.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

How the Scotchman Got the Brogue.

A STORY in the New York Herald of transplanted accent in South Africa recalls the fact that Dr. Conan Doyle, that fertile romancer, has been doing medical duty on the Boer battlefields. It appears that a fine big Irishman was killed in a fight near Pretoria. Shortly after the doctor was in the thick of the fight, in which were engaged also a body of Highlanders. One of the men he knew. Soon he found his old friend, Angus MacTavish, on a stretcher, with his upper lip clean blown off by one of the guns of the enemy. He was a horrible sight, and the doctor was deeply concerned what to do for him. Suddenly a thought struck him, which he immediately carried into effect. He found the body of Patrick O'Hara, which was still warm, and giving MacTavish an anesthetic, he sliced the top lip off Patrick and stitched it under the nose of MacTavish. A month or so afterward the doctor was in Pretoria, not having seen MacTavish since the operation. One day he came across him and was delighted to see him looking so well. Evidently he was quite convalescent. The physician stopped him and said, "Well, Angus, how goes it, my man?" To the doctor's astonishment he replied, in the richest brogue, "Begorra, Doctor, I'm as right as I can be, and faylin' illegal."—[Army and Navy Journal.]

A Narrow Escape.

THE story stops suddenly, two pairs of hands grip the right-hand brake and the trolley jars to a standstill. We are off in a second, and the corporal is gingerly scraping away the earth piled round a thing that looks like a bottle with the neck protruding. It is placed by the side of the rail, the bottle raised to the rail's level, and had the truck gone another dozen feet it would have smashed the neck.

"This," said the corporal, speaking with great nice-

ness, and picking his words as though some discordant phrase would be sufficient to agitate the contents, "is a new fake. I'm goin' to take this along with me. Here, What's-your-name, take this bottle out about three hundred yards and stick it on a rock where we can see it."

What's-his-name tucked the bottle under his arm with as much unconcern as if it were a bottle of beer, and strolled to the required distance. I fancy it was half that distance, for the bottle was quite distinct in the broadening light. When What's-his-name had got back the four men took up their rifles from the trolley floor and, taking steady aim, opened fire. The third shot took effect. The little black object, just visible, became instantly a broad white fan of angry flaming light. Only for a second, and then smoke was where flame had been and the earth shook with the roar of the explosion.

"One," said the corporal, laconically, and the journey was resumed.—[South African Correspondence London Mail.]

In an Emergency.

NOW we are at the top of the "bank," and there is a clear run down to the next siding. Day is here now, and as we rattle down the steep grade we disturb the thousand tiny creatures of the sun that are waking to activity.

"Steady with that! Put the brake on, you silly fool!" This from the corporal, for we are moving at a great rate, and the watchers, stretched at full length, put their hands up to turn the wind from their eyes.

The brake fails on the wheel, but we have gained too great a momentum, and the pace is not perceptibly slackened. The corporal looks eagerly forward; the growing light has increased his range of vision, but the speed of the trolley has lessened its usefulness. Suddenly:

"Brake! Brake! For God's sake!"

He has seen something on the line—a something snuggling close to the rail—an ominous, shapeless something that has no right to be there. In a moment you see there is not time to jump for it; you can hardly rise to your feet in the time. Then a swift hand snatches up a rifle, the rifle is poised for a moment before the whirling wheels of the trolley, then dropped crosswise to the metal.

There is a jump, a bone-racking thud, thud, thud, as the wheels kick up against the sleepers; the next minute there is an overturned trolley, with wheels still running and five human beings sprawling unhurt upon the veild, but the five little sticks of dynamite with the upturned percussion cap are untouched.

Only a broken rifle a few feet from them shows where the trolley left the line.—[South African Correspondence London Mail.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Shoeing the Zebra.

BILLY STIFT, a local prize fighter, entered a new sort of arena yesterday, and came out with first money. He didn't wear the padded gloves and the tights that he does in his ordinary ring set-to, but wore a pair of spiked shoes, old trousers and sweater. He won a hard-earned victory after a thousand-round "go."

Billy's antagonist was the zebra at the Lincoln Park "zoo." It wasn't a knock-out contest, for the fighter's task was only to subjugate the animal so that it would allow the fitting of iron shoes to its dainty feet.

It was a hard struggle, and one that would have baffled the endurance of a man of ordinary physique, but Stift is in training, and he got a grip on the zebra's neck, evaded the flying hoofs, and wore the animal out by sheer superiority of will and strength.

Charles Stift, the pugilist's brother, then fitted the shoes, and the feat performed by the two is declared to be unique in the history of the farrier's art. The claim is made that the Lincoln Park zebra is the first of its kind to ever wear shoes. The blacksmith is particularly jubilant over the feat, because Superintendent Paul Redleske and Animal Trainer McCurren both said it was impossible to perform it.

Charles Stift makes a specialty of shoeing vicious animals. The zebra at the park is partially broken to harness, for it is the intention of the park people to hitch him to a pony cart this summer and have him draw children about the park highways. Thus he will be able to "earn his keep," as did the camel during the last season. The gaudy little animal was so sensitive and had so often exhibited a superfine celerity in his manner of handling his heels that Redleske and McCurren shook their heads when the matter of protecting his hoofs came up.

Stift, however, thought he could turn the trick, and obtained a commission to go ahead. Then he called upon his brother and Henry Bowman, his assistants, and, locking up the shop, repaired to the zebra's quarters.

Mr. McCurren introduced the callers to the zebra, and then took a safe seat on the fence. The zebra seemed suspicious and backed away with a snort. He was caught in a corner and the "Yankee bridle," often used to subdue lively horses, was applied.

Then the pugilist began his task, and found at once that the work was as strenuous as any he had ever tackled in the roped arena. He put his arms around Mr. Zebra's neck and shoulders. The animal reared, and Stift brought him back to the earth. The zebra tried to bite, and Stift put another hitch in the rope

that encircled the animal's neck. The zebra hooked at Stift's eye, and went to the ground under the subtle influence of a clever counter and hold.

At the end of a half-hour, honors were even. The zebra was wily and strong. Then the victor training asserted itself, and the animal lay down. He wasn't conquered yet, though, and in another hour and a half to subdue him.

At last the zebra stood still, exhausted by the struggle, and made up his mind to be good. The blacksmith and his assistant slipped up and made the dainty half-circles, previously imprinted on the animal's hoof.—[Chicago Sun-Times.]

Saved by Another Bear.

BUT for the energetic and almost human-like actions of the bears in the cage at City Park yesterday noon, there would have been a death by drowning colony. One of the bears in the cage held the other under the water until the first bear was asphyxiated and would probably have held him there till he died had not a third bear in the cage alarmed at the struggles of the drowning bear rushed to the rescue, getting him out of water barely in time to save his life. As it was, the soaked bruin was nearly smothered and showed signs of life. After he had recovered, the bear nearly caused the casualty became conscious over the possible serious results of his prank.

The rest of the afternoon showed by his determined and solicitous demeanor that he was penitent. "Under the circumstances," said the keeper, "he is a good bear." There are seven animals in the bear pit of the zoo, three being on one side and four on the other. In the heated weather a hose is sprayed constantly over the pit. On one side of the pit is a trough which holds water and in which the bears roll and lounge all day. Yesterday afternoon two of the three bears in the compartment, after playing around in the cage, rolled into the water, where they struggled and hauling each other about evidently.

After a scuffle one got the other's head in his mouth, throwing the weight of his body on him, body, head and all, under the water, holding firmly. The victim struggled hard, but the weight of him absolutely under control and he was unable to raise his head out of the water to breathe.

Bear watched the antics of the top bear for a long time. Yesterday afternoon two of the three bears in the compartment, after playing around in the cage, rolled into the water, where they struggled and hauling each other about evidently.

Finally, in despair, the lower bear crawled out of the pit and lay down on the floor of the cage.

"I wouldn't have been in the world. You not."

He took down my coat and lay it over the railings, then lay down on the floor of the cage.

"Under the circumstances," said the keeper, "he is a good bear."

MANY have heard of the brothers. One of them started out. She was followed by her brother and then by her mother. The one aboard said: "Yump, Olie, you."

This local instance of Michael McNolan, a boy, was given a place of \$1000, and a return ticket to New York.

He took down my coat and lay it over the railings, then lay down on the floor of the cage.

"Under the circumstances," said the keeper, "he is a good bear."

The family were watching for the monkeys to come out. The machinery began to move and the monkeys climbed to the front of their cages.

"Klik kck! kick-kck!" they replied in their language.

Then Jake talked some monkey that was leaking steam and the monkeys replied in their language.

"Ach-ach-ach-ach!" replied the twenty-seven monkeys as they climbed to the front of their cages.

"Klik kck! kick-kck!" they replied in their language.

"Indeed not," is what it means. When I told me where I was going to spend my vacation, the funny monkey shrieked:

"Ach-ach-ach-ach!"

"That means Greenwood cemetery. You know the divil. 'Dood you can't.'

Jake always spends his vacations among the graves, he says, are the most realistic in this earth.—[New York Sun.]

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A Tramp's Honesty.

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GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Tramp's Honesty.

and almost human action of me at City Park yesterday there has been a death by drowning in the cage held the bear until the first was dead, I probably have held the third bear in the cage because of the drowning animal in getting him out of the cage. As it was, the bear was nearly smothered and was not considerably before he had recovered, the bear finally became conscious of the results of his prank and showed by his deferential demeanor that he was thoughtful.

in the bear pit at the one and four on the other. The one sprayed constantly into the pit is a trough which the bears roll and toss themselves two of the three bears are lying around in the cage for water, where they continued all day about evidently in the other's head in his power of his body on him, puffed under the water, holding it struggled hard, but the top bear in control and he was unable to the water to breathe. The top bear for some time remained motionless until it appeared that there was some about the water trough and pushing in the recumbent and almost lifeless out of the trough onto the ground.

appeared as though the lone standing bear was commanding the nearly drowned animal should within half an hour all were to be bears did not play in the water.

Monkeys.

man in New York (he spoke grammatically, went into Central Park yesterday and saw him. He told them in plain words his Jake, shaking his head "H-e-e-k-i-k-e-k-e-k!"

spiled the twenty-seven monkeys front of their cages and said,

the monkeys hopped and clinging to the bars, and

"they replied in chorus. The monkey that sounded the monkeys replied in the same car going around a door picked some exclamation points monkeys spat out a hand of

"Sorry I'm going away," and the bark cope. "One told me that if I did not return in a week away more than ten days. After me, refused to say good-bye to me in three months to get out for being fresh. Told me a month ago, and he was in the face since. Jennie, fall one night and the baby did more than Jennie did, just of the serious side of life. I'd have a good time and little Jim, over there in the world. I take him with me.

he would like to spend his time didn't care for the seashore in the African woods. He'd like to see Brazil again. Go to Asbury Park, while Mrs. Darsay, the widow, who has told me that she rather goes to Newburg. I told her some things stuck on her and she replied

it means. When Hattie said to spend my vacation Jim, he said:

good cemetery. You can't be so far from home.

vacations among the houses are the most restful places in the Sun.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

A Tramp's Honesty.

"I slept under a knot with the thermometer way down below zero," said the tramp, "and I've gone two long days with nothing to eat, but I'm telling you straight that when I once had \$1000 in my pocket I was worse off than at any other time I can remember. I had just been let out of the Bridewell, in Chicago, and was begging on the streets and was being turned down on every hand, when I picked up a \$1000 bill on the sidewalk. I thought it was a dollar, and you bet I made a hustle to get down a side street. When I entered into a doorway and made out that I was \$1000 short of the game, the sweat started from every pore and my knees knocked together. I was regularly seasick for ten minutes and my heart thumped away until I thought it would break out.

"Now \$1000 meant a heap for me, you understand, and I was so excited that it was two hours before I could do any planning. The first thing was to buy a new suit of clothes, and I entered a store and picked one out. When I exhibited that \$1000 bill the clothier came to the door to call a policeman. I got away by a quick response, and then I realized the situation. Tramp that I was, I couldn't get it changed at a bank nor use it to make me comfortable. If it had been a \$10 bill I might have had lodgings and a bed, but I'm telling you that I walked the streets as hungry as a shark and slept at police stations and in lumber yards.

"Under the circumstances the bill might as well have been a piece of brown paper. I tried all sorts of dodges to get it busted, but it was no go. Every time I showed it I ran the risk of arrest. I offered a butcher \$100 to get it changed, but he refused to have anything to do with it. I'd have sold it for half price and been glad to, but there was no such thing as making a deal. Finally, in despair, I went to one of the newspaper offices and looked up the advertisements for the week past. The lower had advertised and I went to his office in a big building and gave up the bill. The reward was \$50, but he counted out \$10 on top of that and said:

"I wouldn't have believed there was such honesty in the world. You could have kept the bill as well as me."

He took down my name and all that and gave the affair away to the reporters. They wrote me up as the 'honest tramp' and had my picture in the papers, but you may guess I didn't enjoy it overmuch. I had \$60 in place of \$1000, and as for my honesty, it was all bosh. I returned the bill because I had to, and, though I'm hungry and dead broke and don't know where to turn in for the night, I'm not looking for any more big finds. Something with a figure '2' in the corner will just about fit my vest pocket."—(Boston Herald.)

Lured His Fare.

MANY have heard the story of the two Norwegian brothers. One of them was on the boat when she started out. She was thirty feet from the dock when the other brother came rushing down, just a few seconds too late. The one aboard leaned over the railing and shouted: "Yump, Olie, yump, you can make it in two yumps."

This local instance is alike, with a difference. One Michael McNolan, a sewer contractor in the pick department, was giving his folks an outing during the funeral celebration, and chose the Tashmo as the means of transportation. On the way to the boat Michael dropped in every little while to light his pipe. That was his explanation, at least, and the more he fired his audience the less disposition it showed to burn, except between beer signs.

The family were all comfortable on the upper deck and watching for the liege lord and paymaster when the machinery began to work and the boat to move. It was five feet away when the belated passenger appeared, his face red and his pipe working like a smoke stack. He stood on the edge of the dock, steady himself and swinging his arms to give impetus to a jump, when the good wife issued an order:

"Git back, Moika, git back, and make a good run for the jump. You can never make it standin'."

Mike obeyed. By the time he made his run the boat was twenty feet off, but he made a gallant effort, went out of sight in his best store clothes for a bathing suit and came up spitting out water and other things for which a later explanation would be required. He soon life preservers showered upon him, dove down and brought up his pipe, swam to the side of the boat and when safely aboard demanded a reduction in fare.—(Detroit Free Press.)

Good Eyes for Her.

HE WAS the conductor of those big trucks that transfer immigrants who are simply passing through New York from South Ferry to the dock or train that are scheduled to board. And he was very officious, using his authority as well as his superiority over the young men and women consigned to his care. They, with the half-startled and altogether conciliatory smile which characterizes the newly-landed were taking his eyes and perhaps congratulating themselves that they perfectly clear.

"How, there!" he shouted to a very pretty Swedish girl. "Get down, you!"

At the same time he caught her by the shoulders and brutally pushed, almost knocked her over on a basket filled with immigrant effects. Her offense had been to take an interest in one of the tall buildings on lower Broadway.

She didn't protest—but someone did. It may have been a fellow-countryman or it may have been a brother who had come on to New York to greet the

newcomer. At all events, he was not a "greenhorn." He had an easy air, the substantial clothes and the self-reliance that come from several years' residence in the country. Besides he had the shoulders of an athlete and a fist like a sledge hammer. Stepping from the walk into the street, he caught the offender exactly as the fellow had handled the girl, and, thundering, in excellent English, "Sit down, you!" he brought him sprawling to the sidewalk.

"How do you like it?" he asked innocently.

The immigrants looked on and smiled.—[New York Times.]

Meissonier's Clever Gardener.

A GOOD story is being told about a gardener who was in former years in the service of Meissonier. This gardener was not only wonderfully skillful in the art of cultivating flowers and vegetables, but he was also a true scientist and, as he was endowed with a phenomenal memory, he was able to give offhand the botanical name of any plant that was shown to him. Some of his employer's friends frequently tried to baffle him by handing him seeds or cuttings of exotic or other out-of-the-way plants, but they never succeeded.

Now, Meissonier was proud of him, but he vowed that he would, once at least, bewilder him, and one day, while Emile Augier was dining with him he summoned the gardener, and taking from his pocket a small paper package, in which he had previously placed some eggs of dried herring, he said to him: "Here are some curious seeds. Can you tell me what they are?"

"Of course, I can, sir," replied the gardener, and, after examining them for a moment or two, he gave them a most impressive Latin name.

"If you sow them now," asked the painter, "how long will it take for them to appear above ground?"

"A fortnight," was the reply.

"Well," said Meissonier, "I wish you would sow them at once, for I am curious to see what kind of plant it is."

A fortnight later Emile Augier, desiring to see the end of this joke, came to breakfast at the painter's villa, and as he and his host were at the table the gardener presented himself and said: "If you gentlemen will oblige me by stepping into the garden I will show you the plants that those curious seeds have produced."

The two friends followed him to the conservatory, where he pointed out to them twelve odd looking objects in a box filled with freshly-watered brown earth. They stopped to examine them more closely, and the next moment they burst into shouts of laughter, for the strange objects were the heads of twelve red herrings.—[S. B. Carrington in *Anecdotes*.]

Unconsciously Apropos.

A NEIGHBORING Episcopalian church was divided into two factions, one favoring the high church and the other the low church views. The high church faction wanted to introduce vases and other symbols, and with a view to having these adopted purchased a set of vases which was placed in the altar.

In some way this set mysteriously disappeared. Of course, those who had purchased it were strong in the belief that the other faction had stolen it. The other faction was as much mystified over the affair as the owners. At this juncture a well-known clergyman of New York was invited to occupy the pulpit, and consented to officiate on a certain Sunday.

Imagine the surprise of the congregation when he announced as his text, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." He was entertained by the high church party, and on the way home one of the members told him of the incident and of the surprise over the text he had used, and all joined in a hearty laugh over the occurrence.—[Boston Record.]

Would Be a "Salamander."

FRESH from a bath and the barber's chair, Justice George L. Walls sat in his courtroom yesterday with the satisfaction of feeling and knowing that he was innocent of perspiration. His clean-shaven face was smooth and cool notwithstanding the 105-degree thermometer.

Three white men and a negro entered the courtroom sweating with heat, their faces streaming with perspiration.

"How do you manage it?" said one to Justice Walls.

"Oh, I'm a salamander," said the justice.

This was evidently a new word to the negro, whose lips kept moving in a silent attempt to pronounce the strange word. Noticing the curious look with which the negro was regarding him, the justice explained that a salamander was a reptile that could go through fire and devour flames without feeling the heat.

"Foh de Lawd, boss," said the negro, "I want to be one o' them things when the resurrection day comin'!"

Justice Walls's laugh was a long and loud one.—[Kansas City Journal.]

The Cross-eyed Lady.

THE death of Prince Von Hohenlohe recalls a story told at the expense of a New York matron lately "arrived" in society. When making the grand tour several years ago she found herself at a Swiss resort. There she met a German lady, cross-eyed and badly dressed, who made advances which were received coldly by the American. "You never can tell about people whom you meet traveling," she remarked. Later in the season the New Yorker was doing a German picture gallery, when the cross-eyed lady entered, accompanied by another lady in deep mourning. She noticed the officials paid marked attention to the new arrivals. "Who are they?" she inquired of an attendant. "The Empress Frederick and suite," was the reply. "And the cross-eyed lady?" "The Princess Von Hohenlohe, wife of the Imperial Chancellor," answered the guide.—[Evening Wisconsin.]

Knew His Destination.

GOD-HUMOREDLY hilarious, he boarded a Market-street car and hung limply to a strap, looking at everybody and smiling foolishly. When the car had gone about ten blocks, he suddenly cried:

"Conductor; oh, I shay, conductor, where am I at?"

"We are at Fourteenth street," said the rope-jerker.

"Where do you want to get off?"

"At the next saloon," said the genial gentleman, and even the ladies laughed.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

tubes run from the bridge down into the engine-room. As it happened the engineer is also a practical joker—a man after the captain's own heart. The captain took up the tube and set things to working properly.

"Hello, South Haven," he said. "There is a lady here who left her baggage on the wharf when we pulled out. She wants to tell you about it and to describe it to you."

The engineer entered at once into the spirit of the jest, and when the woman took the tube he was ready for her. In great detail she described her baggage, telling just how it had been left, the color of the trunks, and all. The engineer, speaking in the name of the South Haven agent, assured her that it would be promptly forwarded on the next boat, and she was entirely satisfied.

When the steamer reached the wharf in Chicago the captain assured her that if she would return when the next boat got in she would find her baggage safe and sound. Then he hurried to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to South Haven describing the missing trunks and ordering them sent on the next boat. The telegram was obeyed, the trunks were received and the happy woman has not yet done telling her friends about the wonders of up-to-date science.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Oklahoma's Salad Days.

A FEW years ago, when the new lands in Indian Territory were opened, the small towns which sprang up were filled with a very mixed population, the theaters and traveling theatrical companies were on a par with the towns they visited. One night the writer was in Oklahoma City and stepped into the theater where "Trilby" was being played. The house was packed from top to bottom with tough characters, and the character of the actors and their acting was, if anything, tougher, so that even the audience became restless.

The play finally reached the point where Little Billes is supposed to clasp Trilby passionately in his arms, instead of which, he held her arms' length, with as much ardor as he would have shown to a bale of hay, and exclaimed: "Oh, Trilby, nothing can come between us"—whereat a six-foot cow puncher in the gallery leaned over the railing and shouted in tones of supreme disgust, "Aw, git out! yer could trow a cow between yer!" —[S. B. Carrington in *Anecdotes*.]

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speedy termination. A number of addresses were made, and much interest manifested in the proceedings. The practical result of the meeting

LEVI'S FUNERAL.

IT TURNED OUT A GREATER EVENT EVEN THAN WAS EXPECTED.

By a Special Contributor.

I HAD just finished washing my breakfast dishes and was hanging my dish towels on the line out on the back porch, when Renben came in, with a scared look on his face, and said that Levi Proctor had dropped down dead in his potato patch.

Levi was one of our nearest neighbors. Lyddy, his wife, and I, had always been the best of friends, and we had all been schoolmates together; so this sudden death was a great shock to us, and threw us into a state of nervous excitement, such as we had seldom experienced in our lives before.

I just dropped everything, and put on my sunbonnet and went right over to see Lyddy. When I reached the house, there was such a crowd there that I didn't like to go in just then, so I went over to Aunt Sophy Larabee's. She and her widowed daughter, Mandy, live just across the street from the Proctors, and I could see everything that was going on from there, and have a little visit with Aunt Sophy at the same time.

Aunt Sophy has had a stroke of paralysis and can't walk. I found her in a flutter of excitement. Mandy had gone over to stay with Lyddy, and Aunt Sophy was glad enough that I came in. We sat there by the window and watched the proceedings across the way, and had a real good visit.

The neighbors, as they came away from Lyddy's, dropped in to see Aunt Sophy and gave us all the particulars. It seemed that Levi had died of apoplexy, according to what the doctor said. They all agreed that Lyddy bore up wonderfully well, and Susan Andrews was quite put out with her for not showing more feeling. "Why," she said, "when John Lathan was killed in his saw mill, Althea was in convulsions for two hours; and these Lyddy sat, like a stick of wood, and never shed a tear—and she with these five children to bring up alone!" Susan is very emotional, herself, and is always the first one at the house when there is a death in the neighborhood, to see how they take it. She always wants plenty of tears at a funeral, or, as she expresses it, she has no use for a "dry funeral."

Well, I went in to see Lyddy in the course of the day, and I must say I never felt more sorry for anybody. Levi was so fleshy they had always been afraid of apoplexy, but he had been feeling uncommonly well of late, and his death was such a shock that Lyddy was nearly paralyzed. However, she had a good deal to console her. Levi had been very snug all his life and had left a good property for his family. Lyddy had been obliged to pinch and save in a way that was very galling to her sometimes, and I knew that, in the course of time, she would appreciate the blessings of liberty.

The funeral was looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Lyddy was proud-spirited, and we knew she would have a funeral that would be a credit to the town. As a matter of fact, it turned out to be, in more respects than one, the most interesting funeral that had ever taken place in our community.

Levi died on a Tuesday and the funeral took place the next Thursday, at 2 o'clock. It was a fine day, and I hurried up my dinner work and went over early to sit awhile with Aunt Sophy and watch the people as they came in. Aunt Sophy, poor soul, had been deprived of all out-door privileges for so long that this funeral opposite her house was a real boon to her. We sat there and watched the people coming from far and near, and Aunt Sophy took the liveliest interest in everyone who came.

"Who's that, now, with that purple dress and brown parasol?" said she.

"It's Mary Ellen Meader," said I.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said she. "Mary Ellen hasn't spoke to Levi Proctor since he gave her the mittens, twenty years ago. I s'pose she'll enjoy going to his funeral."

"I believe there's old Miss Simpson. I thought she had paralysis."

"She has had a shock of paralysis," said Mandy, from the bedroom, "but she'd get up out of her dyin' bed any day to go to a funeral."

"Now who's that with John Wheelock? Mandy! who's this coming with John Wheelock?" Mandy came post haste, putting one arm into the sleeve of her dress, and Lyddy sat still and bore it like a heroine, and I must say she heard a good account of herself. I'm sure she never dreamed of possessing so many virtues, though she thought well enough of herself always.

When the minister got through, he went immediately to view the remains. Levi Proctor weighed 300 pounds, if he weighed anything, and stood six feet two in his stockings; and his coffin was the largest one that had ever been seen in our village. Then he had a long black beard that reached nearly to his waist, and what the emotions of that minister must have been when the corpse met his eye, I would give something to know.

We all stretched our necks to look at him and felt paid for our trouble. Such a sudden change of countenance I never saw before in mortal man. His jaw dropped, his face turned a kind of sage green, and his whole body sort of collapsed and shortened about six inches. He didn't spend a very long time contemplating those remains, but paced over in a kind of weak and tremble way to Jediah, and said, in a loud whisper: "I understand now."

For the land's sake, who's that?" I asked as a fine turnout drove into the yard.

"That's Joe Turner's folks in their new carriage," said Mandy, rushing out.

"I wonder how much that cost," said Aunt Sophy. "They say Joe's gettin' rich. Mary Dobbins feathered her nest pretty well when she got Joe."

"There's the hearse!" said I, "mighty fine, with black plumes and trimmings; must be pretty expensive, having that out here from the city."

"Yes," said Aunt Sophy, "Lyddy'll have some fine bills to pay. Levi would turn over in his grave if he knew how much his funeral cost."

When Mandy came out, ready to go, her mother looked at her and said, pensively: "I suppose, of course, Lyddy'll wear mournin'."

Mandy bridled up, for she didn't believe in wearing

mourning and didn't wear it for her husband, though her mother had done her best to persuade her.

"I don't know why, of course," said she, "people don't always wear mournin'."

"Well," said Aunt Sophy, stiffly, "it's customary to wear mournin' for a husband."

Mandy sniffed, but it was time to go then, so we started over.

Lyddy's rooms were large, but they were packed when we got there, and we had to stand. I was real provoked, for I had started early enough, goodness knows, but Mandy wanted me to wait for her, and you can't hurry her any more than you can a snail.

Finally, Oliver Harding spied a chair over in the corner, and I trembled in my shoes, for I knew that chair. It was one that Lyddy had been trying to get Levi to mend for a long time. Every time anybody tried to take it up, the back came out.

"Sufferin' saints!" said Mandy, "I put that chair over there myself so nobody would try to move it. I'd 'a' gone over and planted myself in it if I'd thought anybody would try to get it out of that corner."

But it was too late. Oliver had spied it, and he never missed a chance to make a show of himself. He had charge of the funeral, and he was a real good hand, too. Everybody felt that things were sure to go off in a proper manner when Oliver was at the head, but he was very pompous and important in his ways, and at funerals he was in his element and walked with a strut and a swagger of importance. So when he tiptoed over to get that chair for me, I held my breath. He took hold of it in a kind of careless way, without looking at it and brought it over. He gave an authoritative wave of the hand at Zeke Whiting to motion him to squeeze over to make room for it, then with a polite nod to me, he tried to put it down—when, lo and behold, there was nothing in his hand but the back!

Well, you never saw such a look on anybody's face as came into his, when he saw what he had in his hand. There was astonishment first, then a kind of foolish, crestfallen look, as if he'd like to go right through the floor. I felt real sorry for him. There was such a raising of handkerchiefs as would have delighted Susan Andrews if she had happened in just then. Mandy said she would have thought it the noisiest funeral she ever attended. Josiah Gurney's boy gave a snort that might have raised the dead and bolted out doors; and Miss Elder's hired girl snickered so long that the folks standing in the entry, who hadn't seen what happened thought she was crying, and wondered why she was taking on so over Levi Proctor. I wanted to make it as comfortable for Oliver as I could, so thinking the other part of the chair would serve my purpose better than the back, just nodded to him and went over and sat in it. It wasn't a bad place, either, for I could look right into the front room where the mourners were, from there, and see anything of interest that might take place.

Our minister had been called away that week, so Lyddy had to get Parson Dorman, the minister from the lower corner. He hadn't been there very long and was a stranger to our part of the town, but they said he was very able, and were all anxious to hear him. He was a tall, sandy-complexioned man, very ministerial in his ways. After the opening exercises, he took his place in the double doorway between the parlor and sitting-room. He gave out his text, which I don't just remember now, and began well, with some general remarks, suitable to any age, sex, or conditions in life; and then all at once, he launched out into the most beautiful flow of language about mothers that ever I heard. Motherhood, mothers in general, and the mother lying in the coffin before us was the theme of his discourse; and we looked at each other in open-mouthed amazement.

Miss Hopkins, who sat next to me, whispered and said: "He's made a mistake and thinks it is Lyddy that's dead, instead of Levi. For the land's sake! What shall we do?"

I leaned over and nudged Jediah Layton, who sat on the other side of me, and told him to go and tell the minister his mistake; so Jed got up and squeaked over on his tip toes, and started to whisper to Parson Dorman. But the parson just waved him off with his hand, and went on with his panegyrics on the valuable mother who had gone before, till I thought I should have a conniption fit. It seemed to me he talked for two hours, and I guessed it seemed a good deal longer to Lyddy, sitting there listening to her own funeral sermon.

The children, poor things, didn't know what to make of it. They looked at their father's coffin, and they looked at their mother; and little Joe, thinking, I suppose, that his mother was going to be buried with his father, set up a howl that would have done credit to a Pawnee Indian, and had to be taken out of the room.

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we all seated ourselves to bear the mourners. Oliver took his place, and I could see that he was nervous. The minister's performance had quite overreached him and he began his duties with his usual pomposity. Everything went on well until William and Barton were called. William arose to go but sat still, her face as red as a beet and sour as vinegar. William stood there looking foolish, and everybody waited for them to go on.

"What's the matter with Rebecca?" said William to me.

"I'm not sure," said I, "but I think I can guess."

Then William whispered something to Barton, who wouldn't budge, and the procession went on.

Some of us knew what the matter was. I guess minute, and so did Mandy, that Rebecca was ill, because Joe Turner and his wife were called first, and only a fourth cousin to Levi, while Rebecca was his cousin. The two couples were going in Joe's car all, and I suppose that was why Oliver called his wife first; but Rebecca never forgave him for it. She said she didn't mind riding on the back seat, but the names called after Joe's and Mary's was what she couldn't stand. Some of our friends were particular about these things, but I shouldn't mind so long as I rode in the same carriage, even as the carriage was theirs.

I went into Aunt Sophy's with Mandy to wait for the mourners got back; for as I told her, that funeral seemed so mixed up and unlucky, I should be sorry until it was all over with and done.

The rest of it went off successfully, though Lyddy must have found some consolation in the size of the procession. It was the longest funeral procession that had been seen in our neighborhood since Hunter died.

Aunt Sophy always made Mandy tell her all the particulars about every funeral she attended. Of course she had a long story to tell her, this time, and the old lady had excitement enough to last her a month. I didn't forget to ask Mandy if Lyddy wore mournings, and to my surprise Mandy answered that she didn't know. I looked at her quite sharply, but she was off in an unconcerned way, as if she hadn't a care out-and-out whopper.

Reuben had a boil on his knee and didn't go to the funeral, and when I told him about the mourners he laughed till I was fairly scandalized. He said things even, Lyddy ought to make a bargain with son Dorman to preach Levi's funeral sermon when she died, as it wouldn't be fair for her to give two funeral sermons and Levi only one; but I said he'd better not make that proposal to Lyddy.

EUGENIE L. HUNTER

OPIUM SMOKING IN FRANCE

INTRODUCTION AND RAPID INCREASE OF THE HABIT—A WOMAN KEPT FIRST DIVE.

By a Special Contributor.

It seems that opium smoking has taken root in France and is on the increase. At Toulon and several other important ports, the Asiatic vice is taking on enormous proportions. Paris has up to now been exempt from contagion, although a certain Mme. Assim was sent to the capital about a year ago for maintaining a residence, Rue de l'Etoile, an opium den. At the time of her arrest, the event created quite a commotion.

This woman Assim had become acquainted with the opium smoking at the time of the 1889 exposition, with a Tonkinese, who was married. Her husband initiated her into the art. She soon became quite an expert in the art. It is said that from that moment her face underwent a remarkable change; her eyes shone toward the temples, her nose flattened down, her complexion turned to a yellowish hue. Was this due to the effects of the intoxicating poison or was it the result of a sort of misnomer often noticed in marital relations whereby the more impressionable marital relation assumes the facial characteristics of his or her mate? Whatever the cause, she had, when arrested, an Asiatic facies.

Mme. Assim's husband died prematurely; but she continued to crave for and use the drug. Besides, she was a proselyte; it seems that those addicted to thegrading vice cannot help dragging others in their steps. She succeeded in having at her home a club of opium smokers. Some of the recruits were among her immediate neighbors, but the larger number were old sailors, or officials who had been in Cochin-China, and who were more than willing to fall in the vice, having contracted a passion for it in the tropics. When Mme. Assim was arrested, her home was a regular rookery.

Fresh air is introduced through a large pipe, which communicates with the air-passes first through a metal boiler, which destroys any germs that may be present, then through cotton which takes up the heat, and finally where the baby lies. A ventilating couch keeps the amount of moisture in the air.

Every two hours the babies are taken out to bathe, who supply the needs of the fastidious. By means of an automatic spring insures a supply as it should be. The front of the incubator is of glass sides, exposed to view. The children are fed by a special diet, which is to be given to them.

A friend of his, established in Egypt, had a handful of pea seeds found a short while back in the sarcophagus of some long-forgotten Pharaoh, and learned scientists, to be 3000 years old; and by this he has unconsciously contributed a new and precious addition to the world's vegetable supply. On reading an antique curiosity, the Scotch horticulturist got a desire to sow the seeds and watch the result. Imagine his surprise when he saw them sprout and then grow to a height of about six feet. A special mark of growth was that the flowers, instead of being turned out all to be red with a narrow yellow border, are larger and sweeter than the modern variety. Mr. Stewart intends, it is said, to raise large crops of the new variety, and to advertise it broadcast all over the world; and there is no doubt that he will succeed in his fortune, which, it may be hoped, he will share with his Egyptian friend.

PEA SEEDS 3000 YEARS OLD.

A Scotch horticulturist, Mr. Stewart, living at St. Andrews, is responsible for the following truly remarkable statement:

A friend of his, established in Egypt, had a

completely and is to be moved again, therefore it is absolutely necessary that we close these goods out. Our chief has attached prices

which are to be paid in full on

the 1st of August.

INCUBATOR

PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION

LACKS FUND

From a Special Correspondent

UFFALO (N.Y.) July 18, 1901.

the concession known

from early morn till dev-

er. Built of brick, it is

not summer day. One a

house there, whitewash-

ed and clean.

The title "Professor"

of the building is no more

designed. With his gray

and professional air, he is

the spirit in which

the possibilities in a field

of the world in his

successes.

A strictly high-class

and aristocratic

all the time. See the

the tender mother-spirit

of the young and

old, I say. Going on al-

The "Professor" usually

has his hands under his long

Every flap brings a new

curiosity. It is so com-

fortable moral and high-

strictly moral and high-

to bear the mourners called off. I see that he felt better, he had quite overshadowed me with his usual pomposity. Still William and Rebecca soon arose to go but Rebecca said best and sour as vinegar. We foolish, and everybody looked on.

"Rebecca?" said Miss Hopkins

"but I think I can tell you by

something to Rebecca, but the procession went on without

the matter was. I guess it is

that Rebecca was mad because we were called first. Joe and Levi, while Rebecca was still

were going in Joe's new car-

riage why Oliver called Joe and

never forgave Oliver. He

was on the back seat, but to have

Joe's and Mary's was what we

and. Some of our folks are say-

ings, but I shouldn't have

in the same carriage, especi-

ally with Mandy to wait till we

I told her, that funeral was

unlucky, I should be un-

success-fully, though, or

consolation in the least,

the longest funeral process-

or neighborhood since old Ge-

orge Mandy tell her all the pe-

ople she attended. Of course,

now, this time, and the dear de-

ath to last her a month. So

why Lyddy wore mourning

so sharply, but she walked

away, as if she hadn't told us

all about him about the sermon, is

scandalized. He said to me

to make a bargain with Pa-

vi's funeral sermon over he

wasn't fair for her to have

Lyddy one; but I told her

to Lyddy.

EUGENIE L. HOPKINS

NG IN FRANCE.

RAPID INCREASE OF THE KEPT FIRST DIVE.

Contributor.

king has taken root in France. Toulon and several other cities are taking on alarming to now been exempt from its evil. Assim was arrested a few days ago for maintaining, at his an opium den. At the time created quite a commotion.

I became acquainted, at the time, with a Tonkinese, whom initiated her into the secret of life. She became quite an adept in that moment her feature change; her eyes slanted to the left, her mouth turned down, her complexion faded. Was this due to the poison or was it the result of noticed in marital relations, amiable marital partner characteristics of his or her maid had, when arrested, quite a

dead prematurely; but she escaped the drug. Besides, she made those addicted to this dragging others in their following at her home a sort of one of the recruits were few, but the larger number of those who had been in France more than willing to indulge a passion for the evil. Assim was arrested, however,

two years old. Mr. Stewart, living at Gien, following truly remarkable

in Egypt, had sent to his son a short while before his birth. Forgetting Pharaoh, said, he was two years old; and by so doing, created a new and peculiar life supply. On receiving this gift, the horticulturist got a notion of the result. Imagine his surprise and then grow—grow to

A special mark of the new, instead of being white with a narrow yellow border, four inches long and on themselves, they are a modern variety. Mr. Stewart, large crops of the new took to broadcast all over the world that he will amass a large sum, he will divide with

INCUBATOR BABIES.

PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBIT THAT NEVER LACKS FOR VISITORS.

From a Special Correspondent.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) July 19, 1891.—Probably the most popular novelty at the Pan-American Exposition is the concession known as the Infant Incubators. These early morning dewy eve the little building is surrounded with a curious crowd. On special days one has to stand on tiptoe to get a wink at the babies, and the demonstration, whose duty it is to explain the operation of the patent and the peculiar difficulties of each case, are getting throat worn and husky expounding the details of the exhibition.

There are many little things that explain the stellar success of this infant attraction. It stands, first of all, at the most cross roads of the Midway, a conspicuous, not small as it is, with its name in type legible, though not intelligible, to the most unpracticed eye. Built of brick, it looks like a cool retreat on a summer day. One suspects the presence there of hot sun, whitewashed walls, electric fans, and limestone cleanliness.

The "Professor" who adorns a platform in front of the building is no mean expounder of the charms of the infant incubators.

With his gray hair, his academic garb, and benevolent air, he is the sheer embodiment of that genial spirit of which infant incubators are a product.

The possibilities in a flickering spark of human life is

seen in his swelling shirt front, all the eloquence

of the successful bally-hoo man on the Midway.

A strictly high-class and moral exhibition, ladies and gentlemen, is his favorite form of address. "Going on at his time. See the lovely darlings' brooded over by the mother-mother-spirit of science. Boys in blue ribbons pink. A touching and instructive sight, a sight for the young and old! Strictly moral and high-

class I say. Going on all the time!"

The "Professor" usually pauses at this point, clasps his hands under his long coat-tails, and flaps the latter. Every day brings a new quota of visitors through the portals. It is so comforting to know that anything strictly moral and high-class is going on all the time in wide-open Buffalo.

The babies inside never stop. There are some sixteen of them incubating at present, and they are at it every single minute. Breathing, sleeping, stretching, yawning, walking, growing, they do have the busiest time living. Let the visitors take such satisfaction watching them incubating. It is not often that one can get humanity under a glass case as a specimen. The prize show remains for some enterprising concessionaire of the future who shall catch a few mature specimens of the genus humanus and mount them properly.

In a pleasant room, well-lighted by stained glass windows, stand the incubators, mere metal cases that look like showcases. They are elevated from the floor on steel legs, so that they are about the right height for the ordinary observer. The chamber in which the baby lies being has glass sides, so that the little mite is plainly exposed to view. His soft-covered bed of woven wire is rotated from side to side, so that it yields to every movement of the tiny body. Dressed like an ordinary infant, except that his little legs and feet are pinned up in flowing clothes after the German fashion, there is nothing except his size to indicate that he was kidnapped at the start in the race of life.

How each incubator is a card, on which are written the initials, the date of his birth and his admission to the incubator, the circumstances that make him可爱, his weight, and any other detail of significance. The parents' names and residence never given.

Incubations are designed to meet the requirements of the weakly or prematurely born. Temperature is the most important consideration for children of that class. By means of an automatic contrivance it is kept within the incubators and at a degree comparable to that in which the baby would have lived, had nature had her way unto the end. At the side of each incubator is a metal boiler, which holds about two gallons of water that may be heated from below by either a Bunsen burner or an ordinary lamp. Through the proper induction of cold water, the circulation is controlled in such a way that heat the incubator in the same manner in which it is done in a home heated by hot water. If the temperature above or falls below the required standard, an automatic spring inside the incubator regulates the temperature as it should be. A Centigrade thermometer at the front of the incubator is a constant guide as to normal conditions.

Fresh air is introduced into the incubator through a tube, which communicates with the outside world. This passes first through an antiseptic fluid, which removes any germs that may be lurking in it, then through cotton which takes up any physical impurities, is washed, and finally introduced into the chamber where the baby lies. A pan of warm water below his floating couch keeps the atmosphere humid, and the amount of moisture is registered by a small hydrometer at the side of the incubator.

Two hours the babies are taken out and brought to the nurse, who supply them with nature's food. In spite of the fastidiousness, this method is considered an improvement over the she-ases employed in some of the old institutions. Graduate nurses are also in attendance to procure all the details of the nursery. The fact is that babies are only little animals, and if they are to live, it must be because they are hungry, uncomfortable, it is pain. "Mothering" is something not considered necessary at this tender age; scientific care is thought to be improvement on old-fashioned coddling.

In a close room back of the incubator hall may be seen the working of a model nursery. Here is the pretty garden where even the littlest baby is daily tubbed, the

scales where they are weighed after every meal, the pretty hanging crib where they are laid after a two-months' course in the incubator.

The frequent visitor notices a marked change in the infants' condition from day to day. The final development is not so startling as it is in the other kind of incubators attached to the agricultural exhibit, but progress from day to day is more apparent. Babies who were brand new when the exposition opened, and, in fact, quite lacking in some of the final touches, have now a sand-paper finish on and are almost ready to face the cold world from the vantage point of some woman's arms, which, next to an incubator, are the warmest and most beneficial resting place the mites are ever likely to find. Infants that have reached this stage are now spending a large part of their time in the dainty cribs in the nursery. From being mere chunks of shapeless, expressionless protoplasm, they have become plump little packs of promise. The world is beginning to tell them its story, the visitor realizes, as he watches the roving eyes and sees that look of beatific contentment steal over a tiny face as the milk from a prosaic bottle begins to fill a swagging little stomach. Those are the infants that are being weaned before they are removed from the kindly shelter of the concession.

All the babies are interesting, but people will have their preferences. The twin girls deserve special mention, as do the triplet boys, Little George Washington Somebody, who was brought in on the Fourth of July, and little Qabata, the Indian princess of two pounds plus, child of Chief Many Tales and a Princess Unpronounceable. There is nothing but a dusky skin, well suited to the pink ribbons of her environment, to indicate the papoosehood. One wonders if dreams of white linen, soft lace, a daily bath, and talcum powder will not haunt all her childhood slumbers after such an opening experience.

Whether the race will be improved by this ultra-modern interference in nature's rude rule of race development through survival of the fittest, or whether a more primitive and Spartan practice of exposing the weakly ones were better in the long run, is a mooted question for students of social science to settle, if they can. Probably that arch-peasant, old Malthus, would sing a dismal dirge, if he could see the infant incubators in the Midway. Certainly, they do the work intended by their inventor, Dr. Paul Alutman of Berlin. Statistics show that only 25 per cent. of that class of babies ordinarily live; by means of the incubator, about 85 per cent. are saved to walk this vale of tears.

In individual cases the incubators are often a blessing. It is well then for every grown man and woman who visits the institution to have a thought for the unfathomable character of the future. Let him register for a catalogue of Qabata.

"Wer weiss was schlummert in der Zeiten Hintergrund?"

HARRIET CONNOR BROWN.

IS ANDREE DEAD?

HIS MOTHER AND SISTER BELIEVE THAT HE IS ALIVE.

By a Special Contributor.

OUR years have passed since S. A. Andree started for the North Pole in a balloon. The Swedish courts have declared officially that the daring explorer is dead, Andree's own extreme limit of time has passed, all geographers are agreed that the intrepid balloonist is lost; his own brother has accepted the bequests made to him in Andree's will—only two women know that the man who had the courage of scientific convictions and was willing to risk his life in the demonstration of his deductions is still alive and will return.

Two women living in the little town of Grenna, far away from the noise and strife of big cities; living in a place where the mere appearance of a stranger evokes a great deal of curiosity and comment; two women leading simple and uneventful lives far back in the interior of Sweden; two women—the mother and sister of Andree—give no credence to any demonstration of the improbability or impossibility of his return. Two women—his mother and his sister—are ready to receive him any day or night, and these two faithful women dust and clean every morning the very rooms in which he perfected the plans for his expeditions, and expect him to appear some time or other and to tell them what his experiences were. Say what you may, produce the most convincing proof that Andree must be dead, bring forth the strongest arguments in favor of your contention, the mother and sister will listen quietly, and when you have finished they will simply say: "Han lever och will otervanda." (He is alive and will return.)

It is not mere hope, merely a strong desire, that makes these women so absolutely certain of the return of their son and brother. It is faith, the most infinite, unshaking and unchanging faith in their belief that S. A. Andree went forth to seek the North Pole and to find it in fulfillment of a mission given to him directly by Almighty God himself. "And the Lord has never yet forsaken one of His servants," is the way they explain it.

What manner of women are these two? Fru Minna Andree is nearly 70 years old, though her clear, ruddy face, her erect carriage and the continuous smile that plays around her face makes her appear much younger. Her rather robust daughter, Fru Emeline Spanberg, is a lively, good-natured woman, and mother and daughter impress the visitor as a pair of the most intimate friends. The cottage they live in is a roomy, one-story building, furnished simply, yet in good taste. Most of the furniture is substantial oak, and an etching or two relieves the somberness of the walls.

Fru Minnie Andree lives where she has lived through five and thirty years, ever since she became a widow. Hers is not an expensive household, the pension she receives from the government, in whose service her husband died, is not sufficient to allow her to make any ostentatious display, even were she so inclined, which she is not. Her income, however, is large enough to dispel any fear of want, and the cottage in the midst of a large garden is cheery and pleasant to look at. In the town of

Grenna the Andrees have always been held in high esteem, and whenever a stranger finds his way to the town the Andree cottage extends to him its hospitality.

Fru Andree, as well as her daughter, is a very pleasant hostess. Although they have suffered some from the wanton and idle curiosity of a few "globe trotters," they receive their visitor with such cordiality as only the real Swede or Norwegian possess. I shall never forget the astonishment they expressed when I told them that I had come from America and that my sole object in visiting Grenna was to learn something of the personality of the two women, who received me heartily at their gate. "You will find that we are in no way remarkable," said Fru Emeline Spanberg to me. "We are Swedish women, like the rest of them, and what you will see in our house you can find almost in every house of our village. Of course, brother's room (and it did not take me long to discern that when she spoke of 'brother' she referred to S. A. Andree) is an exception. They have taken away a good many instruments, maps and books, still there is enough left to show that brother was not an idler. But, then, see for yourself." And suiting the action to her words, she asked me to go in.

I did not know exactly why, but there is a sort of subtle religious air around the house. Not that anything would force itself on the visitor, but taking it all in all one is at once impressed by the fact that theirs is a religious household. There is a large Swedish Bible on the table of the sitting-room, and through the open door I could see a beautiful reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which graces the wall of the dining-room. Presently tea was served, and under the influence of this brew—which, by the way, both ladies strengthened with just a dash of brandy—the conversation became less formal, and more interesting. So interesting, in fact, that the time which was left to me proved to be too short to reach my railway station and I accepted the invitation to remain over night.

It was in the evening that I saw the really beautiful traits of these women. They are well read, know the literature of the day, enjoy a bit of fun, but show no trace of frivolity. Their simplicity and naturalness are marvelous, and there is the stamp of truthfulness on every sentence they express, in every word they utter. They are devout women, and Fru Andree invokes grace before the simple and wholesome meal. "And, oh, Lord, keep thy servant, my son, and return him safely," she ends her prayer today as she has ended it every day for these four years. "Amen! Amen!" responds Fru Spanberg, and I found myself saying "Amen" also.

It is impossible to describe the glow of pride and satisfaction which spreads over the kindly face of the mother when she exhibits the first shoe her son wore, when she points out the first prayer book he used, when she holds up to your inspection the white tie he wore at his confirmation. And when she opens the drawer and takes out the various parchments which testify to the valor of her son in high school and university, when she handles the various medals he received, when she asks you to read the flattering letters in which countless scientific societies notified him of his election as one of their members, then, indeed, you see in her motherhood glorified and transfigured, so to speak.

"Has there ever been a mother more blessed than I?" she asks, and it must be said that her face gives the answer.

"From boyhood on my boy has felt that like the apostles of old, he must go to parts unknown and preach the gospel. Not in the same way as the regular missionaries. Oh, no! He never was much of a talker. But God gave him the capacity and opportunity to study, and that is also one way to make God's goodness known. Yes, he was to find the North Pole, and by his discovery of this much-sought-after region to testify before the world of the greatness of our Lord."

Perhaps the mother is mistaken; perhaps—and a number of competent people so declare—Andree was not a religious man, but who could have the heart to contradict the mother's belief or attempt to shake her faith. No, a thousand times no! Even though Andree had been the exact opposite of all his mother believes him to be, and even if I had had the most convincing proof for it, I would not dare to breathe the least vestige of such a possibility in the presence of his mother, who is happy in the conviction that her son is one of God's chosen instruments, and who in this her happiness is buoyant, hopeful and contented.

They do not keep late hours in the Andree house. Nine o'clock finds them in their beds, and with the first song of the early birds Fru Andree and Fru Spanberg are out in the open. A large number of pigeons swarm around the women, and the two great Danes in the background come to say "Good morning" with a joyous bark. But the pigeons are not frightened. They know their mistresses, and know the dogs, and in sweet harmony they live without friction.

After an excellent breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs and fruit, I bade the two ladies "Good-by," and as the carriage took me to my station I wished that Andree might return. I wished for his return for no other reason but that the faith of his mother and sister should prove justified. I wished, and wish, for his speedy return—if from no other cause—just that their positive expectations should come true. And I, for one, should be extremely pleased if the day would come when these two women could say, "Han lever och har otervandt." (He is alive and has returned.)

EUGENE LIMEDORFER.

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THE CIRCUS IN VERMONT.

[Montpelier Journal:] Some people, who have come down from a former generation, during the circus tour are recalling the day of Arcadian simplicity when Vermont's law forbade the circus to come within the State limits—and it was only some two-score years ago the prohibition was withdrawn. Circuses skirted all the borders, to which Vermonters came down and crossed over into New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts to see the feats of ground and lofty tumbling, and finally, the virtue and wisdom rebuked, and admitted the show to the tour of the State.

[August 18, 1901.]

Scene

First Impressions of a Mountain Lumber Camp.

SANGER AND ITS PEOPLE.

LIFE OF THE LUMBERMEN—THE FLUME—A RIDE ON A WOODEN RAILWAY.

By Dr. N. M. Babad.

Of the Southern Pacific's Sketching Expedition into the King's River Country.

WARRIVED in Milwood at sundown—the one hour in twenty-four when most of the inhabitants meet and rub shoulders at one of the two public institutions, the postoffice or the saloon. The last is open long after the former is closed, and is therefore the center of attraction. All saloons look alike to me in that they have an appearance and an odor specifically their own, that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. The Sequoia Hotel would be no exception to the accepted idea, but for the most unusual and picturesque surroundings that at once make it unique and interesting. It is a two-story wooden building, with pretensions to symmetry, almost completely lost in shrubbery, with dogwood in full bloom on all sides of it, with old pines to kiss its roof in the quiet of the night and a swift-running brook to keep up its gurgling and its bubbling. Imagine in front of it, from the very doors to the post-office a hundred yards away, an enormous flat rock teeming with holes, in which Indians ground their grain, and you will get a complete picture of the only hotel in Milwood, where the bill of fare is so long that the waiter seldom goes through it without beginning over and over again, where a slot machine is doing hand-off business from dawn till midnight—where, in short, all that is good and whole-natured in the horny sons of toil is minimized in cheap whisky and cheaper beer. But such as it is, it is a most reliable source of information about everything and anything regarding the adjacent country—a rare field for study of human nature in its most threadbare and undisguised forms. For if the lumbermen make a rough-looking set of men in their soiled overalls, with grim, dirty countenances, if the language they speak and the oaths they decorate it with be the most grotesque and original in their shabbiness, they need only be approached in the right way and in the right light to appear before you as manly, good-natured fellows, brave and honest at heart, whom Fate has driven together from all parts of the country. A tenderfoot in such matters, I have at first given their company a wide berth. It was a sort of natural repugnance not unmixed with fear. However, if their profanity could not but amuse, their apparent sympathies and keen, quick responses to all that is best in man when the right chord was touched, as betrayed to me, silent listener, in their yarns and impossible stories, all gave me lots of food for thought. True, what was new to me, a foreigner, might be an old story to a Californian, but I doubt it. With the intention of one trained to look for a story in everything, I began by becoming interested, and ended by growing attached to these very men whom the cheapest, vilest whisky affected not, who had a smile and a handshake for each other and a faith in their Master and in the world He made, that is amazing. The result was that I gave my idea of "pumping" the superintendent for facts concerning the running of the mills and methods of conquering the wilderness. I found it much easier and pleasanter work to get my data from the men themselves, who, with a few exceptions, possessed more than ordinary intelligence, and some quite an education. This is because Milwood and Converse Basin, both the property of the Sanger Lumber Company, are settled by a class of men that come here not with a view of making it their home. At the best work is only obtainable eight months out of twelve, ending with the first snow, and is of such nature as to make permanent residence unattractive. These are mostly young unmarried men, who, detached, for some reason or other, from home and regular employment, often far more remunerative and attractive than logging—come here as a last resort, to brace up physically and morally and return to civilization all the better, for a new struggle with Fate. True, their wages are the least attractive part of the affair, considering the labor. The pay ranges all the way from forty to sixty dollars a month for unskilled labor and seventy-five to a hundred for efficient mechanics. At a first glance, this is not so bad. But the Sanger Lumber Company still adheres to obnoxious systems, that while profitable for the employers is always a source of trouble among the employees. These are the company store and the check system. The former is the only place of its kind in the few settlements, and as the men good-naturedly joke, it is not put there entirely for its health, even if the climate is good. The men are given coupons good for so much trade at the store, which, having no competition, charges its own prices. The men are also paid by check or statements. No ready cash is ever given out at the mills. If they want the coin of the realm, they get it by turning these statements over to the Sequoia hotel, which charges 5 per cent, discount. Incidentally this means that the men are under obligation to the saloon-keeper, which obligation is paid off at the bar. The result is obvious. And yet, I must confess that there is but little grumbling and dissatisfaction among the men, and no talk of unions.

Milwood, up to five years ago, was the only field of operation of the Sanger Lumber Company. Here was the large planing mill that turned out millions of feet every season, and left torn-looking stumps where in former years gigantic Sequoias proudly whispered to the breeze the secrets overheard from heaven as they drifted down from the stars. Here nine years ago, the wonderful flume was built. The main office of the lumber company is at Sanger, whence the lumber is shipped by rail all over the country. Fifty miles by direct route, as the eagle flies, separates Sanger from Milwood and the Basin—fifty miles of rocky mountains that at Milwood reach an al-

titude of almost five thousand feet. To bring the lumber from the mountains, this flume was built at an expense of a million dollars or so. At first the several small mountain springs were dammed and an artificial lake produced. Characteristic in the way in which this was accomplished. Although rock is as plentiful and handy as wood, only the latter was used. Enormous trees were laid across the narrow neck in a semicircle, producing a large mirror-like sheet of water, clear and cold, and deep, as only mountain springs can make it. At the mouth of the lake the flume begins. It is a narrow wooden affair holding about three feet of water. It takes sixteen miles of it to reach Sanger. In places, where it begins, it is very low and humble, touching the ground; in others, where it curves over the King's River and comes into the realms of civilization, it runs for miles and miles on elevations, looking like a gigantic bridge. Into this flume, at which modern engineering points with scorn, are dropped the redwood boards. This work is done at Milwood. A picture painted here illustrates the scene very well. On both sides of the flume men are "clamping" the boards together. In other words they select boards of equal width, if not length, fasten them to each other by iron clamps, and plunge the whole mass into the water. As the flume, from Milwood to Sanger, runs mostly down hill—some five thousand feet—the impetus and the swift current together lend the lumber great speed. It takes but five hours for a board to traverse the distance of sixty miles. It takes the stage twelve hours to cover the distance of fifty miles to reach the same destination.

The flume was built with a view of saving large sums of money which otherwise would have been spent on hauling the timber on drays. It is now considered a failure. A railroad built at a larger expense would have done the work much better, and what is more important, would have lasted much longer, being cheaper in the end. The flume, made of wood, over which water constantly flows, is in constant need of repairs. A telephone system with numerous stations and shifts of men to operate them day and night, is one great expense made necessary by the flume. Should the water leak out at a certain place along the sixty-mile route, or two "clamps" bunch together and obstruct the passage, all further work would stop and the men rendered idle, unless the telephone agent at his particular station reports the nature and location of the mischief at once and steps are taken to repair the damage. Altogether it is an intricate and complicated affair, that shows more than anything else what a decade means in the progress of modern civilization, and how differently men do things now from the methods ten years ago. The same lumber company, which, by the way, is under sole control of the Bank of British Columbia, and is composed of Canadian capitalists, has proven its wisdom by carrying its entire policy. When Milwood was cut bare of lumber, with only here and there a lone Sampson of a pine mournfully looking over the scene of carnage, Converse Basin was next made the center of operations. Mindful of the costly lesson, the company did not extend the flume, but built a railroad nine miles in length which, in combination with a cable and a hoist, brings back the ready lumber to Milwood, whence it finds its way into the flume. The railroad is the most unique affair of its kind it was my fortune to see, and I traveled over a good many. In the first place, its only engine is a cross between a regular railroad machine and a steamship puller. Its fuel is wood, of course. In fact the whole railroad is of wood, with the exception of the rails and such parts wherein iron is indispensable. It carries freight only, and he men who accompany it are warned of the danger and the risks they take. As the train glides and snakes along its tortuous course, now puffing and panting as it climbs a steep hill, now slowing up as it passes a deep ravine over a trestle 267 feet high, there are disclosed before the spectator's eye scenes of such wild beauty that he forgets for the nonce all danger: the threatening rocks above and the yawning abyss beneath. I took my first trip the second day after I landed in Milwood. I was given the seat of honor on the engine, with my back to the boiler, lest I freeze, I suppose. My feet hung down and my hands were constantly clutching and catching at something. It was the most perilous ride of my life, and while I don't recollect exactly in how many languages I prayed, I remember taking my eyes off the scenery long enough to remove a few fistfuls of cinders that built their nests in my eyes.

As I said, the roadbed, the trestles, the bridges, are all made of wood, but not in a fashion you would imagine. Instead of boards or logs nailed down and made firm in the old approved manner, gigantic trees, some sixteen and twenty feet in diameter, have been cut off near the base; then trunks laid upon and across the stumps. Upon this bed were laid the rails. No hauling was necessary, as the train runs through the heart of the redwood forest. These stumps and these trestles, and the train puffing above them, reminded me involuntarily of the pyramids built by giants long since gone, upon whose structure that defies centuries, pygmies run up and down with puny strides and a triumphant sneer.

As if the experience was not sufficient for one trip of nine miles, another surprise awaits you at the summit. Here the train stops and the cable takes its place. There is a hoist, which, attached to the cars, precipitates you down 800 feet or so in ten minutes, giving you the last sensation of a thrilling adventure. The cable is on the same principle as that of the Mt. Lowe incline, with the only difference that the latter is built for passengers and guarantees safety, therefore is more elaborate and perfect. The former makes no such claims. Strangely enough there are comparatively very few accidents. Dr. Sweeney, who single-handed, attends to a hospital and over a thousand men in a way which is little short of marvelous, shows with just pride many a man he has operated upon with most wonderful results. This is

due not so much to his efficiency as a surgeon, but to his invigorating and bracing mountain air that hardens men strong as the hardwodn they render convalescence safe and rapid. How strikes one most in this maze of wonders is the system, that, clock-like, works day after day, hitch—a perfect chain of automations which a liberal oiling to become a sort of mobile. Little, if anything, is done by strength. Machinery leads the way. I witnessed the process of converting an enormously large log into a mass of flat even boards, clamped and dried in the sun. The great giant is doomed, and his bed is made, where he will fall in a certain direction, till he goes to mill where deft and quick hands push him safely along on his path to destruction, so that he is lost of him, not even the sawdust which engines, everything is done by machinery, by electricity. Imagine a dense forest, green, dark and mysterious and in the midst of it a clearing which civilization landed with a vengeance to destroy all, convert the forests into a desert, may get an idea of what Converse Basin really is. Its shadowy outlines of mountain peaks and gloomy thoughts, with its hundreds of groves, muddled by sawdust and tan bark, dirt but still singing of better days. And last with its saloon where drunken lumbermen echoes with their oaths, and the hospital where cot and a wounded laborer, a fellow-tiller to shake a callous hand in true brotherhood. For him to whom life is varied and many, many-sided, Milwood holds many a value. But if one is not interested in psychology, he can still find plenty of beautiful spots to gaze upon and weave a world of romances. Horace Pitt, the general grant receiver, trees and numerous other sights which can be seen over in a few words. I shall leave them to the letter.

N. M.
Camp Emmy, Copper Creek, King's River
27, 1901.

A WONDERFUL NEW ORCHID.

A VALUABLE VARIETY WHOSE BLOOM EXPERTS HAVE SELDOM SEEN.

[London Mail:] The orchid world is talking about the new orchid which has just flowered in the collection of Horace Pitt, the well-known odontoglossum, at Rosslyn, Stamford Hill.

The Pitt diamond achieved fame enough in the orchid world to equal it. Honored in with a gold medal, and in London by the first-class certificate awarded by the Royal Horticultural Society, this O. Crispium Pittianum, to give it its full name, has secured those hall marks which are given to plants whose sterling quality and value are in doubt.

Three years ago the agents of John Corder, collector, found this now celebrated from Colombian woods. Neither the Spanish collector nor Corder ever saw the plant in bloom. Collection rule, see few orchids in flower, as the collector's flowering seasons do not synchronize.

Last year it blossomed for the first time in the orchid houses of a large grower near London, whom Corder disposed of his plants.

There it was seen by Thomas Walters, the expert. He thought it promising enough even in flower. But the flowers as yet were not open, and chance. He determined to take all risks and gave the price asked.

A bargain, indeed, it proved, for in Mr. Pitt's opinion it has turned out as valuable as any variety excepting Baron Schroder's matchless spadix. This unmatched plant is easily the best ever yet known. It belongs to Sander's true old Pachio type, of variety aplatum introduced by F. Sander & forerunner. Probably very few persons outside in such matters have seen the flower in bloom. Good many more, if they had the chance of seeing a specimen, would not recognize the unique and find and the high value attached to it. It is of great beauty, a claim that cannot be made of valuable specimens, for in the orchid world monetary value do not always go together. The most costly flowers are insignificant in appearance, and have nothing whatever to recommend them except their rarity.

THE RED SPOT ON JUPITER.

[Philadelphia Times:] Prof. Brandish in his opinion that the red spot noticeable on Jupiter's mass sliding over the liquid surface of the planet thinks it very improbable that the spot is a mass of lava, but that it is most likely a semi-transparent kind.

This red spot appears to have a period of time in which it is subject to a regular change. While the rest of the planet is a constant quantity, that of the red spot is to be growing longer. Since 1891, like a huge island, it has traversed in the neighborhood of one-fourth of the circumference of the planet in a northward direction, during which time it has increased in length. The rotation of the planet is different in different latitudes. It is quickest in the middle, not near the equator. The spot is most like a cloud-like mass, as it seems to lie in the upper atmosphere.

*Illustrations from photo

[August 18, 1901.]

[August 18, 1901.]

Camp.

efficiency as a surgeon as to the mountain air that makes the as the hardwood they cut, and safe and rapid. However, what is maze of wonders is the perfect works day after day, without a of automatons which only need become a sort of permanent thing, is done by actual human hands the way. I was shown an enormously large Sequoia tree boards, clamped and thrown out, and was amazed to see how it spent in the operation, and how accomplished from the moment, and his bed is made so the in direction, till he gets into the sick hands push him ever so gently to destruction, so that nothing in the sawdust which feels to be done by machinery, driven by dense forest, green, dark, edging the midst of it a clearance spiced with a vengeance to cut the forests into a desert—and just Converse Basin really is, with mountain peaks absorbed its hundreds of springs of dust and tan bark, black of better days. And last the drunken lumbermen walk and the hospital where, moreover, a fellow-toiler bends down in true brotherly affection. It is varied and many-hued and holds many a valuable interest in psychological research of beautiful spots to charm the romances. Here is the general grant reserve, the other sights which one cannot possibly leave them for my sake.

N. M. BABAR,
Greek, King's River Canyon, Mo.

FUL NEW ORCHID.

WHOSE BLOSSOM EVER
SELDOM SEEN.

Orchid world is talking exclusively has just flowered in the circle well-known amateur at Lyn, Stamford Hill. Achieved fame enough. The Royal Horticultural Society, this Odontoglossum give it its full name and dignified marks which are accorded only quality and value are beyond

agents of John Corder, the orchid now celebrated form in either the Spanish Indians want in bloom. Collectors, as a flower, as the collecting and synchronize.

for the first time in Europe a large grower near London, of his plants.

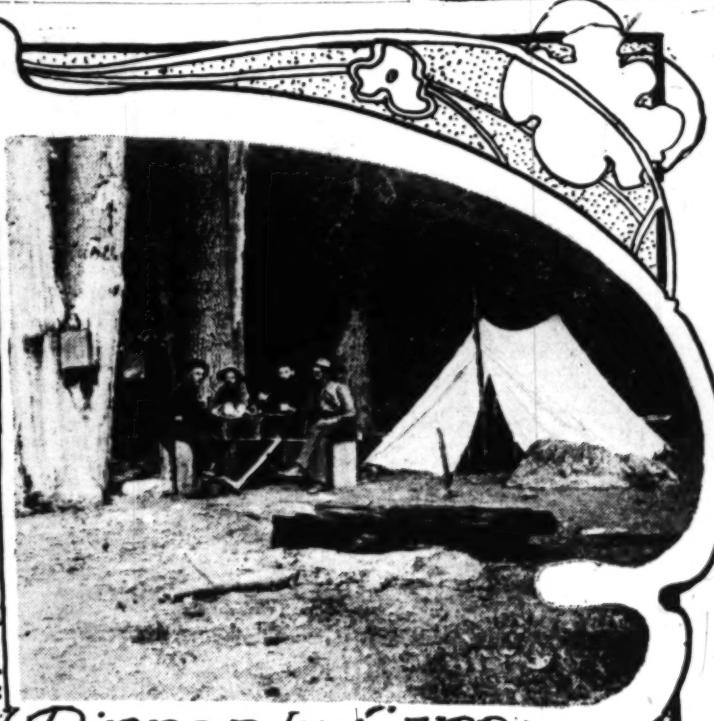
Thomas Walters, the orchid promising enough even in embryo, yet were not open, and all we to take all risks and promptly

proved, for in Mr. Pitt's pose valuable as any variety known, r's matchless apiatum. Only the best ever yet known, and experts to be the second best, the old Pachio type, of which sold by F. Sander & Co. is very few persons outside expert on the flower in bloom, and had the chance of picking up to realize the unique nature of attached to it. It is certainly that cannot be made for man in the orchid world beauty always go together, and here are insignificant and even nothing whatever to recommend.

SPOT ON JUPITER.

Prof. Breadichin expresses noticeable on Jupiter is a solid surface of the planet. So that the spot is a sea of glass, most likely a semi-solid crust of

have a period of rotation that change. While the rotation of humanity, that of the spot seems since 1891, like a huge floating in the neighborhood of three times the planet in a retrograde motion. At this time it has also increased the planet is different in thickness in the middle latitudes the spot is most likely not a sun to lie in the deeper levels

*Scenes at the Lumber Camp, King's River Canyon.***Campers' Paradise.**Dinner In Camp.**Lumber Camp At Mikwood.
Largest Flume In The World.**View Of Great Lumber Yard Holding 6,000,000 ft. Of Lumber.**View From
Sequoia Hotel.**Waiting For The Train.*

*Illustrations from photos furnished the Times through the courtesy of the Southern Pacific passenger department, San Francisco.

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

FICTION.

An Italian Theme.

THE author of this novel explains in the preface that the tale of Ciro, the Priest, is the popular epic of Southern Italy. From a series of sketches in Blackwood's Magazine, written by the wife of the present Canon Church of Wells, the traditions were reviewed which make the links of the chronicle. The brigand who led his men in many disguises and was the Red Terror of Apulia and of the house of Vardarelli, for a long time performed the services of a priest unsuspected in his record of black crimes. Many terrible deeds were done by this ruthless band, and "The Silver Skull" was the badge of the Society of Decisi, known as the scourge of Italy.

The story is told by Isabella, who came to be one of the household of the Vardarelli, the Robin Hoods of the South. The little maid, who was in reality the Duchess of Monte Leone, crept under the table on the night when, in the great banqueting hall of Monte Leone, the Duke and the Great Lady Mother Duchess and servitors were murdered. When the child, who had fainted, came to herself, all the household were either killed or had become accomplices, and only this babe was left to tell the tale. Finally, praying to the Madonna, the child crept out of the house. Before the outer gate five young horsemen were dismounting. The little distracted child won their interest. The leader of the house of Vardarelli and his brothers learned the awful mystery of the night, and little Isabella, of the house of Monte Leone, became one of the family of the Vardarelli. On the way through the hills the brothers stopped for confession, and told the abate of the deed of blood which had been wrought in the darkness of the night, at the ducal home of Monte Leone. These Free Companions of the house of Vardarelli stood pledged to guard the little maid, whom they took to the home of their mother. The domestic life of women held no allurements for one on whom the shadow of the "Silver Skull" had left so dark a shadow. In the uniform of the men, Isabella shared their roving lives, when in Apulia, or in all Abruzzi there was no power like that of Gaetano Vardarelli. The following chapters are filled with dramatic events, the Vardarelli go out on their paths of vengeance and defence, and the aim of all pursuit is the finding and punishment of Don Ciro, the leader of the brigands. The mother of the Vardarelli is one of the typical heroic characters, and her devotion to the memory of her sons is strongly illustrated in their last coming home. The true knight, Walter Campbell, and the brave Gen. Church, who finally brought to an end the terrors in Apulia, are parts of this highly-dramatic narrative, into which the author has woven many of his early impressions of a land with which he is familiar. He states that even in the days of his boyhood, as one rode from Agropoli southward, armed men would come suddenly out upon the road with a demand for a password, and also states that this story can hardly be called a romance, so closely has it kept to historical truth. Mr. Crockett's forthcoming novel is announced under the title of "Love Idylia."

[*The Silver Skull. A Romance.* By R. R. Crockett. Illustrated by G. Grenville Manton. Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer, Los Angeles, Cal.]

Woman's Work.

This book, it is said, was suggested to the writer some years ago by the famous controversy between Francis Willard and the elder Dr. Van Dyke. That the author is a descendant of Dr. Van Dyke will no doubt have an interest for many readers. The novel is one of social life, presumably in the twentieth century. The heroine is the daughter of a gentle mother of the old school, who looks out timidly on the aims of her serious-minded daughter. This young woman had for some years won the respect of Rossville in her faithful adherence to duty as "Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery" there. In the opening chapter the reader listens to a dialogue between the young lady and the village clergyman, the Rev. Roger Fenlow, who five years before had graduated from a theological seminary of the East. During his college career the young man had prepared a number of highly-conservative papers on woman's sphere. In the course of the conversation of the initial chapter, Mr. Fenlow is interested to hear the young lawyer state that "the value of money is not always in the mint mark," for she had at the closing term of the last court, saved Mrs. Maxwell's homestead, and had learned the difference between a fee and a reward.

A series of episodes reveals the sympathetic and religious character of the young woman. In the village church she listened with devout engrossment, while she heard of the nobility of work. The clergyman said: "By the sanctification of work the employments of life are equalized in value and beauty. From a manly, self-sustaining balancing world force it becomes transmuted power. It enlarges itself, it is recreative and assists in the upbuilding of the new man, in whom fresh source of power arises eternally. It is the manifestation of its spiritual life and it is eternal, as God is infinite." Della Marcheson tried to adapt the lesson to her own needs. In a following chapter are interesting arguments concerning women's work. Someone said: "There are thousands of good women who have neither home nor family, and who will never have. Millions of women are at work in the world, and the ties of home and family are preserved. The working woman knows their value. Woman's work for the church has always been blessed. Why limit it?" Fenlow confided to the heroine that he had received a call to do missionary work in Golden City, but was repelled by "the level landscape, the ugly houses of the newly rich, and the bare, poverty-stricken pens of the poor."

He learned that Miss Marcheson had always longed

for such work, and that she could not see why it would be worse for a woman to carry God's word to sinners than to go as a foreign missionary. Finally Miss Marcheson marries the clergyman, and they go to the western city. After their boys are helpful lads, the clergyman is crippled in a railroad wreck. Then the true wife takes up her husband's work in the pulpit and carries it on for years until his health is restored. Her theological training has been the wide one which comes through knowledge of the sins and sorrows of the world, and she brings the bread of life to many needy souls. The story is one of exciting episodes. Whatever view the reader may entertain concerning the work of woman, and her power for a higher destiny than she has known, these are significant ideas in an earnestly-written book which is winning popular attention, since it claims not to be a plea for woman's rights but woman's duties. This heroine was, it is said, a successful lawyer, and later a clergyman, filling the interregnum between her duties to the two great professions with the obligations of home life and motherhood. To many thinking persons this would seem rather too onerous an example to place before the woman of the future. There are sincere souls who believe that there are many ways of preaching Christ outside the pulpit, and of upholding orderly law, and who see the possibility that in the current trend, the pendulum will swing toward barbarism, where too much is expected of womanhood. While this heroine was able to control mobs and comfort the sick husband and bare-footed children by carrying on the husband's work, the average woman would need new physical strength for so burdensome an existence. To give woman the re-

and flowers are held together by a rose. The rose tells of the blind man who had a wonderful dream. "I don't lose anything in life," he said, "unless I let go away ourselves." Then he added: "I can see more and clouds more distinctly than ever, because my eye is truer than the physical eye."

Counting the birds is a fine lesson in observation, and the student who reads the pages of pleasant glimpses of the secrets of wisdom will find a typical page in which is a hint of the secret of the book. Here is a thought that is beautiful:

That years after we are dead, by an act of ours we may still give, through the trees we have planted, sweet gifts to those who come after us; that every year the trees we have tended and nurtured will drop and drop into the lap of each generation, burdened with mementos from a hand that is gone.

"Was there ever such sweet fame from blossoms? A generous thought, a spade, a few hours of pleasant labor—years afterward a thousand drop plumb into the mouth of rosy-cheeked hundred apples year after year, are more than a robin's pocket. And from the unknown, our own spirits dwell will not the roses and the bright, earthly cheeks add even a richer, more spiritual life? For at last when we come to think of it is not how much we have done for others who really needs nothing at our hands—how have done for His children, our fellow-men, than to have planted cherries than discussed political parties. I had rather write flowers than poems, and an orchard ripe is a sermon."

Between the chapters of the book are inserted by the author, who says:

"We never give, but giving, get again."

There is no burden that we may not bear.

Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain.

And yet the recompense, the recompense,

"Who weeps, yet worships some sweet,

"'Tis though his tears shall catch up the sun,

We grow to what our aspirations are—

Look up, O soul, and be a star tonight."

The heroine is named Thesis. Romantic scenes surround her; her lover's ride in her defense, a chapter will interest friends of horses and men.

Thesis leading the blind man to church, a pathetic picture: "His smile was that of a soldier who had been starved in prison."

The setting of the romance is that of the region of Tennessee. This author's "Gone with the Wind" has won one of the widest reputations won by the best story. The pathetic ending of little "Jack" and Octave Thanet, "brought a sob from the heart world."

The book is bound in green linen cover, decorated with glimpses of the characters of the story.

[A Summer Hymnal. A Tennessee Romance. Trotwood Moore. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

* * *

The Froth of the Cup.

When Col. Abdaine and his wife died, he contracted in the military haunts of India, his orphan son to the guardianship of his friends, of whom Richard Carvee stood first. None of the quartette had married, so the boy remained in the place of a son. The education, manners of this young man, his social follies, and the like make the material of this story, which is based on the play of the same title.

[When We Were Twenty-one. By H. V. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

* * *

Amusing Characters.

The author of this collection of sketches is a young lawyer and a newspaper man. For years he has been known through the columns of the *Standard* (Va.) Times as Nat Fane. The drawing of the tales of the present volume has, however, made them acceptable as recitations. The account of revival of learning in Pathacket, when all decided to speak to each other in poetry, is full of the author's humorous vein.

One of the sketches defines arbitration as "A method of settling disputes betwixt two countries that's afraid of one another." Another tells the story of a farmer who attempted to send a six-pound sweet potato to the Congressmen, without sending him seeds.

[Wedding Bells and Other Sketches. By W. H. Abbott Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

* * *

BIOGRAPHY.

An American Past.

Amiel, somewhere in his "Journals" writes: "Will-o'-the-wisps as we are, we may yet be behind us; meteors as we are, we may yet be perishable beings in the memory of men."

Amiel, somewhere in his "Journals" writes: "The presumption of mediocrity in pronouncing estimates of genius, and giving its proofs, is one of the varied forms of vivisection, whether impulsive and secret vigors of the departed are discovered."

Poe, with his love of mystery and his fondness for the macabre, in "The City in the Sun," in his magioric reverie, with his comrades—the gnomes, must have been a subtle master of the occult, and inset there when he "roamed at his somber paces, the haunt of melody, in the forests, along the shores of singing streams,

the International Museum of brilliant art.

In "The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

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New Questions of Life.

L.L.D. The Abbe

Abbey Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

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NEW

The International Museum of brilliant art.

In "The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

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Answers to Questions of Life.

L.L.D. The Abbe

Abbey Press, New York. Price, 75 cents.]

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* * *

Reviewer.

sister "a romance." The who had a wonderful past," he said, "unless he were more than ever, because the passed era." This kind fine lesson is sensitive who reads the page with the records of winged life, such in a kind of the pictures thought that is beautified we do, by an act of our through the trees we have the come after us; that we traded and earned shall of each generation, from a hand that is still, such sweet home from books or a book, a smile, a few moments afterward, a thousand month of rosy-cheeked children after you, are hidden from the unknown land will not the rest and red eyes add even a richer glow to last when we come to how much we have done for of our hands—at how glad, our fellow-men. And memory than a person can mother write stories like sermons. For an orchard is hard ripe is a sermon."

parts of the book are various giving, get again. That we may not hear, always sweetest pain, the response is that

such come sweet, allow me shall catch uplifting my imagination are— and a star tonight."

The Romance of Life. This author's "Old Men" edition was by the recent reading of Little "Jack," in the bright a note from the heart to

in green moss cover, and a list of the characters of the story. A Tennessee Romance, by John H. Newell. [Price, \$1.50. For sale by the American Books Company, New York.]

ECONOMICS.

and his wife died from the many hours of India, he came his grandfathership of his son and Carew stood as the son had married, as the boy did too. The education, and such a social folly, and had a son story, which is found in twenty-one. By H. V. Evans. [Price, \$1.50.]

collection of sketches is not a newspaper man. For over through the columns of the *New York Tribune*. The drollery of recent volume has, it is well known. The account of George Washington, when all the world other in poetry, is little less well. One of the sketches is a method of settling differences. He's afraid of one another know who attempts to give to the Congressman who

Other Sketches. By H. V. Evans. [Price, \$1.50.]

BIOGRAPHY.

in his "Journal" several years ago, we may yet leave a mark we are, we may yet prove a memory of men." Who ever of the holinesses of the day, down the line of great biography in presenting past and giving its presentiment of vivification, where the name of the departed remains his love of mystery and what the City in the Sun." In fact, his converter—the author has been a subtle, significant when he became at home, out of society, in dramatic scenes of stirring strength, but per-

haps in the dry annals of initiation. That Poe was a man and failed pale is generally admitted, but why placing them over his still rest? Who cares to the end of the world? His prototypes through all the ages were addicted to indulgence in the wine cup, the truth must be told though the heavens fall. I have been away of overindulgence myself, and should like to drive into the actions of my life when the great whisper above my tomb, let them tell me straight and say that for forty years (up to January 1849) in war and peace, Banthus, the adjutant-general of the army commanded me more or less, as social cheer, political or family troubles inspired or affected my conduct. What's the use of sneaking and lying about the hypocrite, I shall not do it, and while I shall never knowingly consent to use a particle of it in my principle.

That Col. Joyce and Poe once contended for literary prizes offered by "The Saturday Evening Post." The poems are both given. Col. Joyce has illustrated his life with various transcriptions of his correspondence on diversified themes, as "There's No Pocket Book," "The Best of Bacchus," and "A Pocketful

of Poetry." Another gives a chapter concerning "The Poet's Life," which publishes the claims of a certain Italian, Leo, whose grandfather is said to have written a poem, "The Parrot," which is quoted, as one of the poems which it was claimed that Poe drew his inspiration. There is also a lengthy poem of a spiritual character by a man of New York, who fell into a trance and is said to have spoken in strains like the following. The poem is supposed to have come from Poe:

"Birds and Seasons," in which the student is told just what birds he may expect to find, what he should study, and what he should read during the month.

In the Magazine of Art for August there is pictured "Pins Mawr, Conway." The artist, E. W. Halsell, has also written a sketch concerning this old home of the Wynnes. "Walter Hunt," the animal painter, is the subject of an article by Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon. The issue has the usual artistic completion.

Charles Hubert, in the Quiver for August, gives an account of the coats of arms borne by the various Episcopal sees. The Rev. W. Garrett Horder writes a personal sketch of "James Chalmers," the explorer, evangelist, and inspirer, who gave his life to the half-savage and cannibal people of New Guinea. "Children's Country Holidays" is a sketch contributed by Miss D. L. Wooller.

The Independent for August 1 contains a sketch by President E. D. Warfield on "A Neglected Educational Demand." "Northfield Native," by Andrew J. Stone. "The Isolation of the School" is a notable contribution by Hon. William T. Harris.

The Dial (August 1) has prepared a condensation of the summaries of the year's work in continental literature, which appeared in The Athenaeum. The number has the usual literary interest.

Harper's Weekly for August 10 contains an illustrated sketch, "In Whittier's Country," with stanzas of interest as descriptive features of the region about East Haverhill, Mass. E. S. Martin writes of "This Busy World," and tales of the summer school at Clark University, Worcester. "The Opening of the Klowan-Champane Lands" is one of the illustrated articles of an interesting issue.

The Corral Booklet for August opens with a clever bit of thought by Edwin Osgood Grover, entitled "The City of Our Ideas." The main portion of the book is devoted to selections from Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," which are introduced by Oscar Pay Adams. Collier's Illustrated Weekly, August 10, contains Gov.-Gen. Charles H. Allen's "Free Trade With Porto Rico," which calls attention to the celebration of July 4, 1901, and the value of this spot on the map, estimated to be worth \$100,000,000. John Smith Kendall tells of "Working on the Panama Canal." W. R. Draper of Wichita, Kan., describes "The Greatest Wheat Crop in History," and gives a wonderful record of Kansas wheat and its abundant harvest. "The Launching of the New Battleship Maine" is the subject of the leading illustration. Walter Scott Meriwether tells of "The Sampson-Schley Controversy."

The Boston Evening Transcript of August 5 calls attention to the fact that on July 2 Henry Richard Stoddard, the dean of American poets, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. Lorimer Stoddard, the poet's son, is the dramatist of successful plays. The poet's wife is soon to issue a new edition of her novels.

The Independent for August 8 has a varied table of contents. The number, in addition to its timely "Survey of the World," its study of recent educational methods, and its sketches concerning recent books, has articles of notable interest. Park Benjamin writes of "The Measurements of a Sea Fight." Iraeneus Prince Stevenson tells of "An Italian Brigand of Today." Justin McCarthy writes of "Parties and Diners in England," and Jane Adams tells of "The College Woman and Christianity." "The Scribbler and His Paymasters" is said to be written by a well-known author of books, who contributes leading editorials on one of the best papers of the United States.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

"The Statesman's Year Book for 1901," edited by J. Scott Keltie, secretary to the Royal Geographical Society of London, is announced by the Macmillan Company, New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, announce the introduction of a Russian author new to American readers. The trilogy of historical romances, by Dimitri Merezhkovski, will be represented by a translation made by Herbert French. "The Death of the Gods" will be published in October.

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A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce that their

duction," by Prof. Crowell, tells the future of a giant industry. Prof. Trent tells of "Brander Matthews as a Dramatic Critic."

The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine, in its current issue, contains various articles of historical interest. These contributions are "The Indian Territory Problem," by Elizabeth Nott Wright, and "Andrew Carnegie's Native City." John H. Tice and Weather Forecasting" is a contribution by G. H. Lillington. Subjects connected with the life and growth of Methodism are freely illustrated. Edward Mansfield Weston continues his charming sketches on "Birds of the Plains and Their Ways." These pictorial impressions are of notable value. Subjects connected with home, educational and literary life are features of this excellent publication.

The Literary Life for August contains an article by Will M. Clemens on "The Pliocene Skull of Calaveras," which will be read with interest in the light of recent scientific developments. "Literary Tools" is one of the pertinent sketches of the issue. The usual attention is given to questions pertaining to current literature.

Douglas' Magazine for August contains Rev. Matthew Russell's "Poets I have Known." "The Moral Power of Music," by Annette S. Driscoll, and the continuation of the serial, "Borrowed from the Night," by Anna C. Minogue. One of the most important articles of all the August magazines is that written by J. L. Herron on "An Old Mission in Arizona." Tucson, the seat of this mission, is said to have been settled in 1541, a half century earlier than the founding of Santa Fe or San Augustine. The claim is based upon a parchment discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1582, written in the hand of Marcos de Niza, who explored Arizona in 1539.

Bird-Lore for August continues the helpful series of papers on "Birds and Seasons," in which the student is told just what birds he may expect to find, what he should study, and what he should read during the month.

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A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce that their

publishing department will hereafter be under the full management of F. G. Browne, who was for twelve years the business manager of The Dial. The department was from its beginning under the personal charge of Gen. McClurg, and the standards which he set will be followed by Mr. Browne, a man of wide literary and business equipment.

The unceremonious expulsion of George Keenan from the Russian Empire has directed public attention to his book, "Siberia and the Exile System," issued by Century Company.

The August list of books received by Stoll & Thayer Company include many new publications.

Among the several books of fiction which Messrs. H. C. McClurg & Co. announce for the fall season is a stirring story of Greece, by George Norton. A new historical novel dealing with life in the reign of Charles IX of France, and other books of popular interest, are on the list. Some of the best-known artists of this country are said to be employed in the illustration of the books of this firm.

The death of Prof. Herbert B. Adams, July 31, at Baltimore, removes an eminent professor of American and institutional history from the Johns Hopkins University. Prof. Adams was the editor of a volume on Jared Sparks, and an extensive contributor to the magazine.

Quiller Couch, who, it is said, looks the typical Celt, lives in Cornwall. Wesleyanism is the dominant religion of the Cornish. The novelist's forthcoming story is said to deal with the life of Wesley.

William Vaughn Moody, whose poems, issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are attaining favorable public interest, lived until he was 71 in New Albany, on the Ohio River. "The Masque of the Gods" represents his principal literary work.

A new book on "Social Laws," by Solon Landau, is one of the publications of the Nile Publishing House, Cleveland, O.

The fourth volume to be put forth by Messrs. Harper & Bros. in their "Portrait Collection of Short Stories" will be from the pen of Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, the editor of Harper's Bazaar, and will bear the title, "Tales of the Cloister." Miss Jordan's knowledge of convent life comes from an experience of academic study in the Convent of Notre Dame in Milwaukee.

A new book is being prepared for publication by Dr. F. H. Newell of the United States Geological Survey, on "The Conquest of Arid America." It will be issued by Harper & Bros., New York.

"St. Peter's Umbrella," by the Magyar novelist, Kalman Mikomth, has had the honor of being translated into Swedish by King Oscar of Sweden. The author was born in Hungary, some fifty years ago. He began life as a lawyer, but his stories won the popular taste. They are said to be true to peasant life, virile and humorous.

Henry Holt's "Talk on Civics" is published by the Macmillan Company. It is a volume of discussions in dialogue, for young readers and students.

The Henry Adams Company, Philadelphia, announce Albert Bigelow Paine's "The Little Lady and Her Book," "Tolly in Fairy Land," by Carolyn Wells; "Tommy Foster's Adventures," by Fred A. Ober; "Galopod," by Tudor Jenks, and "Caps and Capers," by Gabrielle E. Jackson.

The nineteenth annual report of the State Normal School for the year ending June 30, 1901, has been received. The magazine contains the "Report of the President," Edward T. Pierce, and "Explanations of the Course of Study and Methods Pursued," by the various corps of teachers. The rules for admission and graduation, with lists of proper text-books, add to the importance of this publication. In addition, the city has reason to feel a just pride in so creditable a presentation of the various departments of study, as indicated by this circular for 1901-1902. The work comes from the State Printer, A. J. Johnston, Sacramento.

"The Dream of Physical Immortality," by Axel E. Gilson, is one of the publications of B. R. Baumgarten & Co. of this city. The keynote of the teaching of this brochure is that "human beings are souls possessing bodies, not bodies possessing souls." The author is a resident of this city, and a contributor to the Metaphysical Magazine.

"A Story of Books," by Gertrude Burford Rawlings, is one of the recent publications of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Among books of notable biography about to appear is that of Longfellow, by Prof. George R. Carpenter of Columbia University. Small, Maynard & Co. will publish this work in the Standard Biocnion Biographies.

The same publishers will issue Fall Gillett Burgess's book, "A Gage of Youth." The author is a San Francisco poet.

The former editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Horace E. Scudder, has written a life of James Russell Lowell, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue in October.

"The Home Life of Wild Birds" is said to be one of the most popular of the recent publications of the Putnam Bros., New York. It contains remarkable illustrations from life, and is winning favor for its author, Francis H. Herrick.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce a new anthology of poetry, "Songs of Nature." There are about two hundred and twenty-five selections in this compilation of John Burroughs, taken mostly from modern writers. The book has the addition of a preface by Mr. Burroughs.

Charles Kendall Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature," published by Harper & Bros., New York, has recently been issued in a revised and enlarged edition.

The twelve monthly American novels published by Harper & Bros. have, with the August number, reached No. 3 of the issue.

Mrs. G. L. Atrobus, the English novelist, whom G. P. Putnam's Sons have introduced to this country through "Quality Corner" and "Wildwood," is an English author of acknowledged talent.

"The Road to Fontenelle," by Samuel Mewin, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, September 14.

SW ARBORESCENT.—Nearly all the plants in business are in Native ways and are to a

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

Beet Sugar.

THE present season promises to be the most successful that has ever been seen in the beet-sugar factories of Southern California. The beets will not only be large in quantity, but exceedingly high in percentage of sugar contents.

At Chino the campaign is progressing steadily. The beets are said to average about 16 per cent. sugar.

It is at Oxnard, however, that the most remarkable percentages of sugar are being recorded. The average has been between 18 and 19 per cent., at which rate the capacity of the company is about sixteen hundred tons per day. One wagonload of beets from the Patterson ranch is reported by the Oxnard Courier to have given the astonishing percentage of 27.9 per cent.—more than one-fourth pure sugar—while a load from that ranch seldom goes below 22 per cent. These beets are small, weighing only about twelve ounces apiece. The beets running high in tonnage are those which have been irrigated, and this is supposed to prove that irrigation is a good thing for sugar beets, contrary to the idea which formerly prevailed. Beets have come into the Oxnard factory for which the grower has been paid \$7.15 per ton. The significance of these remarkable figures may better be realized when it is understood that in Europe every ton over 18 per cent. is considered a good result, while the average percentage of sugar in beets throughout the United States is 14.5 per cent.

In referring to the beet-sugar industry of Southern California, reference is usually made only to the three factories at Chino, Los Alamitos and Oxnard, ignoring the fourth factory at Santa Maria, in Santa Barbara county, of the existence of which many people in Southern California are even ignorant. The Union Sugar Company, which owns this factory, has started its annual run with last year's syrup. A correspondent recently wrote from Santa Maria as follows:

"The start will be made with last year's syrup that remained in the reserve tanks. The product about to be worked into raw sugar has to lie idle about a year in order to permit it to crystallize. The crushing of beets will not begin until late in August and possibly not until September. The beet crop is very late this year, the seeding having been delayed considerably last spring. Several farmers in the valley have planted beets early in the season as tests, and find that beets which are sown early will do much better than seed sown later. The climate here in winter is sufficiently mild to grow beets with assured success. The company very likely will in years to come, commence planting as early as January. The company farms 5000 acres, and raises its own beets to a great extent. This year's crop is very fair, and the factory will be in operation until late in December. The company operates its own irrigation works and is able to inundate the whole of its territory. Fifty acres of beets were recently irrigated as tests to see the effect. Irrigation would have at this time of the year was most surprising, bringing the beets out in fine style."

A new and remarkable section is about to enter the field as a producer of beets in Southern California. This is the desert section around Indio, where artesian water was recently developed. It is said to be surprisingly well-adapted for the growth of sugar beets, a test plot having been planted a short time ago, upon which Secretary Wood of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce has made a report. He says that while the average yield of beets in California is about five and a half tons to the acre, as compared with three or four tons in France and Germany, on the Colorado Desert the record is the extraordinary amount of twenty-five tons to the acre. Not only this, but these beets are said to average the high rate of 18 per cent. of saccharine matter, and to also rank very high in purity. If these facts are as stated, it will not be many years before there will be half a dozen or more beet-sugar factories operating on the Colorado Desert, which as recently as five years ago was regarded as worthless, except for the production of salt.

West Coast of Mexico.

A TRAVELING man has been giving the El Paso Herald some particulars in regard to the west coast of Mexico, which he declares is destined to become the richest section of the West. He is quoted as saying:

"There are more mines being opened up in that country than any part of the western hemisphere, and many large mines are producing fortunes every month. That part of the country also has many other resources. Agriculture is one of the most important things there now and several large companies have been organized to put thousands of acres into cultivation. Several railroads are now building toward the coast and when they get there there will be a great boom in that country. Several good ports will be started and the government stands ready to appropriate millions to improve them. The finest timber in the republic is to be found there and anything in the line of fruits grows there in profusion. Every little town in all that country from Guaymas south is building rapidly and everybody seems to be on the move. This is a new thing for the western coast, for that has always been the slowest country in the world. The people never realized what they had over

there until a few weeks ago, and now they have gone to work to develop their resources. Mining and cattle raising are the principal industries at present, but agriculture and manufacturing are now being pushed with equal vigor. The climate is the finest in the country in the winter, and when the railroads get there some of the most popular resorts in the country will be established. While that country has been very remote from the busy world, the time is coming when it will be surely connected with the great cities and a wonderful country will be developed."

Making Lime at Colton.

THE California Portland Cement Company of Colton is for the first time in two years manufacturing lime. One kiln has been put in operation, and the company intends to add another kiln to the plant, and within a short time will be producing from 500 to 600 barrels of lime a day. The San Bernardino Sun says:

"Two years ago the California Portland Cement Company, which is a member of the cement and lime combine, closed down its lime kilns, at the request of the combine, and since then nothing except cement has been manufactured. Now the company has again fired up the lime kilns, and this will of necessity result in the increasing of the force of employes."

"During the past month the company has secured several large contracts. A contract was secured from the Santa Fe Company for 1000 barrels of cement, to be used in the construction of the new bridge across the Los Angeles River. A contract has also been secured to furnish cement for the construction of the sidewalks at Long Beach. Crushed rock is being furnished the Los Alamitos sugar factory and the company has secured the contract to furnish lime to the Union Lime Company of Los Angeles.

"At present the company is employing seventy-five men, but this force will probably be increased to 100 within the next few months.

"About three hundred barrels of cement a day are being manufactured at the present time.

"The company is arranging to handle the kilns, or the cement before it is ground, more expeditiously, and to do this a tower is being erected by which the kilns will be carried from the furnaces to the grinding machinery. The lifting of the kilns will be done entirely by machinery and will save considerable manual labor."

A New Railroad.

WORK is actively progressing on an important improvement in New Mexico, which, it is said, will open up a large section of rich territory. The El Paso Herald says:

"The Durango, Gallup and Clifton Railroad, extensive mention of which was made in the Herald a month ago, has started its engineering corps on the line, and the work of making the preliminary survey is progressing rapidly.

"H. A. Sumner, chief engineer of the El Paso Northern and El Paso-Rock Island roads, returned from Denver yesterday, and when seen this morning gave out the facts stated above. Mr. Sumner said he saw the chief engineer of the Durango road, and the latter told him that nearly all arrangements were made to build the road, and nothing was expected to arise to upset the plans.

"As stated in the Herald some time ago, the road is to run from Durango, Colo., through Gallup, N. M., to Clifton and Morenci, Ariz. The line will be about 225 miles long, and will traverse some of the best mining country in the West. The coal mines at Durango and Gallup promise to be great feeders, and the copper, gold and silver mines all along the line are promising indeed. It also taps splendid timber lands.

"The company is being financed by prominent Denver, Durango and Clifton capitalists, and is said to be a certainty. It is persistently said that Phelps, Dodge & Co. are the real backers of the road, and will add it to their present lines after the road is completed. This is the officers of the Phelps-Dodge Company have denied, but when here a few months ago Prof. Douglass, the president of the company, admitted that he had been approached on the subject. Phelps, Dodge & Co. use more coal than any other mining company in the Southwest, and after its six or seven hundred miles of railway is complete, the consumption of coal will be more than doubled. Having other mines, smelters and railroads in view for the near future, it is said that the company is now trying to reach good coal with its own rails, and will take hold of the Durango road with this point in view.

"If this road is added to the Phelps-Dodge lines, that system will have nearly a thousand miles of railroad, touching all the best towns and mining camps in the Southwest. As a mining company, it will be in position to handle all its own ore, coal, coke and other supplies, as well as supplying several of the richest mining camps in the world.

"The Durango road will place Northwestern New Mexico, Northeastern Arizona and Southwestern Colorado in El Paso's territory, and will be of inestimable worth to this city. El Paso is a far more natural outlet to that region than Denver. The prime object of the promoters is to find a market in El Paso, Clifton and Morenci for the great coal mines at Durango, and by building a railroad directly here this market can never be shut off. There is some talk now of building to Deming or Lordsburg, and connecting at one of these places with the El Paso Southwestern, in case the road becomes a part of that system. If the Durango road were to be built to Deming, it would have the advantages of competing connections and wider markets.

"Those most interested in this road are at work as if

the proposition was a certainty, and are doing their preliminary work with all possible speed."

The Pomelo in Southern California.

A. P. GRIFFITH of Azusa has written an article in the Fruit World in regard to the pomelo, a fruit which has become very popular in the East during the past few years. There is no doubt that the pomelo possesses hygienic qualities, which give it a greatly increased market, if it were better known.

"This delicious and beneficial fruit is not little known, or better, comparatively few are conversant with its merits.

"First looking at it from the consumer's stand-point, when ripe it is both delicious and refreshing. When ripe after the navel or about the close of the season, it furnishes a refreshing breaking drink or a delicious summer drink. I assume it is generally known that it is claimed that the medicinal properties of the pomelo are well known, and also that people do not wish to eat medicine when they are not sick. Laying aside the tonic value, when ripe it is a delicious fruit. Fashion, however, has it that the pomelo is proper during January, February, March, and becoming less so as the season progresses. While the fact is, every day the fruit is more delicious as it decays. Last year in May I sent ripe fruit from my experiment to New York, and the culls (for size) sold to Los Angeles, \$1.75 per box. Los Angeles market pomelos were good in May and New York knew it not. This season, however, the East has just as good, if not better, prices in June as in the earlier months. In the earlier months of the year the white of the pomelo is quite bitter and should be removed (as one says, 'or it will spoil the brandy'). When ripe it may be eaten as our orange, but the more pleasant way is to cut it crosswise, cut out the core and seeds, and place in the ice chest over night to mellow the taste.

"As a refreshing drink during the hot days, cut the fruit as before and with a lemon juice extract, squeeze out the inside; this will leave only the pulp, remove the seeds, add one to two teaspoonsfuls of sugar to a glass and ice enough to cool, shake and drink. This is not a delicious drink I do not know, but people add water, as in lemonade—use your own taste—and some add sherry or rum—I prefer simply juice, sugar and ice—try it.

"As a preserve: Observe the following: Make pomelo marmalade or jelly, furnished by Mrs. Anna Taylor of Azusa. Incidentally I may say I have this preserve and find it superb:

"Slice four large pomelos, rind and all, weight moving all seeds, weigh, and for each pound add a quart of cold water; let stand twenty-four hours; boil twenty minutes, or until skin is tender; again twenty-four hours; weigh, and for each pound add one pound of granulated sugar; boil until it will make about ten glasses. The result should be amber jelly. If syrupy in the least degree, it may be counted a failure.

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"The eastern consumer says he can't afford to pay 20 cents each for them. 'Only the rich can afford them.' The dealers are responsible for this statement. They have become accustomed to a high price at these prices and buy against such; a dealer who buys at 5 to 10 cents each in the East and sells at 20 cents, makes a profit above cost? No, they add here to the retail price. If the dealer were to pass on the pomelos at a fair advance cost, setting forth the value of the fruit, the demand could not be supplied from present supply.

"Much of our most delicious fruit does not sell for more than 25¢ and much of it even as small as 10¢. Sell these at a cost of 20 per box, East, the fruit will be sold at 5 to 10 cents each in the East and will increase sales the dealer will benefit in the end.

"It is a mistake to suppose that small fruit is less from an economic standpoint. When ripe the fruit of many varieties has no more taste than the large. The California eater has learned this and need not seek for large fruit. Personally, I have eaten pomelos, of 120 or 150 size, whose skin was twice as thick as that of the average orange. At this unripe stage this will not hold good. From the grower's standpoint: What shall we do with our recommended varieties? Discard them or try to get together to convince every mother's son (and his wife too,) of the fact of the truth of all that has been said above and to get the fruit into their hands at a price not prohibitive. We cannot afford to eat down six and eight-year-old trees if we can market the fruit.

"The fruit, as I have said, is good; but when we can't sell it? Very true, this year many excellent fruit have gone and are going to waste. The would-be consumer does not know the value of throwing away good goods he would be glad to pay a fair price if he knew it and could get it on.

"Unquestionably from the fancy standpoint, the choice of varieties, and new groves, if planted, should be made with care as to selection. Whether it is advisable to plant the pomelo and secure the results of the present year will not affect such plantations.

"Of one thing I am convinced—if we can't good a market in the East, relatively as to price, we have at home, the market will take all we can offer for some time.

"First.—The average easterner, dealer or consumer, does not know the merit of a pomelo, hence the dealer recommends his customer to try the "new" fruit.

"Second.—The large majority of eastern consumers do not know that the pomelo is good, and the ones who do eat it do not know the merits of the pomelo, being accustomed to eat it only in January, February or March.

"Third.—The grower's interest is to convert his orchard to pomelos. How? That cannot be done here, but if I thought the growers could interest me in these ideas I would call them in and consider this matter."

August 18, 1901.]

CARE OF
VALUABLE SUGG
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Compiled

Reading as a Means of C

T HE editor of Physician's Magazine says:

T HE art of fasting, as a means of treatment with hydrocephalus and other diseases, through a seven days' fast, has been strong enough to attract attention throughout the country.

T HE magazine for physicians states:

T HE editor of Physician's Magazine says:

Blue Pencil Price, per yard

PEDESTRIAN For skirts, handsome fabrics with plain backs, plain

SUITINGS face, in oxford, gray and caistor mixture; full 54

August 18, 1892.]

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Notes on a House of Care.

The editor of *Physical Culture* is a great advocate of fasting as a means of curing disease, in connection with hydrotherapy and exercise. He recently went through a seven days' fast, at the end of which period he was strong enough to do some heavy athletic feats. In the magazine for August, Dr. H. S. Tanner, the physician, whose name was a household word throughout the country twenty years ago, gives some interesting reminiscences of his long fasts. He went through forty days without food, and another time forty-eight days. During that fast he was in the habit of walking daily, when the weather would permit; and on the eighth day he walked ten miles without fatigue. During the first fourteen days of his fast he lost in weight one pound and a half per day. His sustenance was obtained entirely from water. During his fasts he lost in weight one pound and a half per day. During the remainder of the forty-two days of his fast he lost in weight a little less than half a pound per day. Dr. Tanner says:

"My experience with and without water, I hold water as among the most valuable foods. It makes one bolder, but a great strength giv'er. When I was in Clarendon Hall—where my last fast was held—(forty days' abstinence from water, I was very nearly able to walk downstairs without support myself with the hand rail. On that day I made my return to Central Park. There I found a spring of cool and refreshing water, of which I partook freely. Returning to the hall after an absence of one hour, I climbed the stairs of Clarendon Hall, two steps at a time, with the nimbleness of a boy. I attribute that wonderful change to the water I drank, and to the pure air that I breathed on that occasion."

"In my New York fast of forty days, I did not take as much outdoor exercise as during my Minneapolis fast, in the opinion of my watchers objected, but still my health kept up remarkably well. Returning from one of my daily rides to Central Park, and feeling greatly fatigued by the water and pure air, I—on the seventh day—left like loudly extolling the oxygen of the air water as a valuable food. A medical student who had used this wisdom, took issue with me on the use of oxygen as a food, and flippantly remarked that 'newly good oxygen might be, beef was far better.'

"That is an assumption that demands proof," I replied. "I challenge you to test your theory by taking up stand this hall until one or the other surrenders." And round the hall we went, until the student fell out, blowing and puffing like a heavy old horse, leaving oxygen victoriated.

The correspondent speaks of his mental conditions during his fast as being as vigorous on the last day as on the first. With me—during my Minneapolis fast—mental powers were daily augmented, to the very great surprise of my medical attendants, who were constantly on the watch for mental collapse, which was but predicted. If I persisted in the experiment until the last day.

Thus the middle of my first experiment I, too, had a dream of 'steaming bowls of chicken broth,' but in vision of the evergreen shores of the 'land over sea.' Like Paul of old, I seemed to be introminated to 'heaven,' and there saw things which not even Milton or Shakespeare could portray in all their vivid reality. As a result of my experiments, I came to comprehend why the old prophets and sages so often resorted to fasting as a means of mental illumination.

Now comes the question—by way of comparison with my seven-day fast—allow me to say that when I broke my fast I was all rumb. I ate sufficient food in the first twenty-four hours after breaking the fast to gain nine pounds, and thirty-six pounds in eight days, all that I had lost. When that fast was ended, I called my stomach home from its 'vacation' and told it that I had work for it to do and plenty of it; that I wanted it to go to work vigorously and it obeyed my mandate without a murmur. I was told that when I came to eat, inflammation would immediately set in and I would be ready for immolation in less than twenty-four hours. My stomach, however, ruined by the doctors, went to work and lived on described and continues to do the very best service. I would not exchange my stomach for any that I know of. If all had such stomachs as I possessed at the end of forty days' total abstinence from food, there would soon be a corner not only on water-melon, but on every article included in the dietary of life."

There is no doubt that an occasional fast is an excellent plan for the health. Probably 90 per cent. of Americans who had sedentary lives, eat far more food than necessary, or than their digestive organs can properly digest. Almost every one would derive benefit from a daily fast of twenty-four hours—say from the last meal of the day until the same meal of the following day, with an occasional fast of longer duration. Again, the persons rise in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite, they should, instead of eating down hot biscuits and fried potatoes and beefsteak, a lime-coated stomach, that is utterly unable to digest such food, content themselves with a cup of coffee, or a handful of fresh fruit, or even a glass of water, with a few drops of lemon juice. Then they will find themselves in good trim for the noon-day meal.

The fast imposed upon the Jews by their religion has undoubtedly contributed to the remarkably vigorous and high vitality of that race. Indeed, most of us, when relating to hygiene we have, are

thoroughly well founded on scientific basis, and are as worthy of attention today as when they were first propounded.

Bright's Disease.

THE following, in regard to this dangerous malady, is from the *New York Herald*. It may be added that there is a well-authenticated case of a woman who was completely cured of this disease by simply drinking immense quantities of pure water, the suggestion having been made by a regular physician. The idea of this doubtless is that the water washes out from the system the effete matter which accumulates there, owing to non-action of the kidneys. It would, of course, be necessary to use pure soft water—not such hard, alkaline water as we obtain from the Los Angeles River. It should be either distilled water, that has been properly aerated, or soft water from one of the mountain springs, such as is vendied in Los Angeles:

"Bright's disease, from which Pierre Lorillard died, is such a common affection and in its chronic form is uniformly fatal that when once the diagnosis is made there is little ultimate hope for the patient.

"The ailment starts as an acute or chronic inflammation of the substance of the kidneys and so seriously interferes with the excretion of these organs that the victim is poisoned by the accumulation of excretitious materials in the blood. These natural filters of the body become clogged and congestive, and the irritative substances which should be eliminated, exercise their baneful effect on heart, brain and lungs, giving rise in turn to varied distressing symptoms associated with disordered circulation, stupor and difficult breathing. Drowsiness of chest, of abdominal cavity and lower limbs also makes its appearance toward the end, adding to the extreme suffering of the patient.

"Death is usually caused by the effusion upon the brain surface of the surcharged watery elements of the blood, inducing the fatal coma. Commonly associated with this condition is a drop of the lung's substance, which explains the difficult respiration so often noticed in such cases."

Electric-light Bath.

REFERENCE was made recently in this department to the electric light bath, which has grown rapidly in popularity among hygienists and physicians in Europe, where it has been in use for about six years, and more recently in this country. Among the claims made for the advantages of this system of inducing free perspiration are that the patient sweats at a much lower temperature than in steam, air or water. It is also claimed that the electric rays possess all the virtues of sunlight and some peculiar to itself; that they aid in driving morbid matter from the system and are invigorating.

Dr. Ludwig Gossman, of this city, who conducts a sanatorium, has designed and installed an electric light bath cabinet of somewhat different construction from those hitherto in use. In construction the usual light-bath cabinet is so designed that the subject is seated while exposed to the light of a number of globes, which are fixed to the walls of the cabinet. With the purpose of permitting greater relaxation and comfort, and at the same time exposing the surfaces of the body more evenly to the light than is possible in the older forms, Dr. Gossman permits the patient or subject to lie at ease while exposed to the light's action. The cabinet is 6½ feet long, 3½ feet high, and 2½ feet wide, and contains fifty-two blue incandescent globes of eight and sixteen-candle-power, or a total of 672-candle-power.

These lights may be used in fractional or full strength, according to the needs of the patient, and are controlled by a system of switches, nine in number. The patient takes a comfortable position upon a wide-meshed rattan screen, which traverses the length of the cabinet, and the lights, being both above and below the screen, shed a powerful and even radiance over the entire surface of the body.

Dr. Gossman has furnished *The Times* the following statement in regard to the advantages that are claimed for the electric light bath:

"In a pamphlet published in Berlin, designed for circulation among physicians, and entitled 'The Importance of the Introduction of Light-Baths,' Dr. Ernst Below, of the Medical Society of Berlin, speaks in highest praise of the incandescent-light bath as a therapeutic agent.

"Space will not permit a detailed extract from this treatise, but a few remarks therefrom will prove of interest to the readers of this page. Dr. Below writes:

"How far, from demonstrated ground, is the healing by light to be employed, and what is the most advantageous form of application?

"The authentication that light is an indispensable and even a far superior sanative and healing power than most other mediums, may today be recognized as a fully-demonstrated fact, since it has been proven that light:

"(1) Penetrates the skin; (2) destroys bacilli; (3) through its alternative and regenerative action upon pigment and upon blood corpuscles, excites the appetite and increases the building-up of changed tissue."

"He then refers to some interesting experiments which support these statements, and further shows that the penetrating quality of sunlight acts not only superficially upon the surfaces directly beneath the skin, but that the deepest strata of tissue is, in intense sunlight, permeated with luminosity.

"In dealing with No. 2, The Destruction of Bacilli, he refers to the researches of ten authorities, and to his own lectures before the Berlin Society, and continues:

"By all of these experiments it was demonstrated that the high-vibrating light-rays, the blue, violet, and the invisible ultra-violet ones, exercise the greatest power of destruction upon harmful bacteria. Toward the other side of the spectrum—the yellow and red rays—the bacteria showed utter indifference."

"Artificial light was therewith subjected to 1000 same tests, and it was demonstrated that electric-light exercises practically the same powers as sunlight. The potency of the electric lamp is still further increased when white dancing a long time after the operation."

the light-rays pass through blue globes, so that the red and yellow rays are excluded, and the blue, violet, and ultra-violet rays receive an intensified action."

"Upon point 3, he refers to the Graffenberger experiments upon the increase of homoglobin masses through light exposure; the experiments of Marmé and Mollenhauert upon excitation of muscle-energy, and the experiments of five authorities upon the increased absorption of oxygen under light-exposure, as opposed to absorption in darkness.

"Some interesting and instructive facts dealing with a different feature or characteristic of the light-bath were brought out by Dr. Hertz of Vienna some years ago. He says:

"Among other experiments was a series which had for their purpose a comparison of the amount of heat absorbed by the skin when exposed (1) to hot water; (2) to dry hot air; (3) to an incandescent body, as a lamp flame.

"It was found that the heating effect of a flame was sixty times as great as that of hot water, while the sensory effect was the same. In dry hot air the time required for the absorption of a given amount of heat was many times greater than when the hand was exposed to the flame of the lamp.

"These observations show in graphic manner the superiority of the electric-light bath over the older forms of heating apparatus, as the vapor, hot air, and other baths.

"The explanation of this phenomenon is easily found. The heat from an incandescent body is in the form of radiant energy, and is thrown out into space in lines which travel an indefinite distance without loss unless they meet resistance. Thus when light falls upon the skin, it penetrates to a greater or less depth, finally being all transformed into heat in the deeper parts.

"Heat applied to the skin by hot water or hot air is communicated to the deeper parts by conduction. The skin is a poor conductor, while at the same time it is, if not quite transparent, very translucent, so that radiant heat passes readily through it, while the heat of conduction penetrates slowly."

"Perspiration has in some instances been produced by the light-bath at a temperature in the cabinet of less than 70 deg. Fahr., and a profuse perspiration at a temperature of 85 deg. Fahr. is common, and occurs usually within a few minutes. The advantage of the electric-light bath over others is therefore readily apparent, in that while its efficacy in eliminating poisons and in otherwise benefiting the system is vastly greater than that of other baths, it at the same time accomplishes its benefits without producing the enervating effect which invariably results, in a greater or less degree, from the prolonged exposure of the body to the action of heat in other forms.

"It is imperative that this treatment be intelligently administered. The human body is only safe when in the care of one who understands its needs, and the requirements of individuals differ. It is equally important that the cooling bath which follows the light-bath be correctly given. If these matters fail to receive proper and intelligent consideration, then, instead of assisting nature in her efforts to correct evil and to build up a healthy body, more injury may be heaped up where trouble already exists."

Little Accidents.

THE Southern California Practitioner recently reprinted from a German publication the following in regard to cases where surgeons have unwittingly left in the human body instruments and other accessories of the operating room:

"A Brief Report of 100 Cases in which Foreign Bodies (Artery Forceps, Sponges, etc.) were left in the Abdominal Cavity After Laparotomy (Nengenauer).—The above list is a comprehensive collection from the literature on the subject, but is not complete. It is surprising to note how many times this accident has happened to the most experienced operators, and it is fair to assume there are many cases not reported, especially by operators of small experience. Fifty-nine out of 101 cases recovered. In cases fully reported, there were the following articles:

"In 30 cases, a sponge.
"In 28 cases, a gauze towel, napkin or compress.
"In 4 cases, a drainage tube.

"In 1 case, a Kricheldorf's clamp.

"In 19 cases, artery forceps.

"In 1 case, a seal ring.

"In 1 case, a glass irrigation tube.

"In 17 cases, article not reported.

"The results in the nineteen cases in which artery forceps were left in the abdomen were as follows: Three sepias, and another from injury to an artery after a second operation several months later. Three times the artery forceps were discharged spontaneously per anum, one case after four years, one after nine months, and in the third case, after ten months. The artery forceps in another case entered the urinary bladder. Twice the artery forceps escaped through abscesses in the abdominal wall. In one case the forceps were missed before closing the abdomen, and found in the cul-de-sac of Douglas. Twice the abdominal wound was opened after closure and the forceps found. Four times a new abdominal section was performed from three and one-half months to two years.

"The results of leaving a sponge in twenty-nine cases were as follows:

"In nineteen cases the sponge was discovered at the autopsy. Twice the sponge was missed before the wound was closed, and then found.

"Three times the abdomen was opened at once and the sponges removed. Three times a new laparotomy was performed, twice after twenty-four hours and once after four days. Once the sponge escaped from an abscess in the abdominal wall after five months and eighteen days. One sponge was gradually discharged from a fistula in the abdominal wall, after more than a year and a half.

"The results of leaving a drainage tube were the following:

"In one case it was removed on the fourth day by laparotomy. In another case it dropped out of the vagina while dancing a long time after the operation."

Every Sunday—Open Air Concerts.

Two-side tickets \$1.50, tickets interchangeable.

Local and General Sporting.

Editorial Page: Paragraphs.

7. Railway Washouts Repaired.

8. The World's Workers.

9. Local and General Sporting.

speedy termination. A number of addresses were made, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings.

The practical result of the meeting was the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the San Pedro Association of the Knights of Pythias, in accordance with the spirit of the resolution of the San Pedro Knights of Pythias, do all in their power to assist in the

eradication of the spuds, and to do all in their power to assist in the promotion of the interests of the San Pedro Knights of Pythias.

Resolved, That the San Pedro Knights of Pythias do all in their power to assist in the promotion of the interests of the San Pedro Knights of Pythias.

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The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

A ROWING SKIFF.

NOW ANY BOY MAY MAKE ONE FOR HIMSELF AT SMALL COST.

By a Special Contributor.

A BOAT, such as I shall describe, will cost but a few dollars, and can be built by anybody handy with a hammer, saw and plane.

A large cabin boat is, of course, the plaything of the wealthy, but no boy ought to be deprived of a glorious sport, when by working a few days we can earn all that is necessary for a boat such as I describe. Just ask your fathers, boys, and see if you can't become captain.

The best place to build a boat is in the backyard. The more room you have when commencing to bend the sides, the better. But to start the boat:

Take a piece of oak 1 inch thick, 18 inches long, and 2 inches wide. Bevel the sides until the width on the narrow side is 1 inch. This is the stem.

For side get two clear pine or cedar boards 14 inches wide and 12 feet long. The best thickness is three-fourth inch. Cut them with a saw as in figure 1.

Now with six or eight stout screws, (brass are best,) fasten these sides to the stem. The work will now resemble a large V.

One inch from the stern end of the sides fasten cleats of hard wood 2 inches thick and 3 inches wide.

Cut out the stern board as in figure 2.

Now lay your V on the ground. Near the center place a wide board 4 feet long to keep the boards apart.

Take a good stout rope and pass it around both side pieces. Tie it with a square knot, put a stick between the ropes and twist until you can twist no more. Have your companion drive stakes into the ground to hold the sides where they are. Then untwist your rope and do

a straight course. This is a board, 6 inches wide at one end and tapering to nothing at the other, cut to fit the curve of the bottom. Nail through the thin end as far as nails will hold, then from the inside. A stick 1½ inches wide at one end, tapering to one-half inch at the top, should be nailed to this deadwood and the stern board. This will hold it very firmly. When in place it should look like figure 5.

Around the gunwale run a strip of hard wood three-fourths by 2 inches.

Set the rowlock sockets into the gunwale 16 inches aft the center of seats 2 and 2.

Give her two coats of good paint and she is ready to christen.

Buy your rowlocks and oars. It is cheaper and better than to make them.

The whole cost ought not to exceed \$7, of course, depending somewhat on the price of lumber in your vicinity, and the economy with which it is used.

JESSICA.

Contributed by Susie C. O'Brien.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VIII.

You may think, because this chapter is going to be about May's wedding, that it should be about May; but, you see, Gyp outdid her throughout the whole thing, and so that's what I have to tell you of.

The girls, Jessie and Gyp, went two or three days beforehand, and through everything, bridesmaid's lunch and all, Gyp acted like an angel. She wore high-heeled slippers and organdie frocks, with the patience of the long-suffering lamb, but the tension gave out at last.

It was the afternoon before the evening of the wedding. Jessie missed Gyp, and running upstairs to their room to find her, what a sight met her eyes! Gyp, in some outlandish Miss Islander's dress, built for comfort, sat at the table writing like Furioso. The discarded shirt waist and belt held up their prim hands in horror; and the dainty tea gown bowed its head and wept at the sight; while the sheets of paper, branded with Gyp's galloping scrawl, stood around on their ears, or kicked up their heels and grinned, as if to say, "We rule the roost!"

"Why, Gyp, what's the matter?" cried Jessie at the door.

"Just letting off steam!" cried the frenzied Raven, as the pen galloped along.

"I've stood being pined and fussed and hooked and buttoned till I can stand it no longer. How in the world I am ever to get in that thing and then parade around and be stared at, I don't know!"

pointing to the dainty organdie frock on the bed, for Jessie had put everything out,

knowing that at the last minute, Gyp

would go racing through trunks and drawers, and at last come off with one glove and no handkerchief.

"The next time May Harris gets married, she will have to leave me out. How in the world I ever let her when I

me into it, this time, I don't know! There's no use talking, Jessie Von Weber, I've got this steam up, and I have to work it off or die!"

"Work it off, by all means," laughed Jessie. "Only don't be too long, for he will be here at 5:30, and you must be on time for dinner today," and Jessie shut the door.

At half after five, Gyp came down, looking as cool as a cucumber, and was presented to the wonderful Mr. Battie. She was, as Sausage expressed it, for he was there, too, all three o'clock, cool and collected. She was in blissful ignorance of the fact that she had forgotten her necklace, and May got Sausage off just in the nick of time to keep him from tailing her. After many and alluring bribes, Sausage swore by all his ancestors that he would keep silent; and so he had to content himself with simply casting suggestive glances at Gyp's glaring collar button.

As soon as dinner was over, the girls hustled everybody off to dress, while they ran upstairs. Sausage begged them to stay and talk a while, but the girls told him to run off and brush his hair and fix up. So Sausage was marched one way and Gyp another, like two very mean lambs at a sacrificial feast.

"Say, girls," cried Sausage, running upstairs two minutes later.

"Well!" said Jessie, poking her head out of her door;

and, "Well!" cried a half dozen other girls at a half dozen other doors.

"I just wanted to tell you that, for fear you wouldn't know me when I got dressed up, I am going to wear a green ribbon in my buttonhole."

"Bang!" went the door, and Sausage ran off to his hotel; but he was back again, long before the bride was half ready. He heard the girls, behind closed doors, chattering like the far-famed blackbird pie, and making "oh's" and "ah's" enough to stock a novel of "Thunder Jim, the Pirate," style, and he made up his mind to see the fun, too. So he knocked on the door.

"Why, if it isn't Sausage again! What do you want now?"

"I want to come in, please."

"Well, you just can't; you would only be in the way," and the door was shut in his face, but like Mary's little lamb, he waited patiently about.

"It's a mean shame, May Harris, to go and marry

another fellow and never even let me see you," yelled the lamb through the keyhole.

"Oh, let him in, then; he will never get past the door was opened, and in slipped a very small boy, who sat gingerly down on the edge of the shabby whitewashed proceedings. The girls giggled and wound in posies, and did the hundred things that take so long and are so important.

"There!" cried Jessie, turning the little boy all tulle and posies and blinches; "Isn't she a beauty?" said Sausage, critically, smiling. "If he were going to shoot snipe, but don't the veil is a little screw-jaw?"

"The villain! Screw-jaw!" cried the girls. "Sausage, you have to go right out for that, or will do you no good!" and Sausage tried to pace the hall in silent contemplation of his sins.

At last, all was ready. Somebody suddenly remembered that Sausage should be at the church, and he had come on purpose to get Jessie, and go with them he would; so on a sudden they squeezed him in a carriage, and then the shadow behind the church while he made his run on ahead, so as to be in the vestry. The girls had cautioned Gyp not to sit on her lap, or lean on her shoulder; but that prim young woman sat up straight, never dreamt of such human nature as overskirts and leaning on bretelles. She held herself up to the final ordeal, and she won with it or die.

The gray-haired old pastor who, twenty years ago, christened the little May and was now in his other name, stood by the chancel rail, waiting.

At once came the girls, all freshness and innocence.

It is always so hard for the dear mamma of little girls fly from the home nest forever. Mrs. Harris buried her head in her handkerchief, for if her heart would break; and all the others in the church looked sympathetic, and sympathetic, too; and the mammas that were acquainted with Harris, said to the mammas that were not, "Daughter, you know, it's no hard!" Papa Harris, his wife's hand reassuringly; but she was not All the way back down the aisle she kept her head, and great sobs shook her shoulders.

When they were in the carriage, with the girls, she threw her head back on the cushion and If a wild Zulu had been set down beside her, Harris could not have looked more surprised. More surprised he looked, the more she laughed.

"Oh, oh, oh, please don't look at me, all I wanted to do was to tell her!"

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" asked Papa Harris.

"Oh, it was that Gyp! I was laughing at her. Oh, it was disgraceful!"

"Gyp? Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I stood there, just seeming to realize that May was going away from us, and all of us were weak and gone, and I was sure I was going to cry myself and cry, when I had promised myself that I would not, and just then I happened to see Gyp, and there she stood, with that grim determination on her face, and a paper of powder and a powder-puff in the other!"

"A paper of pins!"

"Yes. Poor Gyp had to have something to do when they reached the house and went upstairs, when the girls exclaimed, "Why, Gyp, what have you hands!"

"My hands?" said Gyp, looking at the other girls, while all the girls looked too. She laid aside pins, and then at the girls, and then at the door.

"Gyp, did you have those all the time?"

"I—I don't know," said Gyp, helplessly, really thinking I could have?"

"Never mind, dear, you looked lovely," and she didn't believe anyone saw; and the marriage was off.

And this is how both Mamma Harris and Jessie, after so many good resolutions, came to drown themselves at little May's wedding.

[To be continued.]

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

NOW TWO BOYS MADE IT POSSIBLE TO GET MARRIED ON THE TENNIS COURT.

By Charles Battell Leonidas.

The Cartwright house stood on a little hill looking Lafayette Valley. Its nearest neighbor was a half mile distant, and it had been chosen by Mr. Cartwright as an ideal place for his boys to grow up in. It was the real country, and yet was not so far from the city that it was not accessible. About ten rods to the right of the house ran a saucy little brook that said a great deal for its size, and which, after winding along the bottom of what had once been the bed of an ancient dam, tumbled through the broken stonework of the dam and hurried away to the Pasadena River.

Years before Mr. Cartwright bought the place, there had been a pretty pond there, deep enough for swimming and rowing to the small boys of the neighborhood, but that was before the great freshet of 1889, when the dam, Up in the barn lay a roving Chinaman, many a party of children over the calm water pond in the old days, but it was now used as a place for odds and ends, and it had long since forgotten to float.

When Mr. Cartwright bought the place in view of restoring the dam, but he had decided that it would not be worth the expense, and that, much safer to have a brook, where only fish could get in, than to have a lake, where it would be easy to drown themselves. You see, Mrs. Cartwright's boys' mother, had been born and brought up in the country, and she was almost as much afraid of the water as the boys.

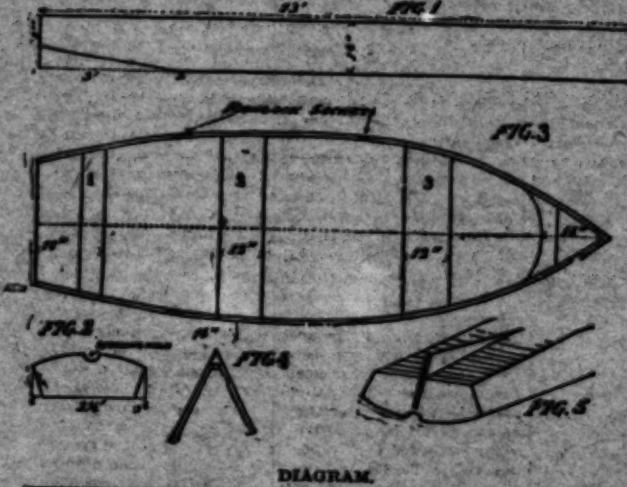


DIAGRAM.

the same thing over again, until the ends of the sides are a little less than 2½ feet apart. Drive several stakes firmly into the ground to hold everything solid, and then, after the soaking the boards with water, leave them over night.

The next day let them spread to 2½ feet and nail in your stern pieces to the cleats. Afterwards put several long nails into the stern board from the sides.

Now, being careful the board in the center does not fall out, tip your boat over and plane the sides until a narrow board laid across fits perfectly flat. At the same time plane the point marked X Fig. 1 to a gradual curve.

You are now ready to put on the bottom, which should be also of three-fourth-inch boards about 8 inches wide. Anything however, will do for bottom boards, and how it is that many boys can save on the cost of building. The only requisite is that the boards be free from loose knots and three-fourths inch thick. Of course they ought to be smooth.

Begin to plank at the bow, being sure to have your joints tight. Let your boards project slightly, say 1 inch, at the sides.

When your boat is all planked in, saw off this projection and plane the ends down to a smooth curve.

For a keel, take a board 4 inches wide and about 14 feet long. One inch is a good thickness. Put the end to correspond with the bow, and drive one or two nails to hold it in place. Then bend it to the curve of the bottom and nail.

You are now ready to place the boat upright.

Inside put in your seats as shown in figure 2.

The center of the seat marked 2 should be 4½ feet from the stern; No. 2, 4½ feet from the bow.

The rowing seats, 2 and 3, should be 6 inches from the top of the sides, and should set firmly on cleats nailed to the sideboards. Place 1 and 4 about 2 inches below the top.

To finish the bow plane off the sides to make a perfectly flat joint. Glue it with white lead, soft pitch, or pitch, and over all nail a triangular counter, making the sides of block a continuation of the sides of the boat. The top view of the bow should now look like figure 4.

Unless your seams are made absolutely tight, it will be necessary to calk the boat, and anyway it is better to. To do this, take a blunt chisel and open every seam slightly. Into the opening thus made, drive a strand of cotton wicking, such as comes in balls. This with thick paint will make an absolutely tight joint.

The stern should have a deadwood to keep the boat on

Girls.

ever even let me get a look through the keyhole. He will never go near me again, and he slipped a very heavy stone down on the edge of a stone wall. The girl panted for breath and did the hundred times over, and are so important, turning the little bridge a blushing; "Isn't she lovely?" optimistically, shutting one eye and saying, "But don't you know?" cried the girl.

"I right out for that. No, I am not Mr. Cartwright in his whimsical way. His contemplation of his sins. Somebody suddenly should be at the church door on purpose to go to him; he would; so on a couple of evenings, and then next morning while he sneaked out to the vestry in time to sit on her own sofa that prim young lady, instead of such luxuries as eating breakfast. She had a room, and she would do it again who, twenty years ago, and was now to give up the steamed rail, waiting.

For the dear mannequin to come next forever. Poor Frank in her handkerchief and stockings, and all the other more sympathetic, and some, even, that were acquainted with names that were not, "It's no hard!" Papa Harris said finally; but she was coming the side she kept her hands on her shoulders.

A marriage, with the door shut on the cushioned and—down, not down. Inside, Mrs. Cartwright more surprised; and the more she laughed.

"Don't look at me so! Oh, how like mother!" asked however.

"I was laughing all the time you meant."

I began to realize it all, as we, and all of a sudden I saw more I was going to do. Had promised myself, and then I happened to look back, with that grim look of mine, and a paper of pins in the other!"

I have something to hold—know what she had done, and went upstairs, when I say, Gyp, what have you been doing?

Looking at the offending child too. Was I going to do, and then at the picture, all the time?"

Did Gyp, helplessly. "Do you mean?"

Smiled lovely," said John, and the man's smile had a

Mamma Harris and. Directions, come to diagram, holding.

(continued.)

OF THE LAW.

IT POSSIBLE TO GO HOME IN TENNIS COURT.

Battell Leomis.

stood on a ridge, hill, and the nearest neighbor was had been chosen by Mr. Cartwright for his boys to grow up in, and yet was not many miles from the right of the brook that said a good deal winding along at the bottom of the bed of an artificial stream, nowhere of the Pinnacles River.

Cartwright bought the pipe there, deep enough to bury the small boys of the present freshet of '78 brook to lay a reverb that he could run over the calm water. It was now used as a road, and had long since forgotten.

sought the place he talked about, he had decided that it was safe, and that, anyway, it was where only feet could be seen, it would be easy for him to see. Mrs. Cartwright, who had brought up in the house, was much afraid of water, and

had Frank and bright were fine swimmers, and the admiration of Jim, the cookman, and they had enjoyed the pond with delight.

Mr. Cartwright had to go to town on the day that took her husband to his office. She did not like the idea of leaving the boys alone with the house, and there was nothing else to do, so with the boys she bade them good-bye.

"I used to be good boys and not worry the old man, and remember to feed the hens and clean the house and do some weeding in the straw.

"What won't you?" said she as she went down the stairs.

"I can't go swimming anywhere," said their mother.

"I can swim the water rises as high as the tennis court," said Mr. Cartwright in his whimsical way.

The tennis court was fifteen feet from the brook, and swimming freshets never touched it, it was put out of the question, and the boys looked forward to a hot day.

"Come down to the swimming hole if Jim goes swimming."

"While we are away. You'll find that swimming is a great deal more fun."

He had driven the Cartwrights away the boys had driven the Cartwrights away the boys drove down in the grass and thought of the swimming hole with regret, but they had given their parents and they would not go in swimming when the water did come up to the tennis court.

It was such a clear August day, with not a rain in sight.

"Come up and look at those stones," said Frank af-

terwards. The land that there were stones a-plenty, most of them about the size of squashes. Mr. Cartwright had said that if the boys worked as boys are in the habit of working, it would be an all-day job, and when he left the field they decided that it was worth ten dollars to do such hard work as that on a sunny day.

Frank picked up a stone and flung it at a crow that was perched on the fence. "Say, Ralph, papa didn't tell us to break those stones piled. Why not do it in the bank where the old dam stood. It might raise water, and papa didn't say we couldn't go in swimming."

They sat on end in view, the work took on the nature of play, and they collected stones with a good deal of success. While they were hard at work Jim came along from the station.

"Why don't you use a stoneboat for that?" said he.

"It's the very thing," said the boys at once, and in a few minutes good-natured Jim had harnessed Jack to a stoneboat and was helping the boys load it.

The boat loaded, they all went down to the ruins of the old dam, it had originally been about ten feet high and made of mud, and the only break in it was just in front, a break about six feet wide, through which water gushed rapidly.

He has looked at it for a minute, and then Frank said in his dry way: "I think that it would please papa if we got that old lathouse door and laid it across it so that the water couldn't carry the stones away or he may want to use them for something else."

He had started and walked through the brook with his brother, and then at the post office, "I think the very thing," said Frank, and Jim helped him to a wheelbarrow, and then he trundled it across the stones. When it was placed across the brook it was found to fit as if it had been made for its purpose.

The tide had come running down, and when it reached the obstruction it tried to creep under, but it was too large to do it successfully, and so it began to spread a little, and in a few minutes it had grown in depth to three inches at a foot.

"We need only to hold the door in place," said Frank, as when Jim was soon cutting rods from the banks of the brook and laying them against the base of the door. The boy the little brook in place even better than the door had done and it began to rise and look for a means of escape. Brooks do not like to run. They are very American in their disposition, and are always on the move all the time, and while this brook did not mind the boys, still it was unwilling to stand when standing still, and so it crept upwards in order to get to the top of the door or some other outlet and begin again its journey of destruction.

The boy now began to hurl the stones with good effect, one at a time, into the bed of the brook close to the door, and when the last stone was in place the boy was a prisoner indeed. He wept little and struggled through on the other side, but they did not much, and he soon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to spread out until he was very decent.

He went back to get more stones and the little boy, who had left them and was at work in the garden, called out:

"Hush! Don't disturb me!" said Mr. Groundhog. "This is my Goose Box."

"What is a Goose Box?" asked Mr. Wildcat.

"When I want to get some fresh goose feathers for my feather bed," said Mr. Groundhog, "I get out here in my Goose Box, and before long the geese begin to come and flock all around it. Then, when there are a lot flocking around I jump out and catch three or four and pick all their feathers off; then I let them go."

"What an awful waste," said Mr. Wildcat. "Why don't you eat them after you have picked their feathers off?"

"I don't like anything but vegetables," said Mr. Groundhog. "I don't care for meat of any kind, so I can't eat the geese."

"Well, I am," said Mr. Wildcat, licking his chops. "Now, Mr. Groundhog, we have always been good friends and I would like to do you a favor. You're getting so old and fat, if you will excuse me for saying it, that you

and then, feeling hot and dusty, they went into the house and were really thoughtful enough to put on bathing suits. Then they sprinted down the lawn and plunged into the pond from the edge of the tennis court.

Oh, how cool and pleasant the water was, and how extra nice it did seem to be swimming around where they walked ordinarily. They ducked and dove and splashed water and floated and did everything that any one ever did at the swimming pool, and the thought that this pond was their own handiwork added a thousand fold to their satisfaction.

While they were at play Jim put the wooden boat on the stoneboat and brought it down to the pond and shoved it into the water. It sprung a thousand leaks at once and went to the bottom, but after it had sunk for an hour or two the boys hauled it up to the shore and bailed it out, and then they found it was willing to float. After they had spent half the time rowing and half the time swimming, and when Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright came home in the afternoon having been driven up from the station in the depot hack, they found the boys swimming over the net line of the tennis court.

Amusement, anger and amusement went thirds on Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright's faces, and then anger got the uppermost, and Mr. Cartwright said:

"How dare you go swimming?"

"You said we might if the water came up to the tennis court," said Frank.

Mr. Cartwright had to admit that he had said so, and when he found that the stones were all cleared out of the north lot and that the boys had come to no harm with their boating and swimming, he called in a mason next day and the water was all drained off and a permanent dam put there, and now the boys can go swimming whenever they like.

"And we didn't disobey, did we, father?" said Frank. "No, you kept the letter of the law."

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can't jump around like you used to. Now, let me get in your Goose Box, and when the game come fucking around I will jump out and get twice as many as you could, for I am thin and spry, as you can see. I will save all the feathers for you, and I will have a nice meal from the geese which I catch; so, you see, we will both be benefited by it."

"Well, as long as we have been friends so long, I will let you do as you wish," said Mr. Groundhog. "Help me open the door." Mr. Wildcat opened the door from the outside and Mr. Groundhog came out. Then Mr. Wildcat got in the trap, and Mr. Groundhog slammed the door shut after him. Then he went away, leaving Mr. Wildcat in the trap waiting for the geese. He waited and waited, but none came and at last he began to get tired. "Mr. Groundhog! Mr. Groundhog!" he called, but Mr. Groundhog did not come. Then Mr. Wildcat began to suspect something, and he tore around the trap worse than Mr. Groundhog had done, but he could not get out. Then he lay down by the trapdoor, just as Mr. Groundhog had done.

Mr. Fox did not dare to visit the trap during the daytime, for fear that if Mr. Groundhog had not yet got caught he would never go near the trap if he saw Mr. Fox around it. As soon as night came, Mr. Fox crept to the trap to see if Mr. Groundhog had been caught. He was delighted to see the trapdoor shut and felt sure of having roast Groundhog for dinner the next day. Mr. Wildcat heard him coming and thought it was Mr. Groundhog coming to let him out. He determined he would get even for the trick that had been played upon him, and he, too, had visions of roast Groundhog for dinner.

Mr. Fox opened the door, and in a minute he and Mr. Wildcat were rolling all over the ground in a terrible fight. "My! I didn't know Mr. Groundhog had such sharp claws," thought Mr. Fox.

"Gracious! I didn't know Mr. Groundhog's teeth were so long and sharp," thought Mr. Wildcat. They almost tore each other to pieces before they found out their mistake, and Mr. Wildcat had to carry his left arm in a sling and Mr. Fox had to walk on crutches for a month.

RAYMOND F. AVERA.

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A BOY'S PARTY.

ENTERTAINMENT THAT DELIGHTED THE GUESTS.

AIR GUN AND AGATES WON AS PRIZES.

By a Special Contributor.

MR. GROUNDHOG'S GOOSE BOX.

By a Special Contributor.

Mr. Fox had tried a long time to catch Mr. Groundhog, for he was so fat and roly poly that he would make a glorious meal for the Fox family. Mr. Groundhog was very well aware of Mr. Fox's intentions and, in fact, he had barely escaped Mr. Fox on one or two occasions. He lived in the middle of the field and could see a long distance on all sides, so whenever Mr. Fox came in sight Mr. Groundhog would run in his house and fasten the door. He never went very far from home and so Mr. Fox had almost despaired of catching him. At last Mr. Fox decided to build a trap. He made a large box trap with a trapdoor at one end and fixed it so that if any one should move the bait the trapdoor would at once fly shut and could only be opened from the outside. He arranged the bait so far back in the box that no one could get at it unless he was inside the door.

After it was all finished, Mr. Fox took his trap to the field, where Mr. Groundhog lived, and set it near the house. He was very careful, for he knew Mr. Groundhog would not touch the bait if he should know who had brought the trap there. In the morning Mr. Groundhog looked out to see how the weather was, and there was the trap just a little way from his house. He had never seen a trap before and did not know what it was.

"What a funny house!" he said. "I wonder who had the audacity to build a house in my field!" He did not go out for a long while, but as there was no one about he finally went to look at the new house. "The door is open," he said, as he reached the trap, "and there doesn't seem to be any furniture inside." Then he saw the bait, which was a fine parsnip, and Mr. Groundhog loved parsnips above anything else.

"I think I will go in and look around," he said to himself. "There is no one at home, and I am afraid that parsnip will spoil there with no one to eat it. Besides, whoever owns the house had no business to put it here in my field." So he went, and in a minute took a great bite out of the parsnip. That sprung the trap and the trapdoor flew shut. "My! what a strong wind!" said Mr. Groundhog, and he kept on eating the parsnip, until it was all gone. Then he went to open the door and go out, but the door would not open and poor Mr. Groundhog was caught. He flew around like mad and tried to get out in every way he could think of, but it was of no use, and finally he sat down by the door all tired out.

"This must be a trap," he said. "I have heard of traps, but never saw one before. I'll tell Mr. Fox brought it here and set it for me. I have escaped him so long that it seems a pity to be caught now, but I suppose I must sit here and wait for him to come and get me." There was an open place in the trapdoor that Mr. Fox had fixed so he could look in, and as Mr. Groundhog was looking out of this he saw Mr. Wildcat coming across the field. Mr. Wildcat saw the trap and came up to look at it. "Hello! What is this?" he said, looking through the hole in the trapdoor. "Well! well! If there isn't Mr. Groundhog inside! What are you doing here, old Roly Poly?"

"Hush! Don't disturb me!" said Mr. Groundhog. "This is my Goose Box."

"What is a Goose Box?" asked Mr. Wildcat.

"When I want to get some fresh goose feathers for my feather bed," said Mr. Groundhog, "I get out here in my Goose Box, and before long the geese begin to come and flock all around it. Then, when there are a lot flocking around I jump out and catch three or four and pick all their feathers off; then I let them go."

"What an awful waste," said Mr. Wildcat. "Why don't you eat them after you have picked their feathers off?"

"I don't like anything but vegetables," said Mr. Groundhog. "I don't care for meat of any kind, so I can't eat the geese."

"Well, I am," said Mr. Wildcat, licking his chops. "Now, Mr. Groundhog, we have always been good friends and I would like to do you a favor. You're getting so old and fat, if you will excuse me for saying it, that you

were told was hidden a beautiful large agate which should be the property of the finder. Such a scramble as followed! And when at last the agate was secured, the lucky winner was allowed to hide another—and so the hunt went on, each successful boy joining the ranks of onlookers, until every guest had a pretty souvenir of the occasion.

It was quite dark by this time and the company went out again into the grounds and had a game of hide and seek.

The real old-fashioned kind, when each stands stock still in the place of their choosing, until caught; and when caught, joins the seeker in his efforts to find the others. And again there was a prize for the one who had been most wary in choosing his place of concealment.

Finally all gathered on the great veranda and were served with ice-cream and cake.

"My, but that was a party!" was the verdict of the boy guests as they trooped homeward.

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

Can you imagine a blossom as large as a carriage wheel?

On the island of Mindanao, one of the Philippine group, was found by some explorers such a flower. Far up on the mountain Parag, 2500 feet above the sea level, some explorers were wandering, when they came across some buds larger than gigantic cabbage heads. Greatly astonished, they searched further, and presently discovered a full-blown blossom, five-petaled, and three feet in diameter. It was carried on low-lying, luxuriant vines. The natives call it bolo.

It was found impossible to preserve it fresh, so they photographed it, and kept some dried petals to press, and by improvised scales found that a single flower weighed twenty-two pounds.

It was afterwards found to be a species of Rafflesia, first found in Sumatra, and named after Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was called Rafflesia Schadenbergia, in honor of its discoverer, Dr. Schadenberg.

speedy termination. A number of addresses were made, and much interest manifested in the proceedings. The practical result of the meeting was the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, that if the San Fran-



Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters

FORESHADOWINGS OF FALL.

**AUTUMN-LEAF SHADES WITH A DASH OF COLOR,
BARGAINS IN FOLIARDS.**

Differences in Population From a Social Constructionist

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Some of the most dashing suits of the season are made of the heavy crasches and linens that run to tailor effects. In a certain soft brown shade, that especially offers itself for first autumn wear, some of the canvases have aacking logginess of weave that is very chic. Russian embroidery is

The other dress is much simpler in result than this, though its materials are even more extravagant. Pale brown taffeta silk and embroidered ribbon in several shades compose this graceful creation. The skirt is tucked to fit the hips, the ribbon running down between the tucks and continuing on the bottom in broken lengths. The bodice prettily simulates a jacket, under which a wide girdle of deep brown velvet richly swathes the waist. It is made to fasten at the left, the long end passing over the bust and hooking under a soft chou.

With cool afternoons to expect, there will be tea drinkings of course, so it is well to have your tea instant.



deep blue, dark red, and black combines beautifully with this; the patterns being traced upon the gowns material and there worked by hand. To lighten this labor a little, black silk braids very small and round, are sometimes used for the dark emphasis in these rich trimmings.

The central figure in the group picture demonstrates one way of making an embroidered linen sacking. The hand decoration is in sapphire blue, black and white, and with the delicate brown of the gown no colors could be more splendid. Sapphire taffeta supplies the foundation, and for all the heaviest lines of the embroidery the black braid above mentioned is used.

It is said that the early bird catches the worm, but certainly the late maiden gets the bargains. Those who bought their fountards at the beginning of the season will surely weep to hear that their sister frocks can now be had ready-made at prices that would scarcely cover the dressmaker's bill. Beautiful things they are, too, and so

"Oh," says the nice girl, who is showing them off—these girls are always particularly nice at the end of the season—"they are not left over. We are getting them in now every day now, the manufacturers using up all the silk on hand, you know, so as not to carry them over to another season."

All the shops are doing this, and since it seems probable that styles next summer will not greatly vary from those of this season, it strikes the frugal mind as a good thing to take advantage of these bargains. Then there are still some weeks left in which to wear them yet this year, and of all the summer wardrobe the foulard gown is most adapted to early autumn use, when the weather is too warm for thick stuffs, and yet too uncertain for thin.

The two additional gowns in the group cut are taken from the best examples in these little bargain frocks. One is of the satin-finished foulard, white, ringed with violet in two shades. Embroidered batiste bands, and ruchings of gaze ribbon in the deeper violet, decorate stylishly the flaring circular skirt. The lower half of the bodice is in plain white muslin, and the short foulard bolero finishes high on the bust with a soft violet ribbon, tied in a flat bow without ends.

The remaining costume is a symphony in red and black, with plain red for the killed skirt blouse, tucked yoke, and lower portion of sleeves. White lace edges the yoke of the blouse, and forms a jaunty upper sleeve.

With autumn and winter in prospect the outfitters do not forget the half-grown misses whose garments are a close imitation of those worn by the grown-up. Among the finer toilettes—the Sunday-go-to-meeting—two dainty frocks offer charming suggestions for misses of 14 and 16.

A pale red wool of silky fineness shows a rich decoration of white guipure and black velvet. The lace is in the shape of separate applications in diamond form, disposed so as to break the sameness of the velvet bands. Undersleeves of red silk, stitched heavily with black, fall below the lace diamonds of the outer ones; a hip yoke gives the young figure a womanish grace, and at the front of the collar band a single medallion of the lace, cut in half and pointing downward, is a becoming touch.

A tea jacket is a modification or two out tea gown, and it is usually fashioned out of the remains of that pleasurable garment or those of some other. The jacket in the cut, of cream batiste over blouse of sapphire blue mousseline, gives a pretty notion for the making up of any all-over lace you may have on hand. The under arm strapping of black velvet ribbon and handsewed buttons gives the needed decorative touch.

MARY DEAN.



LAST ROSES OF SUMMER FROGGS.

fore it is absolutely necessary that we close these goods out. Our chief has attached prices that will move them in a hurry. The 4 grades of mattocks were never sold at such prices before in Los Angeles.

Blue Pencil Price, per yard

PEDESTRIAN SUITINGS. For skirts, handsome fabrics with plain backs, plaid face, in oxford, gray and castor mixtures; full 54

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE broker's office of Hayward & Willis held one very discontented clerk. As a matter of fact, it held several, but Tom Harding differed from the others and rose above them in that he was not only discontented, but desperate.

Harding felt that the "old man" was "down on him." By this he meant that Nathaniel B. Hayward, the senior partner of the firm, regarded him with a jaundiced eye when promotions were in order, and for two years had kept him rigidly to the same salary, though Harding had intimated very delicately on a number of occasions that his wants deserved a slight increase.

Now that same salary maintained Harding very comfortably, but the deuce of it was, as Harding said, that it wouldn't keep two—it would hardly keep Alice Hayward in hats. The most natural thing in the world had been that a poor devil of a clerk should fall in love with his employer's daughter, but she was also in love with him—that was what made Harding desperate. He felt as if he were balanced on the end of a see-saw that alternately tipped him up, up, to giddy heights of joy, and then swept him down to earth with a jarring bump. That was when his Alice insisted that she would revel in love in a flat, turned gowns, and ride in street cars—much she knew about any of them! No, before he could claim her there must be at least one additional cipher on his yearly income, and any help from the "old man" was out of the question. Plainly, he suspected, though the full enormity of Harding's offense could not occur to him, in the very nature of things. But he kept the young man's nose on the grindstone with grim relentlessness.

"I tell you," said Harding to Alice one evening, "that if I dropped my weekly call here he would raise my salary the next month. No hope of his favor while he thinks I aspire to you; and what do you suppose he would say if he knew you had aspired to me? There is no question about the urgent necessity of my making my little pile outside. If I could come to him and say, 'I am worth so and so much more than you thought I was—enough, in fact, to support your daughter satisfactorily—things wouldn't look quite so black. And I can, Alice. I see my way to do it.'

"There is just one way for you to do it," said Alice decidedly, "and that is by speculating. I don't want you to do that, Tom. The few thousands you have to invest are better left in the bank. Such an unscrupulous plunger as you would be apt to lose more than he gained."

"I like your opinion of my business ability," retorted Tom, a little exasperated. "When I have a sure thing it would be highly sensible to leave my money in the bank instead of investing it, wouldn't it?"

But Alice was unconvinced. Tom's "sure thing" consisted of B. S. & G. railroad stock. The truth was that it had been unloaded on him by a disinterested friend, who was tired of holding onto it, and painted its "certainty to rise" in such glowing colors that the few thousands Alice had mentioned were not long in changing hands.

B. S. & G. was quoted at \$0 at the time of Harding's acquisition, and the young man haunted the ticker during the next few days with the breathless assiduity of a mother over a sick child. B. S. & G. went up to \$10 to 70 to 75. Harding was jubilant, and in the fullness of his heart confided in one of his fellow-clerks late one afternoon as they were leaving the office.

"Holding any of the B. S. & G. stock, Marillit?" he asked. "I am in for a good thing on that."

"You are if it keeps on going up. I am not involved, I am glad to say. How much are you in for, your whole pile? I thought so. You seem to be lucky so far, Harding, but I would advise you to sell for 75, while you can get it, for in my opinion B. S. & G. is likely to take a big drop."

"Certainly I shall not sell at present," said Harding reluctantly.

It was unlucky that these two young men did not lower their voices. Nathaniel B. Hayward, sitting in the inner office, overheard them, and down came his gray eyebrows in the portentous scowl he wore when something must be decided, and quickly. So young Harding had his "whole pile" in B. S. & G. Mr. Hayward had a large interest in that same railroad, and it was his skillful manipulation that had brought the stock up to 75. Should he go on assisting Harding's fortunes? He had a shrewd idea that all that young man waited for was a slight accession of income to give him courage to ask for Alice. This in the past two years Hayward had prevented. Now if he kept on running up B. S. & G. Harding was likely to make a very nice little sum. The eyebrows went up, Hayward had made his decision, and if it did involve a pecuniary loss, that counted very little against the prospect of losing his daughter.

The next morning, to the consternation of stockholders, the market was flooded with B. S. & G. Hayward had launched his first bombshell. Harding was late at the office that morning. It was a blistering June day and he came in hot and smiling. No premonition of disaster pricked him as he made hastily for the ticker. With starting eyes he read, "B. S. & G. \$5!" and with perspiration changing to a cold sweat he made for his friend Marillit.

"For Heaven's sake, when did it begin to drop?" was his frantic query.

"I'm sorry for you, old man," said Marillit with a smile that maddened his friend. "It has been going down for some hours and is likely to keep on. Some one has been unloading on the market and started all the rest. You were a great ass not to sell when I advised you."

"Confound you and your advice!" cried Harding in his wrath. "This is a matter of life and death to me. I want you to know!" But he was wasting precious minutes, and rushed back to the ticker.

He vibrated between it and his desk for the rest of

the day, growing more anxious and haggard every hour, for B. S. & G. was going down with unswerving steadiness. By 2 o'clock it stood at \$5; late in the afternoon the diabolical little ticker said "B. S. & G. \$2!" It would not have saved Harding's despair to know he was being watched quizzically and with satisfaction by the senior partner.

"That's right, young man, take it hard," said Nathaniel B. Hayward to himself. "We are both losing money on this—but I keep Alice. Don't speculate another time, Tom Harding!"

Now Alice had read a little lecture to Harding on the subject of the evils of speculation, but the fact was that she herself, acting on a hint from her father, had put in a couple of thousand of her own small independent fortune in B. S. & G. Hayward had overlooked this, and if he had remembered it would only have twirled his eyebrows and said "too bad, too bad, I'll make it up to her." He had larger interests at stake.

But Alice, after reading the dismal tale of stock quotations on the second morning of B. S. & G.'s drop, posted down to her father's office, aggrieved and indignant. She went directly into the inner room, but Hayward had gone out for a moment, and she sat down at his desk to wait for him. It would be a bad quarter of an hour for her busy father when he came in. Suddenly she looked up, listening intently—what was it those men were saying? She had caught the mention of Harding's name. "Just about does him up," one man said. "He had \$10,000 in B. S. & G.—" and they had passed on down the corridor. Ten thousand! That meant every cent Harding owned, Alice knew. "Going down!" the elevator boy's voice sounded from the hall. It had gone down to 48, the last quotation. Blank ruin of Harding's hopes and dreams was all Alice could see, and she resolved that her father must help them. Then dropping her head between her hands she began to think of a startling possibility. Did her father know that Harding had risked everything in B. S. & G.? Would it be like Hayward to run it down if he did know, even at a considerable loss to himself? It would. His own daughter was able to say yes to that question. But she had much of her father's combative blood, and now she felt it stirring, prompting her to enter the lists. As she intended to do arranged themselves in her mind. Leave the office before her father's return, and sending a dazzling smile to poor Harding, she hurried to her broker's as fast as a cab could take her.

"But my dear young lady," said that worried man, after half an hour's heated argument, "you are doing a very foolish thing. Do you realize that you may lose a great deal of money?"

"That is my affair," said the daughter of Nathaniel B. Hayward. "Only run that stock up—up—to 140—and draw on my bankers for the last dollar I own, if you need it."

The next day, B. S. & G., which had dropped to 45, went up with a sudden rush to 50, and kept mounting.

"What does this mean?" asked Hayward of his partner, his gray eyebrows in a knot. "Who in h—l's boasting up B. S. & G.?" Through that day the clerks suffered, and the harassed office boy yearned for a better world than this. Hayward had no more stock to put on the market, and was obliged to watch B. S. & G. crawling up hour by hour, and the lines of anguish in Harding's face began to smooth out. Up it went, up to 60, up to 70, up to 80. Hayward was wild. His collar wilted to a pulp as he raged at the phone, ringing up broker after broker to inquire in words that studded over the wires "What — — capitalist was buying up B. S. & G.?" But Alice's own broker had sworn secrecy, and Hayward was baffled of information at every point.

B. S. & G. kept on going up. When it reached 100 Harding in his relief and joy was tempted to sell at once, but he held on, determined to place no obstacle in the way of the tide which takes at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Two hours afterward, when B. S. & G. stood at 105, a messenger boy brought a note from Alice. "I know you are tempted to sell," she said. "But wait—wait! You have consulted me sometimes in your business affairs. Take my advice now. I am as certain as that I live that B. S. & G. is going up to 140. Don't ask me how I know, but when it reaches that point—sell!"

"P. S. I shall not marry you if you don't."

Miss Hayward was a woman of her word. Harding sent back "Will obey you implicitly!" by the same messenger boy. "But she is crazy," he thought in despair. "A hundred and forty!"

It was a marvel to his employer that the senior partner did not "spontaneously combust," as the office boy expressed it, during these trying days. His simmering rage at the phenomenal rise of B. S. & G. boiled over at every triviality. The money he had lost had seemed a small amount when it was balanced against the complete discomfiture of Harding, but now—!

Crawling steadily up, B. S. & G., in spite of Hayward's profanity, and pained brokers' amazement, reached 140! Harding sold out in breathless haste, scarcely daring to realize his good fortune until the money was in his hands.

Then he gritted his teeth and made ready for a stormy interview with Nathaniel B. Hayward.

When he entered the inner office he found Alice there, to his surprise and joy. The two exchanged a glance of congratulation, and then Harding plunged into his subject, undaunted by the glare from underneath the gray eyebrows bent on him. "Mr. Hayward," he said, "do you consider \$90,000 enough to put a young man on a solid financial basis?"

"I cannot say that that is a matter which concerns me in the least, Mr. Harding," said Nathaniel B. Hayward.

"Have you ever thought that it might concern your daughter, sir? And it concerns me very closely. That is the precise amount that stands to my credit in the bank at present speaking."

Mr. Hayward threw down the pen he had been tapping on his chair arm, and wheeled that chair around to face Harding squarely.

"And how you made it is the question!" he roared.

"I'll give a thousand dollars to have you stock!"

"I did, papa," said Alice.

There fell a silence so deep it could be heard. "Tom—did!" plashed her stricken father, his wardens of the eyes began to dawn on his own daughter! A twinkle shot out his terrible eyebrows. "Humpf!" he grunted, and dollars will have to go toward you yet, young lady. And—er—Harding, are afraid I shall be obliged to raise your rent."

END

PRairie Dogs AND RATTLESNAKES

THEY MAY LIVE TOGETHER, BUT NOT THE BEST OF FRIENDS

[New York Tribune:] "Of course you said," remarked the man back from the rattlesnake and prairie dog are close to the same house and make a happy family. "It certainly is a fact that the rattlesnake found in the prairie dog village. But I have a little scene which went far to prove that a prairie dog loves a rattler somewhat commonly supposed. I was riding along, not far from the Colorado line, when

"Prairie dogs form the principal crop in this particular section I had managed to a colony, and waited for development apart from the others, two dogs were seen close together. They appeared to be concerned over the movements of a big snake which was lying crawling about near them. They moved a length or two the dogs began to dance like little lunatics, but if the motion there were the case little cause, together, managing somehow to keep majestically, without seeming to follow him.

"Once the snake coiled, and then the dogs elsewhere, but when he straightened out again. The rattler in the course of time came to a hole and stopped there, as he minded as to whether it would be worth while or not. Now the prairie dogs began to move in most unaccountable manner, as though feeding on loco weed, and had suddenly stopped. They danced on one hind foot and rolled up behind the snake as though they were to push him into the hole, and over and over again came to attention, with noses together.

"But they didn't have much time for this, though very intent upon his movements, they were still quiet until the last of him had disappeared. They got to work in earnest, and the snake dirt into that hole was a caution.

"They worked in a systematic manner. The entrance was well filled with loose dirt and then threw in more dirt, and masses were not satisfied until the entrance was blocked and packed down with dirt until it was as the original sod.

"Then the little rascals seemed to be dead, and rubbed noses times innumerable, skipped off to look for another lair and makes me think that, although the rattlesnake, prairie dog, perhaps he comes, like you, without any invitation, and without payment."

"One other thing I have noticed about little village people. I have often found villages fully fifteen miles distant from any water. How do they live? Do they make a living every time they want a drink? Do they common use, taking turns till they get there? Or, as many plainmen think, is the ground born Kentuckian, who never drinks water?"

TOASTMAKING HER BEAUTY

[New York Sun:] The advantage of dinnerware is the more artistic in the southern part of our country. Life-forms, gourd-shaped compartments which are often bivalve, more or less distinct shapes are found Mississippi Valley, that is, in the Gulf and Southern Illinois, extends into parts of northwestern Florida as well. There are those who think the resemblance between the earthenware, is striking, that through Central America, and from there to South America and downward to Brazil. While the earthenware closely related forms of bowls, our Southern States it is difficult to expose the bowl, easy to remove, and Juan Ortiz, a Spaniard, was given a bow and hunting wild animals from the report that he reigned over the most interesting bones are increased. The Georgia skeletons are found with arms covered with sand. Often in the sand covered with bone fragments of cremation. The

THE LIGHT CURE

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Are lights are good cure of skin diseases, especially of light cured, it is said, 211 cases in 462 in London the applications for treatment numbered a day. The rays destroy certain bacteria and stimulate circulation as well as tritice activity. It is even alleged that they successfully treated. The patient bathes in 400-candle-power light, lying on a cot his eyes protected by colored glasses, and when he arises, free from rheumatism, sciatica and many other things, according to the report. Let us wait in some patients the results of official trials and investigations that all which has been said of the light mark, France and England will come to practice.

Never was done to the skin, it was always, or nearly always, thought that the skin was the most interesting.

From the most interesting, the bones are increased. The Georgia skeletons are found with arms covered with sand. Often in the sand covered with bone fragments of cremation. The

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AND BATTLENAKES

TOGETHER, BUT THE MEN OF FRIENDS.

"Of course you have been back from the 'front'—we are close friends, make a happy family, just like the reptiles we know. But I was not sent far to prove to you how a rattler somewhat gets into his way. When I was riding after cattle in Colorado last summer, when it was the principal crop in the country failed to answer him. I had managed to get out of developments. One day two dogs were sitting under a tree. They appeared to be the descendants of a big rattler that had died near them. When the dogs became suspicious, but if the rattler could have known little chance, with the intention to keep alive, he followed him.

Well, and then the dogs had to strengthen out their claws in the course of his progress, so though he would be worth while, the dogs began to take a interest, so though they had been and suddenly felt the sharp sting and roared. Then again though they were still there, and over and once the dogs were together—

We much like for those dogs to clip into the hole, and make no movements, remain quiet, and the way they act as a cushion. When a dog will leave dirt they leave more dirt, and stamp the earth to the bottom to that he can mix with dirt until it is dry.

Dogs seemed to be thinking that since immemorial time another bay snake. All of us, although the rattler lives in the same, like your wife's name, and without paying any heed have noticed about them.

I have often found them

so distant from any known

Do they make a thirty-mile

a drink? Do they dig

down till they get down to think, in the prairie

— who never drinks water

— and 2 September.

The advantage of doing one's own work, no matter how illustrated by the superior

other government records,

and another brother still

remained than of any other

whether that good taste or

good action. None of us

were it living either. If it

was not he burned out

of his search for trout in

the river and it was served to

the morning he ordered his

to be disappointed, but

in fact, the uniform was

the hand water about it and

continued in the kitchen to

and that she was the last

she was the last to return

strongly to this man.

THE LIGHT CURE.

Am Hobbs are now in our

especially of Japan. The

now in 600 in Denmark

for treatment number

destroy certain bodily

as well as increase

ever alleged that cure

The patient bathes in a

lying on a cot in a

covered shower, and after

from rheumatism, many

other things. Such as

in some patients till we

and investigations, we

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When you want a box of the finest candy money will buy, ask your dealer for

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The Chocolates flavored with the pure juices of California fruits.

10c, 30c, 50c
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It means health.
Every sack guaranteed.

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For your morning cup, for your after-dinner cup, for your refreshment any time....

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A rich, aromatic, delicious coffee. It will please you, as it has pleased thousands. In one-pound, air-tight packages. All grocers. Thirty-five cents. Never sold in bulk.

Imported, roasted
and packed by
NEWMARK BROS.
LOS ANGELES.



Blue Pencil Price, per yard

PEDESTRIAN For skirts, handsome fabrics with plain backs, plain SUITING; face, in oxford, gray and eastor mixture; full 54 inches wide; worth \$1.25; Blue Pencil Price, per yard.

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GROSCO'S BUILDING
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IMPORTANT
SPECIAL MA
CLE
elbourne
Wednesday
SPHEUM—
A Battalion
TODAY
LOS ANGELES
Chari
W.E.C. R
George Cope
Mrs.
EMENTS AND
For Theatrical
THE CHUTES—
Today SEE
Tonight
RICH FARM—
One Hundred
Hundred
ED STORE, On
theatre
THE SOUT
... Is the
PLenty OF T
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PEDESTRIAN For skirts, handsome fabrics with plain backs, plain SUITING; face, in oxford, gray and eastor mixture; full 54 inches wide; worth \$1.25; Blue Pencil Price, per yard.